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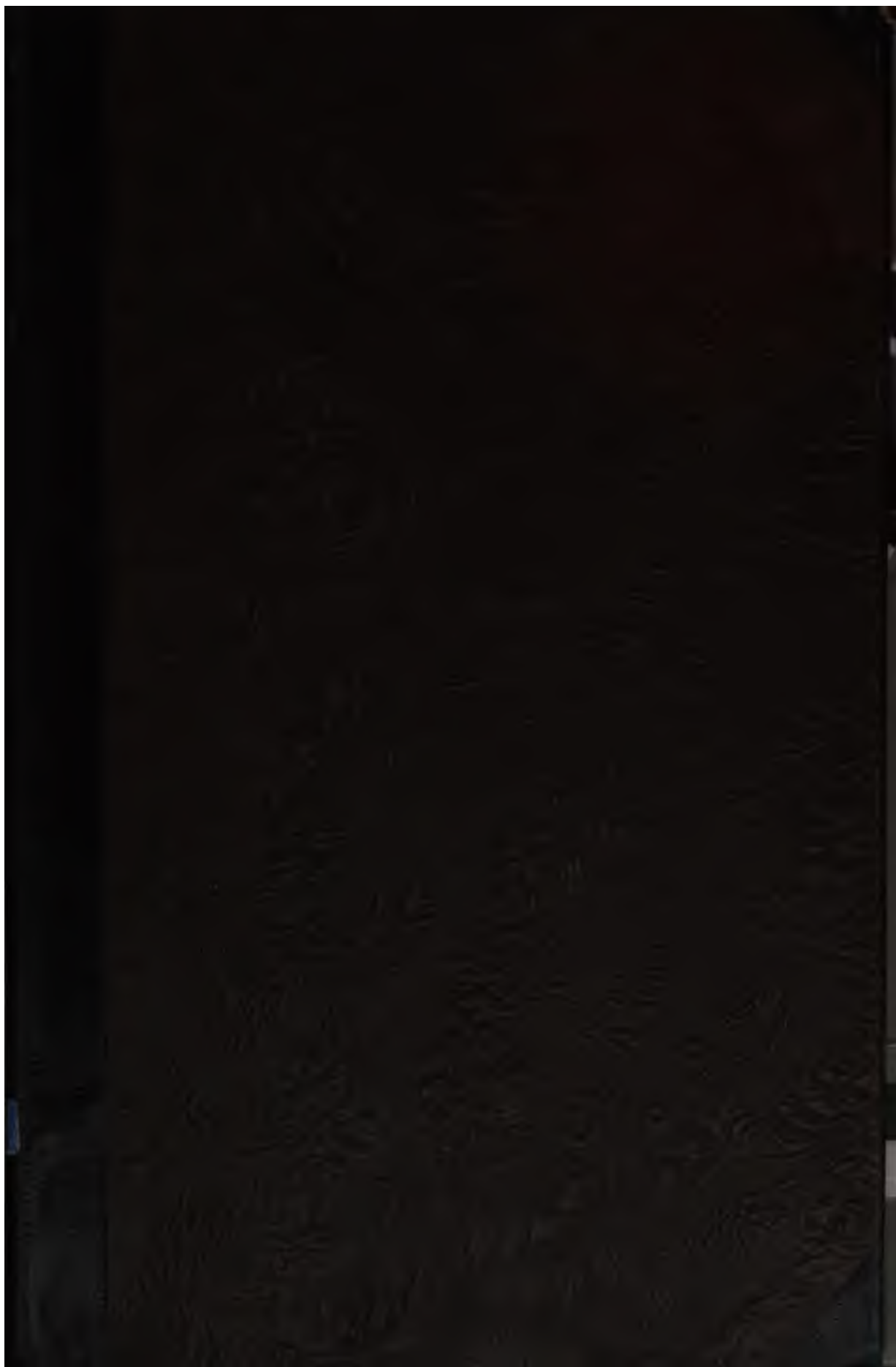
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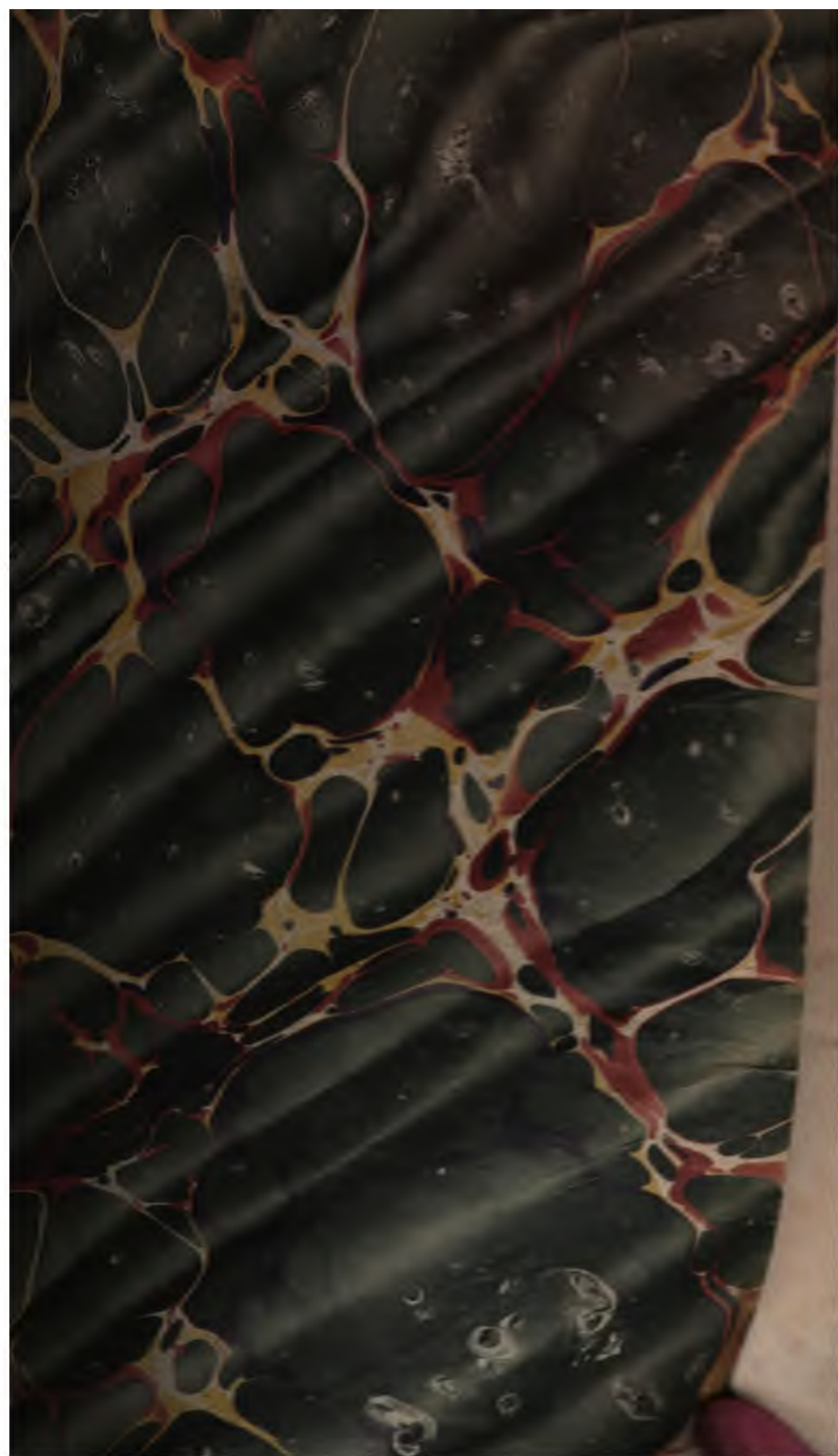
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BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME VI.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE.



By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. No. *The distinction is in the mind.* Whoever is open, just, and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement;—such a man is a *gentleman*;—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth as well as in the drawing rooms of the high born and the rich.

DE VEE.

STATIONERS' LONDON

PHILADELPHIA.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON,

DOCK STREET, OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE.

1840.

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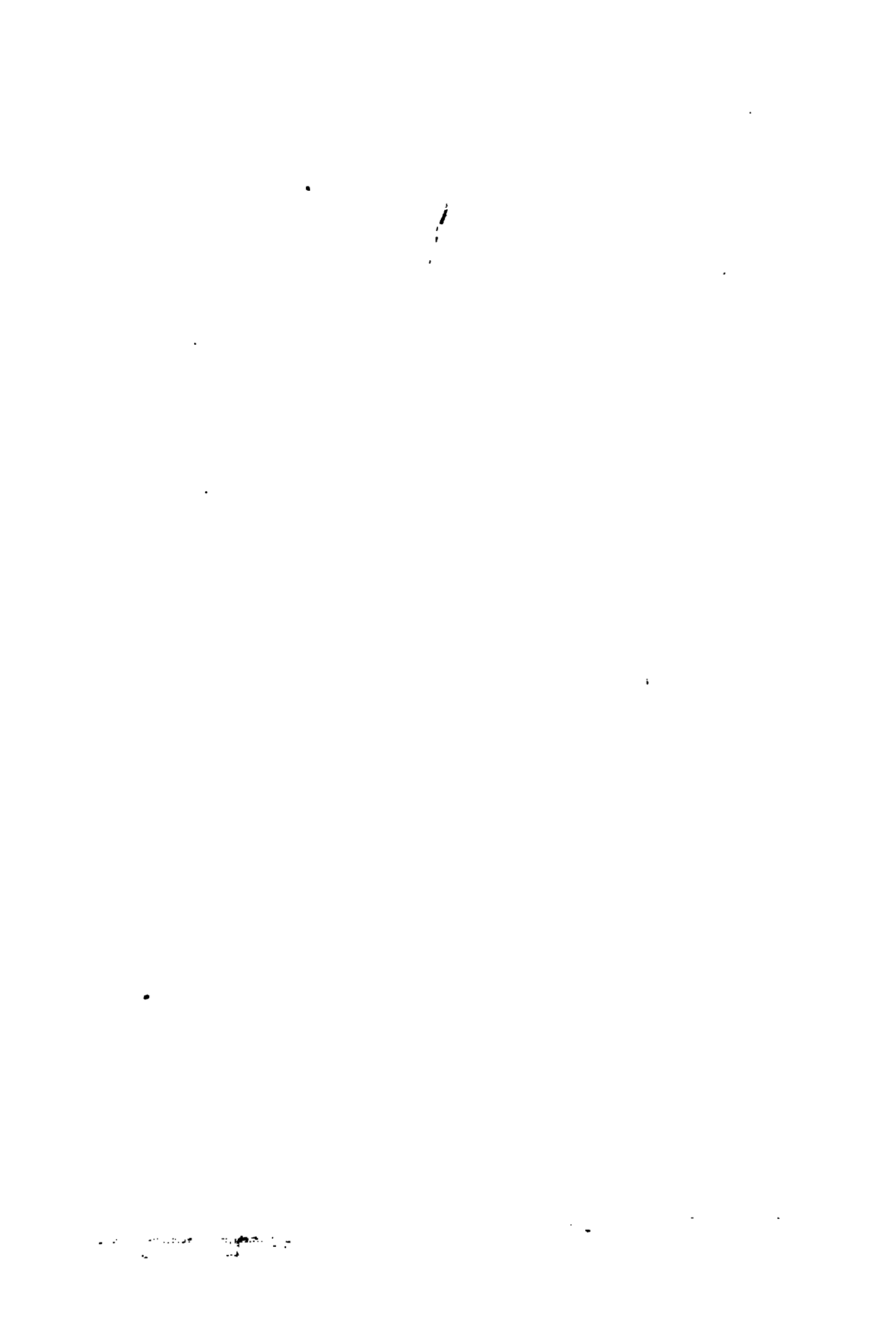
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BURTON'S
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

MONTHLY AMERICAN REVIEW.

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON,

AND

EDGAR A. POE.



By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. No. *The distinction is in the mind.* Whoever is open, just and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a *gentleman*;—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth as well as in the drawing rooms of the high-born and the rich. DE VERR.

VOLUME VI.

FROM JANUARY TO JULY.

PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM E. BURTON,

OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE, DOCK STREET.

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1840





BURTON'S
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1840.

SOME ACCOUNT OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,
THE CELEBRATED HUMORIST,

WITH FIVE OF HIS DESIGNS SELECTED FROM HIS WORKS.

EVERY one of our readers has, at some period of his life, laughed over the productions of George Cruikshank's burin. His inimitable genius has made itself known in the vastness of this western world; the popular novelists owe half their reputation to his powerful illustrations; the print store windows are surrounded by crowds who gaze with joyous eye upon his portrayed whimsicalities; the connoisseur places his "Sketches" on the same shelf with Hogarth; and Bunbury, Gilray, Rowlandson, Heath, and H. B. confess his superiority in the art of caricature.

It is strange that we cannot furnish a solitary specimen of capability of humorous design in the long and lustrous list of American artists. We enjoy caricature, and revel in the rich fun of the English sketches which command a rapid sale in every part of the Union. We are essentially a laughter-loving nation; the jocund peals of mirth that greet the performances of every talented comedian evince our keen and ready perception of the ludicrous; puns are prevalent in private life; our daily papers teem with facetiæ, and American Broad Grins are staple articles with our transatlantic friends. We can adduce the world's approval of our painters, but yet we are unable to exhibit a comic sketch of American manufacture, of tolerable pretensions to cachinnatory excitement. Johnston, of Boston, may be subpoenaed against us—but with all due respect to the learned counsel on the other side, we opine that the witness has not disturbed our evidence. Johnston has merit, but we have never been able to discern his humor. His "Sketches" are all alike—his fat old men and vulgar women are eternally the same, in figure, face, dress, and deportment—his niggers are from one stock of ebony—his loafers are reduplicates—and his boys are truants from the same school *usque ad nauseam*. Then, again, let us look at the miserable lithographic caricatures which the persistive enterprise of a New York publisher inflicts upon the town. We admire his indomitable spirit, and ardently wish him better implements of mirth-compelling power—but are fain to confess that the fun of his folios is as hard as the stone whence they are printed. And yet these lithoglyphs are in demand; these indurated funniments—these pensive pleasantries—these case-hardened comicalities—*sell!*

We have before us a caricature by George Cruikshank dated 1818, representing "An Interesting Scene on board an East Indiaman, showing the effects of a Heavy Lurch." We have laughed at this glorious print some hundred times, and it yet possesses power to wrinkle our countenance. But it is not in caricature that our inimitable artist displays the sovereignty of his skill; his designs for the various illustrated works which have lately been so popular with all classes of readers, have stamped his genius with the sterling mark. Whilst his industry enables him to furnish countless plates for the numerous books on which his well-appreciated talent has bestowed an enviable popularity, his extensive genius empowers him to give a distinct individuality to every creation of his pencil—he never repeats himself. In the illustrations to *Oliver Twist*, we know at one glance the names of the persons depicted, maugre their change of dress, or difference of expression recorded in their countenances. The orphan Oliver is as finely given in Cruikshank's pictures as in Dickens' pages; and

although we believe that Boz is the best living depicter of man and manners with the pen, we must claim for our friend George the same proud pre-eminence with the pencil. He is indisputably the Hogarth of the age, and his fame will not suffer in a keen comparison with the author of *The Rake's Progress* and *Marriage à la Mode*.

When Pierce Egan perpetrated his book, "*Life in London, or The Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorn, and Bob Logic,*" George Cruikshank was engaged by the publishers, Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, to furnish a series of plates illustrative of the various scenes of "*Life*" in the great metropolis. The plates were the sole cause of the exceeding popularity of the work; for when Moncrieff, the celebrated play wright, undertook to make a drama from the subject, he was compelled to throw aside the vapid dialogue of Egan, and actually wrote his play from Cruikshank's spirited designs. The success of this piece is unprecedented in the history of the drama—it was played at one theatre every night for an entire twelvemonth; all the minor theatres produced an imitation *Life in London*; the patent theatres suffered their royal boards to be disgraced by the evolutions of *Tom and Jerry*; and the provincials existed for several years upon the reputation and profits extracted from their representation of the heroes of Almacks and the blackguards of the Fives Court.

Cruikshank was next employed upon a work called "*Life in Paris,*" and to appreciate the peculiarities of the *badouis*, George resided for some time in the French metropolis—but the public was becoming sated with the varieties of "*Life*" which the success of "*Tom and Jerry*" had forced upon the town, and "*Life in Paris,*" although a work of superior merit, did not meet with proper encouragement.

When Hone, the political bookseller, published his "*House that Jack Built,*" several hundred thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. The public mind was considerably agitated by the trial of the Queen of the Realm at the bar of the House of Lords, an event unprecedented in the history of the country, and the nation was divided into two distinct cliques—the believers in the lady's profligacy, and the madheaded asserters of her innocence. Party spirit raged high, and the war of words became furious; but in England, a good joke is relished on all sides; a Tory will laugh heartily at a biting caricature upon his own faction; and a Whig will grin with delight at the crucifixion of himself and his colleagues. Hone knew this; and summoning Cruikshank to his aid, he concocted several political *jeu-d'esprits*, principally directed against George the Fourth and his abandoned court, but containing many severe slaps at all parties. The success of his publications has been stated; but we must assert that Cruikshank's *pictures*, for they were no less, were the chief cause of the popularity of the pamphlets. We have one of his designs before us now—a representation of George the Fourth, king of England, the Defender of the Faith, etc., etc. His majesty has been indulging in a debauch; he is represented in the last stage of maudlin intoxication; his left arm leans over the chair's back, and his right hand grasps a broken wine glass. Drunken stupidity is inconceivably well depicted upon the countenance of this "most finished gentleman in Europe," as the Tories loved to call him; the royal wig is awry, the vest unbuttoned, and the loosened "Garter" hangs from his majesty's knee. A group of empty wine bottles may be seen under the chair—the candles flare up with a blaze that tells the incapacity of the monarch to snuff them, or to ring the bell for the attendance of his valet. A richly decorated screen forms the back portion of this excellent caricature; the screen is figured with appropriate devices of Bacchus and Ariadne, Dancing Satyrs, etc. A lady's bonnet hangs upon the corner of the screen; and the floor is spotted with cards and dice, telling too plainly how his majesty's hours have been passed. This picture is perfect; it is a severe exposition of the vices of George the Fourth, and had more effect upon the minds of the multitude than a six hours' oration by Hunt, the Spa-Field's demagogue, and hero of the massacre at Manchester.

George Cruikshank shortly afterwards published a series of works upon his own account, "*Illustrations of Time,*" whence we have selected two of our accompanying designs; and "*Scrapes and Sketches,*" were among the best of these publications.

One of the "*Scrapes*" was exquisitely funny, and deserves a passing notice. A steam coach was seen progressing down a hill on one of the great roads in England. Some three or four stage horses, easily recognised by their chafed sides and docked tails, were seen on the brow of a road-side hill gazing at the new invention with looks of fright and horror. One fellow, with his mane standing "on end," thus soliloquises—"Well, I'm damned! a stage going at that rate, and without horses! eye, eye, it's all up with us!" Another prad, with a knowing look, observes, "I thought this invention of steam would bring us into hot water—nothing now remains for our masters to do but to boil us down for dogsgmeat." But an old gray horse, blind and lame from excessive age, hangs his head over a gate, and quietly observes, "What? a coach go without horses? no, no, youngsters, you mus'n't tell me that—I've lived too long in the world to be so easily deceived."

His exemplifications of the subjects in a volume of rare worth, called "*Points of Humor,*" are among the best of his productions—one of the designs, we remember, engaged the attention of an American painter of high repute; he pronounced it an inimitable creation, and we accorded our assent. A poor devil of a hypochondriac is represented sitting upright in his bed, gazing with a melancholy eye into the void of his half-furnished garret, and peopling the space with the beings of his imagination. The fairy-like creatures swarm around his truckle bed; and we perceive, by the

shapes his fears have formed, the depth of his poverty and his despair. A natty bailiff has stepped on to the edge of the truckle bed, and exhibiting a tailor's bill of direful length, taps the unhappy wretch on the shoulder, while another "bum" or follower, waits at the bedside to repeat the dose if necessary. A parish beadle, burly as the veritable Bumble, stands at the foot of the bedstead, and holds forth a warrant for bastardy—two interesting ladies who are "as women wish to be who love their lords," with a host of little responsibilities, stand weeping by the beadle's side. A heavy load of bad debts and unpaid bills are being nailed to the poor wretch's shoulder by a blue devil of active look; a forged ten pound note hangs from the watch pocket on the bed back. It is impossible to describe the expressive stare of the unhappy hypochondriac—

So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

as he sits with clasped hands in agony supreme. A malignant looking scoundrel of a flying imp offers him a pistol and a razor, as the means of escape from the contemplated ill; a jumping, grinning skeleton begs leave to propose a hangman's noose which he has just suspended from the rafters; and death, in the extreme corner of the room, holds up his hourglass to show that the sand of life is run, and waves his dart in threatening readiness. By a curious arrangement, peculiar to the *deceptio visus* of the mind's eye, a fat and punchy tax collector is seen knocking at the house door, with a long list of unpaid rates in his brawny hand.

Lockhart, then connected with Blackwood's Magazine, devoted several pages to a notice of Cruikshank's great merit in the conception of these designs.

Our artist then devoted much of his time to the new trade of illustrating both old and new publications. A person named White had attracted some attention by the rich humor of his style as exhibited in the police reports of the Morning Chronicle newspaper. He gathered several of his best articles together, and published them in a volume entitled "Mornings at Bow Street;" and having very wisely secured Cruikshank's aid, the book sold so well, that a second volume was called for, and shortly produced.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the works which have received assistance from our hero's prolific graver. "Roscoe's Novelists," Hood's Poem of "The Ephiny Hunt," a volume of Italian Tales, a curious little affair called "Punch and Judy," well worthy a place in a book-lover's collection, "Peter Schlemil, or the Man without a Shadow," "German Stories," "Johnny Gilpin," "Hans of Iceland," "Tom Thumb," "Tales of Irish Life," The Lancashire tale of "Tim Bobbin," "Greenwich Hospital," by the Old Sailor; and also, a work of singular merit, called "Three Courses and a Dessert," by William Clarke, an author of exceeding worth, whilom editor of the Monthly Magazine, concocter of "The Cigar," a small periodical of much originality, and the author of "The Georgian Era." Cruikshank's Illustrations of the various points in the tales given in the "Three Courses and a Dessert" would alone be sufficient to render his name immortal.

Like many other delineators of the ludicrous, Cruikshank imagines that he excels in serious display. Comedians, generally, fancy themselves better performers of tragedy than the popular representatives of the dignified portion of the drama, and our friend George is satisfied that he shines best in gloomy subjects and melancholy plots. He has certainly given evidence of his ability in every department of design; in his plates illustrating Oliver Twist there are several of deep interest. Nothing can be more painfully affecting than the view of Fagin the Jew in the condemned cell, on the night previous to his execution. There is no extraneous matter introduced into the picture—the felon sits alone in withering retrospection of his almost ended life. The iron has entered his soul, and the lineaments of his face display the hellish depths of his despair. Dickens has told the tale in unapproachable beauty; we looked upon his delineation of the Jew's suffering as a perfect specimen of simple but effective composition; we laid down the book, and paused to dwell upon the picture which the masterly hand of the writer had placed before us—and yet, when we renewed our reading, and, turning over a page, came to Cruikshank's illustration of the author's design, we were compelled to confess the superiority of the pictorial effect. Boz, the greatest pen and ink artist of the age, has never been effectively illustrated but by Cruikshank; while Cruikshank has given immortality to the inane effusions of dunces and fools.

Cruikshank is great in all matters, and bestows a degree of attention on all minor and minute effects till he produces a wondrous whole. Take one of his mobs and carefully look at the petite faces of the crowd, scarcely bigger than pins' heads—there is a different countenance to every head, and yet each face is in keeping with the character of the individual represented. The smallest of his designs will bear as much "moralizing" as any of Hogarth's pictures; neither of the artists ever drew an unnecessary line, or placed the minutest article in view without a specific motive illustrative of some portion of the subject. He has for the last half dozen years bestowed his talents upon a series of plates for the London Comic Almanac, a work of considerable humor; he has executed some things for this publication that deserve a specific notice—but were we to remember all his doings, and award proportionate praise to their excellence, we should occupy the whole of our month's number, and then leave the task undone.

We have not done Cruikshank the fullest justice in the nature of our selection from his designs; but we were unable to find superior vignettes of sufficient smallness to fill the allotted space. We know of hundreds of his designs that would have suited our purpose admirably, but unfortunately

could not obtain copies of them in time. Nevertheless, we heartily recommend the accompanying etchings to the notice of our readers, and request leave to say a word or two in illustration of their meanings and deserts.

The first subject, the head of the old gentleman in the corner, is selected from a tail piece in the "Three Courses." Caddy Cuddle, an eccentric country squire, loses his spectacles, and borrowing a pair, tries their power by reading a ghost book after he gets into bed, at a strange house, in a room hung round with figured arras and spectre-like pictures in antique frames. He falls asleep and dreams of dreadful things; he wakes up—the moon illumines the chamber, and opening his eyes to assure himself that he is not among the strange beings of whom he had been dreaming, he beholds an imp, more grotesque and horrible than any that had visited his night's slumbers, perched upon his nose, threatening it with whip and galling it with spur. This nose-night-mare annoys him for some time with its infernal jockeyship, till the imp-ridden wretch summons his courage to the sticking place, and makes a clutch at the impudent little fiend. To his surprise and joy, he finds the devil is nothing more than the strange spectacles which he had left upon his nose when he dropped asleep—and by tossing to and fro in his dreams, he had twisted them till they had assumed a position and form calculated in the obscure moonlight to frighten a person of stronger mind than Caddy Cuddle.

The next subject is from the same publication. Bat Boroo, a harmless little creature, is represented in as pleasant "a fix" as any little gentleman need desire to be. An infuriated bull, from whom he has just escaped after a severe run, is on one side—a brace of promising bull dogs, trained to fly at all intruders, on the other—a chevaux-de-frise beneath—deep water in front—and a row of undeniable iron spikes behind, flanked by a bristling wall and a park full of steel traps and spring guns. Leaving this gentleman in the full enjoyment of his comfortable post, we come to the centre etching, which is one of Cruikshank's "Illustrations of Time," and is entitled "Time Badly Spent." The lasses of London city have turned out to view the ascension of a balloon, and the results of this waste of time are forcibly illustrated by the satirist. The breaking-down of the scaffold on the right will give serious reasons for remembrance to many of the idlers who had trusted to its strength—the position of "the great unmoved" upon the pole is ludicrous in the extreme. The milk maid, a character peculiar to the streets of London, pays the penalty of time mis-spent in losing the contents of her milk pails, which a couple of rascally urchins are stealing with impunity. Near the centre, others of metropolitan habit, a fireman, waterman, (hackney boatman on the Thames and registered fireman,) and a dustman or remover of coal ashes, are mis-spending their time in setting-on two diminutives to a box, in imitation of "the Fancy" which at the date of publication, was the fashionable rage. Two other hopeful sprigs, real St. Giles's kiddies, are tying a tin kettle to a poor dog's tail, who passively awaits the painful results of time badly spent. In this plate, Cruikshank seems determined to exhibit the wickedness of London boys; in the extreme left corner, a lad is seen picking the pocket of an unconscious spectator, while an experienced "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, is looking out for squalls in the shape of police officers: in the other corner, a precocious lad is "gaffing" or tossing pence for pies. The motley crowd of a huge city is well represented in this plate; on the right of the centre the head of a horse soldier is seen above the medium of the mob—a good instance of Cruikshank's observation, for every member of those fancy regiments of England, the Life Guards, are composed of men above six feet in height. The tops of the houses are covered with idle spectators, and the chimneys groan with loafers who rejoice in any cause of holiday.

In the left corner of the bottom row is an exemplification of "Time Lost." Diogenes, with a lantern, is continuing his search for an honest man among the *détenus* of a London jail. What a variety of villainy is presented in the faces of the four jail birds who advance to know "vot the gentleman vants!" The murderer, the house-breaker, the plunderer on the highway, and the low sneaking but impudent pickpocket are here presented to the life. We can fancy the latter gentleman, who is advancing with his pipe, asking the Grecian if his maternal parent knows of his absence from home—while the bold-faced villain, next but one, bullies the philosopher with a *sang-froid* that would make an exquisite from St. James' pale with envy. "Vot the 'ell does this ere old covey mean by his sinnerations? I'll be gallowaed if I'll 'ave my room burst inter by a chap in a sheet with a glim in his mawley a axen for a 'onest man." The blood-stained ruffian on the extreme left wishes to "know if the genelman von't stand a drop o' nothing," while the fourth fellow, in a voice hoarse from gin and prison damp suggests that the "venererble ancient is a misherry from Chaney—von o' them braed vot vears their blessed shirt outside their toggery"—and wonders if it's worth while to pick his pocket. The whole subject may be taken as a satire upon the excessive philanthropy of various well-meaning people who bestow their kindness upon hopeless villainy, and leave the poverty-stricken and young in crime to helpless wretchedness and shame.

The remainder subject presents correct likenesses of Mr. Hone, the compiler of the *Every Day Book*, and of the veritable George Cruikshank himself. He is, of course, the youngest of the two, sitting on the right hand side. George is rather a good-looking man, and the portrait is undoubtedly like him, for it was drawn by himself, but when we saw him last, he sported a magnificent pair of moustaches, with a terrific imperial, and pretty whiskers to match.

George Cruikshank's father was a native of Edinburg, and was originally apprenticed to a sign-painter, plumber, and glazier; from this unfitting employment he ran away, and accompanied a friend to London. His friend promised largely while in Scotland, but in England he insulted

Cruikshank by proposing that he should become his lacquey. Without a shilling, without even a pencil, the young man threw himself upon the world; he entered an engraver's shop, and requested employment. A plate was given him to copy, when to the engraver's surprise the young applicant was fain to borrow not only the tools but the copper, and the use of a work-bench. The tradesman was good-natured, and the young engraver proved his talents, and obtained the fullest employment.

In London, the elder Cruikshank soon obtained a wife; J. R., or as he always writes his name now, Robert Cruikshank, was the eldest child, and our hero, George, the second. Robert studied at the Academy, and became known as a miniature painter of some merit. George studied but little, but wishing to enter the Academy, made a picture from the antique, and presented it to the notice of the celebrated Fuseli, who gave the youngster permission to join the Academicians, but told him that he would have to fight hard for a seat. George was disgusted, and never made another attempt. He returned home, and devoted his attention to the portrayal of life itself, in sketches, caricatures, etc. His father, pleased with the execution of one of his subjects, offered it to a publisher, who gave it to the world, and established George Cruikshank as an acknowledged humorist and dealer in satirical pictorials. At the father's death, the elder son, Robert, joined our friend George in the fabrication of political caricatures, and the brothers drove an eminent trade for several years. At present, they are not on the best terms—nay, we regret to say that they have been in violent opposition to each other for many years. The talents of the elder brother are in every way inferior.

George Cruikshank is a married man, but we know not whether he has any family. He is a sociable, agreeable friend, but not very brilliant in conversation. He is moderate in his habits, but he likes a bottle with a friend, and enjoys a good story and a merry joke—although we must confess that we never knew him to bring his share of such things to the general feast. It is strange that a fellow overflowing with genuine wit and humor *on paper*, should, in company, "sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster." How many excellent jokes has he perpetuated! how many thousands of persons has he made to roar with laughter! and yet he was never heard to utter a respectable witticism in his life!

B.

THE CRY OF DEATH.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

"I come, I come,"

And a maiden sat in her summer bower,
In the changeful gleam of the twilight hour,
And joy was in her home.

Afar, afar,

From her happy cot, 'mid the clustering vines,
Where the pale moonbeam in silver shines,
She gazed on each bright star.

A gentle prayer

On the low night wind as it murmur'd by,
Like the sound of some passing spirit's sigh,
She whisper'd softly there.

An icy breath,

A hurrying wing, as of speedy flight,
A darkness shrouding a sunny light,
And the maiden sleeps in death.

"I come, I come,"

And a child with eyes like the sky's own blue,
Sat playing amid the flowers, and dew,
And peace was in his home.

Loudly, and wild,

A burst of joy thro' the calm air thrills,

And echo'd by mountains, vales, and hills;
'Twas the laughter of a child.

Silent, and hush'd,
The air blows chill, and the flowers depart,
And the stream grows still at the child's glad heart
And death the blossoms crush'd.

"I come, I come,"

And a worn old man with his locks of gray,
On a bed-rid couch at morning lay,
And quiet fill'd his home.

He dream'd of joy;

And the sunny light of his childhood's track
To his fading vision came brightly back,
And he dream'd he was a boy.

His eye grew dim,

And a sudden shuddering o'er him crept,
A gentle sigh—and the old man slept,
For death had shrouded him.

"I come, I come,"

It came like the blast of the dread simoom,
A trumpet tone from the hiding tomb,
And a sadness fill'd each home.

FABLES IN RHYME.

FROM THE POLISH OF ARCHBISHOP KRASICKI

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

THE RAM AND JACKASS.

The ass complained, in moving words,
It was a shame and sir
To cast him from the stable out
And let the ram within;
But, while the loudest were his moans,
Thus spake the ram in bitter tones:

“ Be quiet, pray, my long-eared friend,
With anger be less rife,
A butcher’s standing by my side
With ready-sharpened knife.
Comfort yourself with this conceit,
‘ Mankind will not eat jackass-meat.’ ”

THE STANDISH AND THE PEN.

Betwixt the standish and the pen
A dreadful quarrel rose,
Which came to words of bitter kind,
Black looks, and almost blows,
As to which penned a certain fable
That lay just written on the table.

Its author in the meanwhile came
The library within,
And, finding out the cause of this
Most sad and dang’rous din,
Exclaimed, “ How many bards at war
Just like this pen and standish are ! ”

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

A certain dog, of watchful kind,
To scare the thief away,
Barked from the setting of the sun
Until the dawn of day.
His master, at the morning light,
Flogged him for barking thus all night.

Next night the dog in kennel slept
Sound, with prodigious snore,
The thief broke in, and, seizing all,
Made exit by the door.
When morning came they flogged the brute,
Because the lazy dog was mute.

THE LAZY OXEN.

The first commission of an ill
Delightful is, no less;
’Tis in the effects it brings about
That lies the bitterness.
As easily is proven by
This most veracious history.

In spring the oxen all refused
To plough the grassy plain;
When autumn came they would not haul
From out the fields the grain.
In winter, being scarce of bread,
They knocked the oxen on the head.

THE LAST SHILLING.

BY J. E. DOW, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It was at the commencement of a stormy evening in the rainy season, when a young man, dressed in a soiled and tattered suit of clothes which, like their wearer, had seen better days, rushed into the bar-room of one of the low hells of Lisbon, in a state of intoxication, and throwing himself upon one of the rude settees, ordered a bottle of *eau de vie* to be placed before him. The assiduous attentions of the garcon soon supplied the wants of the impatient stranger, and drawing together the curtains of the alcove, he left him to attend to numerous calls from people of almost every nation under heaven.

The young man sat for some time with his head leaning on his hand, and nothing gave evidence of his existence but the escapement of a sigh, so deep and strong that—like the outbreaking of the smothered fire of a volcano—it seemed to burst asunder the object from whence it proceeded. At length he drew from his pocket his purse, and after duly examining its lean and poverty-stricken appearance, turned out upon the marble table a solitary shilling. It was his all—he had arrived at the “*ne plus ultra*” of his riches, and poverty seemed with long and withered limbs to stalk before him. It was the turning point in the history of Henry Staunton; birth, friends, reputation, ay, even the decency of a vagabond, were about to be surrendered up to the power of intemperance and crime. He gazed about him with a look of madness; he had not calculated upon poverty—poverty such as this—when the dice and the gold rang upon the gaming table—when the song of the syren swelled high above the festive board, and the deluded votaries of Bacchus found a living pain in the draughts of *jolly Cham*.

He had calculated the cost of the degradation and debasement of a noble soul; but poverty! he had not thought of her—that cruel hag which, worse than the damning nightmare, sits heavily upon the breast, though lightly upon the stomach, of the poor unfortunate, and presses him down to a level with the ignoble and the vile. In our own happy country we hardly ever see or feel poverty; but in the old kingdoms of Europe, where the unfortunate are numberless, and where the tendency of their institutions is to make the poor, poorer, and the rich, richer—poverty, such as man would gladly exchange for death, stalks about the street in slow and cadaverous form, scowling like the famishing wolf for victims, and clutching her long skinny fingers at the throats of rosy-cheeked children and well-fed friars.

Henry Staunton reflected—it was the first time that he had cast a thought upon his wretched condition for months. He looked at his ragged clothes, and shuddered; a little mirror before him showed him his finely shaped countenance bloated and red with unnatural excitement; a deep gash, half healed, marred the beauty of his commanding forehead, and his thick, glossy, raven locks were matted with lint and dust. His once smart beaver was knocked into a thousand angles, and his unwashed shirt collar hung over an apology for a black silk neck handkerchief, like a dirty jib over the bowsprit of a Newcastle collier. His whole dress would have brought him in a handsome sum had there been in the neighborhood some Billy Barlow, devoid of the necessary costume of his character.

The brandy remained untouched—the fever of intoxication had passed away—the finer feelings of human nature began, like oil poured upon the stormy ocean, to calm the swelling and blackened surges of vice; and the tears that had long since been dried up, like a summer brooklet, suddenly accumulated in their parched channels. He drew a white handkerchief from his breast, and grasping it convulsively in his hand, gazed upon the name for a moment, then, dashing his head upon the table, burst into a flood of tears. His sobs soon attracted the attention of the company in the next alcove, and the keeper of the hell, fearing that his foreign customer might be about to commit suicide in his premises, and thus lay upon him the onus of his burial, entered the recess, and shaking the unhappy youth by the collar, bade him seek a lodging elsewhere. This was enough! Henry Staunton arose a new, a redeemed man. The hour of degradation had passed away, and with a smile upon his face, which, like the rainbow of God upon the retiring shadows of the deluge, gave evidence of future calmness, he replaced his memorial of early love, and lifting from the table his solitary shilling, bade the keeper of the hell observe that his brandy remained untouched. He then

departed; and as he stepped out upon the *Praca del Roccio*, the night wind howled around the rocks of Cintra, and the valley of the Tagus gave back its sounds with a thousand echoes.

Along the *morena* of Lisbon are numerous stands, where the money-loving boatmen of the Tagus huddle around a few brands, and await the hour when the naval officers from the various squadrons come down to return to their floating lodgings. The mustached sentinel paces along the quay with greater dignity as the middle hour of night draws near, and the horse patrol make their only round when the joyous reefer, with the weather leech of his main-topgallant sail a little lifting, comes swearing down the streets, damping the earthquake for making them so hilly, and the citizens for crowning them with unnecessary filth. As for the earthquake, that could not be helped; but for the nightly showers of unholy water that descend upon the heads of wandering strangers, from eight till twelve, P. M., from the numerous front windows of the eight storied houses of every street in Lisbon, nothing can be offered in extenuation. They are sins which cannot be forgiven by foreigners, and are barely tolerated by those who indulge in them.

It was to one of these fires that Henry Staunton bent his steps, as the heavy tones of the cathedral clock tolled eleven. Soon after his arrival there, a captain of a jackass frigate, who had been dining with his country's consul, came rolling down like a ship in the chops of the channel in a heavy sea, with the wind free, and endeavored to make the boatmen who beset him understand where he wanted to go; but from a natural thickness of his tongue, and an additional impediment in the shape of *aqua vitae*, he endeavored in vain. At length, Henry Staunton, who sat shivering over the few embers of the dying watch-fire, approached him, and, in English, asked the stranger where he wished to be taken.

"Taken," said the son of Neptune, with a heavy lee-lurch, "why taken on board and be d——d to you," and he chuckled at his wit like a monkey who had put a hot chesnut into a confiding cat's paw.

"But to what ship?" said Staunton.

"What ship," said the captain—"why to the *Boanerges*, captain Spitfire, pierced for thirty-six long guns, with a shifting one astern. D——n it sir, there she is, don't you see the light under the mizzen-top! Suppose you go on board with me, youngster, as you seem curious; I always like to meet a countryman in a foreign land, especially after dinner. Come, bear a hand my boys, and bring up the boat."

A boat was soon ready, and, after numerous ineffectual efforts, the captain compromised the matter with his legs by rolling in on a couple of oars. Once on board, by force of habit, he rolled into the stern sheets in an upright position, and gave the order—"Shove off."

The boatmen, however, refusing to move until they were paid, captain Spitfire seemed to ignite at this insult to his dignity, and was about to roll out upon the quay in the same manner that he rolled in, when Staunton, recollecting his shilling, pulled it out, and shewing it to the boatmen, said, "If this will compensate you for your trouble it is at your service."

"Thank you, my master," said the first oarsman, "it is small, but it will do," and hailing his companion, who immediately joined him, the boat shoved off from the quay, and soon lay along side of the frigate *Boanerges*, one of H. B. M. squadron in the Tagus. The worthy representative of his country's honor was soon housed in his state room, and Henry Staunton, having been invited below by the master-at-arms, located himself on a grating between the two forward guns on the star-board side of the gun-deck, and was soon lost in a sleep far more sweet than any that had blessed his eyelids since his departure from his native home, to learn the ways of damning vice in a guilty land.

"Seven bells," cried the master-at-arms of the *Boanerges*, as he came up the forward hatchway. "Turn out, turn out, you lazy lubbers," and administering a few gentle hints with his rattan, soon had the crew upon their feet busily lashing up their hammocks.

Henry Staunton heard nothing of this din until a gallon of golden water came plash in his face from the bucket of one of the after-guard, who was busily employed in washing down the deck. He started to his feet, and, with good humor, acknowledged the fitness of the oblation, and then gazed about him. It was morning, and a golden one too—the shores of *Altemeja* and Lisbon were bathed with the gaudy coloring of nature—the land breeze came off from the orange groves and purple hills—the cry of the smuggler was heard as his train of asses came down the steep bank of the shore, while the cheerful yea! heave oh! of the lugger's crew, as they took on board the wine of *Xeres* and *Oporto*, awoke the echoes of the winding river's shores.

It was a long time before he could call to mind the occurrences of the previous night; and while he stood looking anxiously out of the *bridle port*, his forlorn condition attracted the sympathy of the British tars around him, who kindly gave him an invitation to their mess, and bade him brush up for his interview with 'Old Smoke Pipes,' the nick-name given to their commander by them.

Henry Staunton soon cleared himself from all remains of his old habits—his tattered suit went down on the boom of the golden river, and his old shoes served to toll out two or three unwelcome sharks who had entered the bay for the purpose of overhauling the shoals of marrow bones that had been thrown overboard until they had nearly overturned the admiral. After undergoing the martyrdom of being shaved by the barber of the ship, Staunton dressed himself in a neat suit of sailors'

clothing; his hair he combed over his wounded forehead, and as he paced the forecabin with the quarter-master of the watch, awaiting the commands of the honorable captain Spitfire, he seemed like one of the fancy men of the Boanerges just returned from a liberty week on shore.

Just before the topgallant yards were crossed, captain Spitfire made his appearance in a neat dress, and, with a seamanlike alacrity, endeavored to make up for his evening debauch by his strict search after the faults of others. After inspecting the ship throughout, and finding every thing as usual in proper order, he sent for the master-at-arms, and bade him bring into the cabin his scrub acquaintance of the previous evening.

Henry Staunton was soon in the presence of the commander, who bade the master-at-arms retire, and then turning to him, said in a gruff tone, "youngster, tell me your history!"

Staunton detailed the principal events of his dissolute life in a spirit of deep contrition, and when he had finished he leaned his aching head upon his hand, and awaited his fate.

Captain Spitfire looked at the fine form and intelligent face before him for some minutes, and then striking his hand upon the table, said, "youngster, I'll make a man of you, for he whom the land casts off the sea must swallow. You have improved *wisely* in your outwoske since last night, see that you keep as clean here," (striking his hand upon his breast.) "Dirt and discipline never sail in company—and he that keeps his copper fool in my ship must be worthy of condemnation;" then turning, he rang a bell—the orderly entered. "Tell Mr. Slops, the purser, to bring up the rating list—another son of thunder is waiting to be christened."

The purser had expected a morning call from his commander, and soon entered the cabin of the Boanerges, with his shipping articles in his hand; and in a few minutes Henry Staunton was rated a midshipman in the gallant navy of Britain.

"Here, sir," said the captain, handing Staunton a doubloon, "Here is sufficient to buy you a jacket and divs—act your part well, and from the glance of your top-lights, I feel confident that you will do his majesty some service. Recollect, there is your shilling, with interest—study the necessary part of your profession, and let the fancy business go to the devil, to whom it belongs. Abhor white gloves and cologne water—speak as little cursed French as possible, and never call me Old Smoke Pipes on duty. Be off—I won't be thanked. I have read you like a book. Go to the first lieutenant, and study the ropes, and be careful how you let Nip Cheese, (the purser,) finger your doubloon." Thus saying, the excellent hearted captain bowed the newly dubbed midshipman of the Boanerges to the door of the cabin, and seeing the master's mate of the watch at the gangway, called out, "Mr. Strother introduce Mr. Staunton to the young gentlemen below, and be careful how you cut up any monkey shines with him—there's the mast head! You understand me sir! Good morning, Mr. Staunton."

A pendant was now seen flying from the admiral's signal halliards, and then was seen the Boanerges' number, and a signal below.

"What is it?" cried a dozen voices.

"Boanerges under way to get—follow the admiral with or without signals," said the signal officer, as he entered the cabin.

"Answer the signal, sir," said captain Spitfire; "Mr. Catharpin all hands up anchor." Then the heavy roar of the admiral's signal gun came rolling over the deep, and the "blue peter" unrolling itself to the breeze, floated gaily at his fore.

New all was bustle and apparent confusion, and (like all other ships of war that had been long anchored,) the Boanerges got under way in a hubbly manner, and as the shades of evening fell upon the silent waters, took her departure from the rock of Lisbon.

Young Staunton was now on a new element—the dark hour had passed away, and the poor vagabond, who so lately would have sold his existence for rum, became a Jemmy Reaser, and was considered, ere he had been, a week on board, the crack officer of the cock-pit.

Onward the three-decker rolled her course, and swiftly the gallant frigate followed in her wake. On the third day out, a signal from the admiral denoted a sail on the starboard bow, and soon another signal bade the Boanerges crowd all sail in chase. Now was captain Spitfire's time to show his intrinsic value—his qualities became brighter, (like those of the diamond,) beneath the hand of the polisher, and the gallant tar, ere the enemy's courses were in sight, was ready for a desperate battle on the deep. His batteries were clear—his guns double-shotted—cutlasses, pistols and boarding pikes were distributed by no niggard's hand, and the powder boys stood ready behind each gun with spare cartridges in their leathern passing boxes. Round shot and wads were in the shot racks, and the men were at quarters with their trowsers rolled up to their knees, their jackets off, and their necks bare; some had handkerchiefs about their waists, and some had them twisted *à la Turque* around their heads; looking as they stood in clusters around each iron mouth piece like a component part of the cannon itself. The decks were sanded to prevent them from becoming slippery with blood. The marines and top-men were at their stations, and the cock-eyed marine officer, with a tremendous muckle-whanger, was marching up and down the larboard waist, now casting one eye into the fore-top, while the other rested on the mizzen, and now shaking his sword at some lousy fellow who had sat down to rest, probably to sigh over the melancholy reflections which the hour excited within his breast.

The captain was standing on the horse block peeping through a mighty spy glass, while the officer of the deck, assisted by two quarter masters and a few youngsters, was endeavoring to make out the craft from the opposite side of the ship. At length, as the Boanerges drew nearer, the frigate laid her maintopsail to the mast, and yawing gracefully, showed the lilies of the Bourbon floating at her ensign peak.

"French, by ———," said captain Spitfire to Mr. Catharpin, the first lieutenant. "Stand by the bow-gun sir. All ready!"

"Aye, aye sir," replied the commander of the division.

"Then let the Mounseer's hear your thunder—fire!"

"Bang," roared the bow chasers, and, from a wreath of woolly smoke, the thirty-two pound shot sped on its mission of destruction; it took the Frenchman amidships, and slanted across his gun-deck; the splinters flew about merrily. Considerable confusion was created by the salutary of the Boanerges, and L'Agile, for such was the French frigate, filled away, and endeavored to get the weather gage, but captain Spitfire was up to the frog-eater, and tossing him half a ton of cold iron in quick succession, the Boanerges bore down to board.

"First division of boarders away," thundered the captain, and from the different quarters of the ship came forth a flood of armed men in the twinkling of an eye. The Boanerges had now run foul of L'Agile's stern, and making the frigates fast with his own hands, captain Spitfire, followed by young Staunton and a hundred men, gained the Frenchman's deck. It was a dreadful meeting—the French fought like tigers—the boarders flung themselves upon boarding pikes and points of cutlasses; battle axes and hand grenades were hurled in every direction—the report of the boarder's pistol was followed by the crash of the next man's scull as its heavy butt descended upon it. The second division now came to the assistance of the first, headed by the first lieutenant, and they arrived in time to secure the victory. Harry Staunton had just cut the French captain down as he drew a pistol to shoot captain Spitfire. At that moment a pikeman pinned the gallant reefer to the mizzen mast, but he had hardly done so before the cutlass of captain Spitfire laid him headless upon the deck.

At this moment the third division of boarders came pouring in, and in five minutes the flag of England floated at her ensign peak. "The cross it went up, as the lilies came down."

For a moment captain Spitfire had missed young Staunton, but now, seeing him leaning pale and trembling against the mizzenmast, he sprang and released him, and while the tear stood in his eye he clasped him in his arms, and said—"Well done, my young recruit; you have nobly earned your swab, and if there is any gratitude in the sea-girl isle, you shall have a handle to your name ere I am three weeks older."

The surgeon instantly had his patient removed to his berth, and after a careful examination of his wound, he conveyed to captain Spitfire the gratifying intelligence that his young charge would finally recover, notwithstanding he was severely hurt. The prize was then overhauled, and the damage to both hull and rigging repaired.

In the course of a couple of hours, captain Spitfire, having left the prize in command of lieutenant Catharpin, made the signal for "crowding on all sail," and the crews giving three cheers, which were re-echoed by the dark hollows of the ocean, L'Agile spread out her white wings, and followed swiftly in the wake of her conqueror. Night now settled upon the heaving ocean, and captain Spitfire, seeing no signs of the admiral, shaped his course for England. Three days after the action, the Boanerges, followed by her prize, passed the Eddystone, and anchored in safety off Plymouth. The captain of the Boanerges reported himself to the port admiral, and then posted up to London, leaving Henry Staunton on the sick list. By return of post, young Staunton received his commission as a lieutenant in the British navy, with a leave of absence, and a handsome amount of prize money. Thus we leave our hero, to return to an earlier period of his life, to trace out the causes which led to such unforeseen, yet happy effects.

Henry Staunton was the only son of a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and having an austere father, and a weak and indulgent mother, he became as unfit for the realities of the world as one could expect under such circumstances. His follies—for he had many—constantly brought upon him the reproaches and punishments of his father, and, in the same ratio, the attentions and gifts of his mother. Thus matters went on until the day of his mother's death. That day was a melancholy one for our hero; he shut himself up in his room, and for days refused to be comforted. At length he became more calm, and met his father at their lonely meals with a brow bent down with sorrow. Mr. Staunton, however, like a true business man, forgot his loss as soon as he usually did the loss of a ship, or the decline of fancy stocks; and, after numerous long and exciting conversations with his son, at last decided that he should become a merchant, and directed him to make up his mind to enter the counting house as soon as the fall business should commence. In the meantime, he gave him a check on his banker, with permission to spend the summer months at his country seat, in the interior of Connecticut.

It was a lovely and stately mansion, near one of the pleasantest villages in the blue law state, surrounded by orchards, gardens, and lawns, with a silver stream flowing at the foot of the little eminence upon which it stood. Its white-washed out-houses, at a distance, gave it the appearance of a little village, and around it, the magic talisman of wealth had spread a richness and magnificence seldom seen in the interior of the country. Henry Staunton had, by the will of his mother, inherited a handsome little fortune in the stocks, and here, with sufficient to satisfy his every want, amid the rural scenes and quiet retreats of Connecticut, his noble mind began to expand, and give bright evidence of a brighter manhood. Besides, he had fallen in love, and that, too, by the merest accident. He had met, in his fishing excursions and lonely walks, Emma Lester, the daughter of the worthy clergyman of the parish, and being struck with her saint-like beauty and affectionate attentio to her aged father, had called at the parsonage. After the first difficulty had been surmounted, viz: that of breaking the ice, he became a constant visiter there. Often would these young and ardent beings wander forth by the gentle Willimantic, at the rosy hour of day,

“ And fondly whisper love.”

Henry Staunton was now a happy man, and if the thought that he must at length leave those fairy scenes and the maiden he adored, to become the drudge of a warehouse, occasionally clouded his brow, the smile of Emma Lester chased it away as the sun chases away the phantoms of the night. Matters went on thus until all the village knew that the young couple loved each other, and the old clergyman, at last discovering the same truth, called them before him and blessed them, and the next day was gathered unto his fathers, leaving Emma to the tender mercies of an uncle in New York, who possessed vast wealth, great eccentricity, and as little regard for the feelings of the lovers as old Staunton himself.

Henry Staunton was now eighteen, and love at that age is apt to burn strong and last long. After seeing the good old man to his long home, he endeavored to cheer up his desponding Emma: but the shock to her feelings was so great, that her uncle determined to remove her to New York at once. A few days, and this determination came upon the ears of Henry Staunton, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. He had never thought of such a consequence, and although it came from the lips of Emma with a smile of hope that the separation would not last, yet his own fears told him that it might be for ever. He then told the gentle Emma of his father's sternness, and the little probability of his ever consenting to a union between them.

“ And is this the fact, Henry Staunton ?” said the weeping maiden, “ and have you kept such a truth hidden from me so long ! Henry, it was not generous, nay, it was unkind in the extreme—but no, I will not believe it ; your father will relent, and we shall be so happy in our rural bower. Oh ! what a dream I had last night—it was an omen of a bright and glorious career for you !”

At this moment, the carriage of Ronald Lester drove up to the door of the parsonage, and interrupted the farther conversation of the lovers.

“ Henry Staunton,” said the old man, after the introduction had been made, “ I have heard of you ; you have seduced the affections of this innocent and unsophisticated maiden, when you knew your father would never consent to your union with her. You have acted like a scoundrel, sir ; begone, and never let me see your face again.”

Staunton endeavored to expostulate with him, with the tear of sorrow in his eye, and the blush of indignation upon his cheek ; and Emma, weeping, plead for a moment's hearing ; but it was all to no purpose—the old gentleman had made up his mind, and that was sufficient. In a few minutes, Emma's little stock of books and wearing apparel was ready, and her uncle, handing her to the carriage, took his seat beside her, and ordered the coachman to drive off. Henry Staunton stood watching the carriage as it wound around the hill like one awakened from a dream, but no token of affection was left for him until the Lesters came to a sudden turn in the road, when a white pocket-handkerchief waved along the side of the carriage, and fell upon the ground. Staunton sprang to the spot, and seized the treasure ; it was marked with the name, and wet with the tears of Emma Lester.

“ And am I doomed to disappointment ?” said the youth, in agony. At that moment, a thought flashed upon his mind. “ I will leave the country,” said he, “ and forget that I am a Staunton.”

In a few hours, he left his father's country seat, and proceeded to New London, where he disposed of his right to his mother's legacy, and took his departure, in a merchant vessel, for England.

After a long passage, young Staunton entered the metropolis of England, and meeting with those who, like the sucking fish, live by drawing the vitality from others, he soon lost a portion of his money. He then proceeded to Paris, and what was left by the *ancestors* of Crockford, was taken by the *ancestors* of Frascati, with the exception of a sum sufficient to pay his passage to Lisbon.

Upon his arrival in Lisbon, he was disappointed in finding that his father's vessel, which he saw by Lloyd's list, was there, had sailed the day previous for Philadelphia. Thus left without money, and without friends, his father's consignees refused to believe that he was the son of old Staunton, and the hells of Lisbon shook off a customer of such doubtful character. It was at this period that our tale commences.

It was evening, and the shrill whistle of a November's wind awoke the echoes of the silent city of New York, when a young English officer landed at the Battery from a packet that had just arrived from England. Two stout seamen took his baggage upon their shoulders, and followed him up Broadway until he reached a noble mansion, when he bade them halt. He then approached the door and rang the bell, which was immediately answered.

"Is Mr. Lester at home?" said the officer.

"Mr. Lester?" said the servant. "Mr. Lester does not live here. Mr. Lester has failed in business, and is imprisoned for debt."

"Great God! is it possible?" said the young man, in insupportable agony. "But where is his niece, Miss Emma? Surely she must be somewhere in the vicinity."

"The young woman went to jail with the old man," said the servant, as he slammed the door in the face of Staunton; for it was he who had thus returned, loaded with honors, to claim his first love.

"Take my baggage to the nearest hotel, and leave this card with the landlord," said Staunton to the seamen. Then, swift as a son bearing a reprieve for his condemned father, he sought—that blot upon the escutcheon of freedom—the poor debtor's prison.

Entering the jailor's apartment, he begged to be permitted to have an interview with the Lesters, which was denied him.

"What is the amount of the execution upon which Mr. Lester is imprisoned?" asked Staunton with a face beaming with the workings of a noble soul.

"Two thousand dollars," said the jailor, in a rough voice.

"Only two thousand dollars!" said Staunton; "then give me his discharge; for here is the money!"

The jailor was doubtful how to act in this case for some moments, but finally took the money, made out Ronald Lester's discharge, and taking the key, unlocked a gloomy cell, and pointing down some mouldy, damp steps, said—

"There they are: the doors are all open—they can leave as soon as they wish; and huzce, young man, the sooner the better."

Henry Staunton took the offered discharge, and soon stood before the inmates of the prison.

"Henry—my own dear Henry!" screamed the maiden as she raised her eyes to note the cause of intrusion at such an hour, and throwing herself into his arms, bathed his cheek with tears. Then turning, said—"Uncle, dear uncle, Henry Staunton has come to save us; look up and welcome him, for through his instrumentality, our sorrows will soon be at an end."

"Young man," said old Lester, with a frown upon his brow, as he raised himself from his couch, where he had been confined by a fever of the brain since his entrance, "come you here to mock me in my hour of degradation and sorrow—begone! Ronald Lester is in prison—in prison for debt—but he asks no aid from any one. No crime nor dissipation has brought him here. Accident and false partners alone have wrought the changes you behold; and a ruined man may as well die in prison as in the street.

Staunton sprang to his bedside, and grasping the merchant by the hand, said—"Lester, have I deserved this treatment from you? You know I left the country at your command, and now I come with wealth and honor to claim my own true love. I come not to mock at your troubles, but to end them. Here is your discharge—the doors are open—let us begone!"

The aged merchant gazed steadily at the youth for a few minutes—his frown passed away—a smile played upon his countenance—he raised his head upon his hand.

"Henry Staunton," said he, "you have redeemed yourself. I have wronged you deeply; henceforth, let our anger cease. Be kind to that dear girl, who, like a ministering angel, has hovered around this gloomy prison, and smoothed the coarse and moistened folds of my dying couch." Then, with a look of phrenzy, he wildly screamed—"Ha! I am free! the prison doors are open!—Ronald Lester is not a criminal, or the doomed companion of felons. Throw open yonder window wider. Ay, now I see the twinkling lamps—I hear the voices and the steps of busy men—I hear the laugh and the song—but let us to business. Send for a clergyman; I wish to make reparation for injury before I die."

A clergyman was soon found, and to the astonishment of both parties, was ordered by the old merchant to perform the marriage ceremony.

"Emma and Henry," said Lester, "kneel down before me—may God Almighty bless you, my children. And now let us away—call my carriage—I must to Wall street, to meet my liabilities—send for my partner—no hope—ruined—lost—imprisoned—free! Ronald Lester is no longer a prisoner!" and turning his face to the wall, he expired without a groan.

The next day, the corpse of the ruined and broken-hearted merchant was laid with the dust of his fathers, and immediately afterwards, Henry Staunton and his weeping bride were on their way to Philadelphia. As they entered the city of brotherly love, they were stopped by a long funeral procession, moving to a distant burial place. Staunton inquired of one of the followers whose funeral it was.

"Old Staunton's, the miser's," said the man, in a rough voice, "and we are hired to mourn on the occasion."

"It is my father's corpse!" said Henry. "Give place, for I am the chief mourner here!" and soon his travelling carriage was next to the hearse.

The burial being over, the sorrow-stricken son and his weeping wife proceeded to the magnificent family mansion of the Stauntons, to brood in deep melancholy over their respective losses. But grief must have an end, like every thing else, and Staunton and his wife at length became calm enough to hear the reading of the will. The first part of it cut Henry off with a shilling; but by a codicil, dated the very day that Henry refrained from spending his last shilling at the café in Lisbon, the will was amended, and the whole of the Staunton property was made his own at his father's death, provided he should return to the United States within seven years after that event.

Henry Staunton continued to hold his commission in the navy of Britain until the war of the revolution broke out, when he sided with his countrymen, and threw off the shackles imposed by royalty.

Years rolled on, and the Stauntons became more powerful and wealthy than ever in the rising and beautiful city of Penn, and finally, when our hero and his partner retired from the busy stage of life, a numerous progeny was left to perpetuate the family name; but where they are now, God only knows. Upon opening the will, the children were made acquainted, for the first time, with their father's former poverty and distress, but with all virtuous and honest men, they felt that they had cause to be grateful that once, in early life, Henry Staunton, on the quay of Lisbon, had been reduced to his last shilling.

Captain Spitfire became, in time, an admiral of the red, and died one day, at a public dinner in London, leaving behind him his virtues and his vices, for the satisfaction of his friends, and the tender mercies of his enemies. His last words were—"Board the chase."

Gentle reader, my long yarn is at an end, and your task is over. Adieu: and remember never to be above an honorable employment, nor to spend your first or last shilling for "that draught fresh drawn from hell," that stupifies the brain, and chains the immortal soul.

S T A N Z A S .

The golden autumn days have come, with skies of light above
And breezes that go whisp'ring by like Houris songs of love,
And forests waving far and wide in every varied sheen,
And sparkling rills that sing along the purple woods between.

They say that spring hath flow'rets fair, that gaily flow her streams
Like those 'mid Eden bowers we've seen in childhood's sinless dreams,
That birds are warbling all the day, and songs are heard at night,
And maidens on the greensward dance, beneath the starry light.

But oh! the autumn days for me, when crimson dyes the brake,
And dreamingly the wild fowl floats upon the silent lake,
The brown leaves rustle in the wind, the nuts begin to fall,
And shrilly thro' the woodland rings the schoolboy's merry call.

The moonlight floods the ev'ning sky, the zephyrs scarcely play,
And hill and stream, like fairy land, seem melting far away—
A thrilling music fills the air, like whispers from the blest,
And tender, mournful memories gush silent thro' the breast.

Oh! then to sing the olden songs we once in childhood sung,
And fancy we are back again youth's sunny fields among,
That long-lost friends are by our side, and loved ones murmur low—
The mellow, autumn eves for me! so sadly sweet they go.

The golden autumn days have come, but only come to fade;
Yet monarch-like they pass away in gorgeousness array'd—
The sky looks sadder than 'tis wont, the very leaves are sere,
And mournful wails the murmur'ing wind above the dying year.

THE MURDER ON THE BRIDGE.

A TALE

BY G. W. M. RYLANDS, AUTHOR OF ALFRED DE ROSANN, ETC.

The night was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents—and as I occasionally looked over the high parapet of the Pont Neuf, or New Bridge, I could catch a glimpse of the rapid waters of the Seine flashing as they passed through the wide arches, even in the midst of gloom and obscurity. Ever and anon the moon made a feeble essay to pierce through the clouds that veiled her; and then the tall towers of Notre Dame were faintly visible, their black and threatening appearance adding fresh gloom to the scene.

I drew my cloak closely around me, and walked at a quick pace up and down the bridge. A murder, under circumstances peculiarly horrible and revolting, had been committed there the night before; and information had been received at the Prefecture, that a gang of desperate characters intended to haunt that quarter, in order to intercept any individuals who might be obliged to traverse the bridge in the dead of night. To prevent the commission of farther atrocities, a gendarme was ordered to patrol the Pont Neuf, and that part of the Island which lies in its immediate vicinity, until some clue should be discovered to track the assassins.

This was in the year 1827, and it was the first time I had been appointed to a dangerous service. I had only been incorporated amongst the body about six weeks—and hitherto my duties had no compromised my safety. Now every thing was to be dreaded at the hands of the midnight murderers whose motions I was appointed to watch; and the utmost circumspection, keenness, and courage were necessary.

The hour of midnight struck at the College of Four Nations; and, as if it had waited for that gloomy hour to commence its rage, the storm, that had been for some time gathering, burst forth with appalling violence. The lightning glared in frequent flashes; and while its vivid rays illuminated the atmosphere, the towers of Notre Dame, the domes of the University, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, and the Hospital of Invalids, although each so far apart from the others, all distinctly met my view as I cast a hasty glance around.

It was nearly one o'clock, and the storm continued with unabated violence. Being in the month of September, the night air was cold in the extreme; and my thick cloak was but a feeble protection against the intemperance of the weather. During the momentary silence that ensued immediately after a loud clap of thunder, hasty footsteps fell upon my ear, and a momentary struggle—as if it were between two or three men—took place at a little distance. I ran to the spot whence I fancied the noise proceeded—a sudden flash of lightning aided my steps—and at the moment when I laid my hand upon the arm of an individual against whom I ran, the splash of a heavy body falling into the waters below convinced me that a foul deed had been accomplished, and that I had arrived too late.

Without losing my presence of mind for one moment, I detained the person, whom I had secured in a firm grasp, and called loudly for assistance. The sounds of retreating footsteps instantly fell upon my ears, and I knew that one of the accomplices had escaped. Engaged as I was in holding an individual who struggled violently and with a considerable degree of strength, it was impossible to pursue, or even attempt to secure the fugitive.

“Release me!” cried the voice of an evidently young man, in deepest agony—it was the voice of him whom I had arrested—“release me, and ample shall be your reward!”

“Not for worlds—not for all the treasures of France and Navarre!” cried I, having entirely mastered his resistance, and effectually made him my prisoner.

“O think of my disgrace—of my ruin—of the infamy that will accrue to a noble house!” he continued, his voice almost choked with inward emotion.

“Who are you?” said I, as I led him across the bridge towards the Island of the City.

“Oh! if I only thought that the revelation of my name—of my rank—and the certainty of a liberal reward from my poor old father—who, God knows! is ignorant of the vicious courses pursued by his son, his only son—his heir—oh! I would tell you all!”

"Monsieur," said I, in a determined tone of voice, "communicate nothing to me that you would not have repeated to my superiors; for to the guard-house must you go!"

No sooner had I uttered these words, than by a sudden and desperate effort of skill more than of strength, he released himself from my grasp, sprung upon the parapet of the bridge, and was about to join the person whom he had a few minutes before consigned to a watery grave, when I, fortunately for the ends of justice—though unhappily as it regarded himself—caught the skirt of his coat, and again made him my prisoner. In a few moments he was carefully secured in the guard-house on the Quai des Orfèvres.

On the following morning I attended at the office of a Commissary of Police of the *arrondissement*, and made my deposition. The accused was immediately sent for; and when he was taken into the presence of the magistrate, he was instantly recognised by that gentleman as Monsieur St. Leon, the only son of a Count of the same name. His father was one of the richest and most respected noblemen in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; but the accused, his son, was one of the most dissipated young men, and one of the most notorious gamblers, in Paris. On being requested to give an account of himself, and explain the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred on the Pont Neuf, as related above, he obstinately denied the fact of a murder having been committed, persisted in declaring that the sound of no splash in the water had met his ears, and that he was as unjustly suspected as he had been shamefully detained.

At this stage of the examination, an individual, whom I recognised to be the *concierger* or porter of the Morgue, entered the office, and requested to speak to the Commissary of Police. An audience was accordingly granted in a private room; and when the magistrate re-entered the cabinet, his cheek was pale, and his countenance indicated extreme horror. A spectacle so unusual in a public functionary of the police produced an immediate and singular sensation within me. Meantime, the Commissary seated himself once more—reflected for some minutes—and then, suddenly turning to the prisoner, said, in an impressive tone of voice, "Unhappy young man! I can scarcely believe the tale I have just heard:—and yet, if it be true, you must have mistaken one for another—for another, perhaps, whom you had previously met at the gaming-table, and whose pockets were filled with the produce of an iniquitous passion! It is not for me to judge you, young man—God grant that you may be innocent! Suspicions of a serious nature rest against you—a higher tribunal must decide upon their validity. In the meantime, let me tell you that fate—destiny—or, rather, your own vices, have probably prepared for you an awful doom—and a terrible tale remains for you to hear!"

St. Leon's knees trembled—his cheek became very pale—his eye rolled wildly—and his whole frame became suddenly enervated. The Commissary noticed the effect he had produced upon the accused, and, probably satisfied with the result of his *exordium*, he proceeded as follows:—

"Young man, a deadly deed was committed last night—a mangled corpse lies at the Morgue, exposed to public view at this moment—the features are disfigured, most probably by a concussion against the projecting stones of one of the pillars of the bridge—but a letter in the pockets of the deceased—a letter addressed to him—proves his identity with—listen, young man, and tremble—for that mangled corpse, with those lacerated features—that corpse is all that remains of your father!"

"O horror, horror! a parricide!" cried St. Leon, and he sank senseless on the floor, whence he was raised, and immediately conveyed to the prison of the Conciergerie, adjoining the Palace of Justice.

"What o'clock is it now?" inquired St. Leon, in an almost inaudible tone of voice.

"Half-past six," was my reply.

"And they come at seven—do they not?" he added, convulsively.

"At seven precisely," I answered.

"Not a minute later—not even one single, paltry minute?" cried he, his tongue barely giving utterance to the words in which he thus expressed his wish to procrastinate the fatal moment as long as possible.

"Not a minute later," said I, unwilling to hold out delusive hopes to the wretched man.

"In another half-hour, then, they will be here!" exclaimed St. Leon, sitting up in his bed, and clasping his hands together, as he spoke. "Oh! in half an hour they will be here—to—to lead me to—the—scaffold!"

"Pray, compose yourself, Monsieur," I began, sensibly affected myself.

"Compose myself! What—when the very knife of the guillotine is trembling over my head—when hell is yawning to receive me—when my murdered father's curses pursue the parricide, his son—oh! how can I compose a mind lashed by the scourges of ten thousand demons? Compose myself!" he continued, in a tone where bitter irony and agonized feelings were expressively blended together—"compose myself! And already the instrument of death is erected—the cold steel glitters in the rays of the morning—already thousands have congregated to witness my last moments—and already have the devils begun to stir up unquenchable fires to punish me for my crimes!"

I shuddered as he spoke, but did not venture an observation. I nevertheless inwardly hoped that it would not often come to my turn to keep my vigils by the bedside of a condemned malefactor during the last night he had to live.

"Is it possible," said he, after a short pause—"is it possible that my vicious predilections can have led me to commit so horrid a crime? Oh! no—it is impossible—thank God, it is a dream!—it is a dream—a fearful dream! Dumont," said he, in a more tranquil tone.

"Yes," was my answer; "what can I do for you?"

"Dumont," he continued, "I have had a most horrid dream! I fancied that I had murdered my own father—my good, my excellent father, with his white locks, and his kind smile, and his mild blue eye that always beamed tenderly on me—that I did not respect those hoary locks—but that I was a parricide! Oh, all this I dreamt, Dumont—and it was a long, a very long dream! And then I fancied I was in the Conciergerie—in a dungeon, and watched by a Gendarme—but it is all a dream—oh! a most horrible dream!—and you are my friend, Dumont, and *not* a Gendarme! And then I thought that my last hour was come—"

As he spoke, the clock struck seven.

"And that I heard footsteps in the corridor leading to my cell—"

At that very moment the heavy tramp of approaching feet, drawing nearer and nearer to the door, fell upon my ears.

"Then," continued the unhappy malefactor, "I dreamt that the clanking sounds of heavy keys were heard—"

And the keys clanked in the door as he uttered these words.

"And, lastly, that the myrmidons of justice came to take me to the guillotine! But, thank God, it is all a dream!"

He ceased—the door flew open—and a couple of Gendarmes, with dark-lanterns in their hands, entered the cell. Although it was perfectly light in the open air, within the condemned dungeons all was gloom and obscurity. St. Leon gazed for one moment upon the military forms that stood before him, and then gave one loud, long, piercing shriek, which echoed far around, and which will ring in my ears till the last day of existence. At the same time, he exclaimed, "O God! O horror!—it is not then a dream!"

In a state bordering upon the most listless apathy, into which he relapsed almost immediately after this terrible expression of the deep—deep anguish of his mind, he was led to a room below, where he was forced to swallow a cup of coffee. Another malefactor was to be executed with him—he was already there, and was engaged in smoking his pipe with the utmost coolness. In ten minutes the Gendarmes proceeded to shave the hair away from the backs of the criminals' necks—their coat-collars were cut off, and every thing that might impede the fatal blow of the knife was carefully removed.

St. Leon was condemned to suffer the penalty due to the crime of parricide—viz., to walk to the place of execution with a black veil thrown over his person. The preliminaries being thus completed, the solemn procession towards the scaffold began. An hour was required for the cart, in which the prisoners were conveyed, to reach the fatal spot where the guillotine was erected; for in those times executions took place at the Barriere du Trône. Once—and once only—during that awfully impressive journey, did St. Leon raise his head; it was when he ascended the steps leading to the platform of the guillotine. He cast one glance upwards—his whole frame trembled convulsively—his cheek became deadly pale—and a half-smothered cry escaped his lips. The other criminal exhibited as much courage as St. Leon did pusillanimity. He was the first to suffer, and he died like a hero, if such hardihood deserve so distinguished an epithet. *His* crime had also been murder.

St. Leon was then tied to the fatal plank, then perpendicular—his head hung almost upon his breast—he seemed unconscious of all that was going on till when the plank was lowered to a horizontal position, and then his lips faintly breathed these two words—"My father!" I stood near him on the scaffold—I saw the executioner apply his hand to the cord—the knife, already reeking with blood, fell—and the gory head of the parricide rolled into a basket beneath!

C A M O E N S .

FROM THE SPANISH OF DE VEGA.

BY RICHARD STEWART EVANS. DAVIDSON, M.D.

The rich, my friend, as all examples show,
Are cautious in the favors they bestow;
If you lift those already out of sight,
Not e'en my telescope can reach their height.
Camœns this, his country's phoenix, knew;
Though named divine, he found the saying true;

His two-fold laurels double envy wrought;
The warrior poet won the doom he sought,
Exile, and fame, renown, a dungeon's gloom,
Neglect, and meagre want, a glorious tomb;
Such varied fortune find the famed, the brave,
Hunger in life, and marble in the grave.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY JUDGE TREMPER, DRESDEN, N. Y.

In yon secluded spot, shut out from view
By spreading trees of venerable age,
On pleasant Sabbath morn the pious few
There eye do meet in worship to engage ;
Far, far removed from execrable rage,
Which often in this wicked world annoys,
And join in peace each tumult to assuage—
And turn their eyes above to other joys
Than mingle with our lot, in this sad world of
noise.

Down in the copse, where glides a gentle brook,
The simple structure rears its modest head,
Where wild flowers spring in many a pleasant
nook,
Beneath the shelter of the beechen shade ;
There the wild thyme and camomile have made
A sweet perfume, that floats upon the air,
When the sun casts his beams along the glade,
Or when he sets, and dewy evening fair
Usurps the scene more sweet than morning's
gaudy glare.

Here is not heard the din of city broil ;
No wrangling here their peaceful hearts employ ;
No feverish strife, in quest of Mammon's spoil,
Which, when attained, can only serve to cloy ;
But theirs is still a purer, deeper, joy,
Than falls to lot of those who join the crowd ;
No cankering cares their happy hearts annoy,
Such as assail the wealthy and the proud—
Strolling thro' lighted hall, or revel long and loud.

Health smiles benignant on their rugged cheeks,
By summer suns and patient toil embrowned,
And simple garb their calling oft bespeaks,
Where happiness and peace are often found.
Go seek the walks of fashion, search around,
Where man hath ever trod, or footstep been ;
All nature still reverberates the sound,
Joy gleameth midst the wildwood's fragrant scene,
Where summer sheds her rays in all their fervid
abeen.

Yon sculptur'd stones, that mark the deep repose
Of those who from this world have long since past ;
Of hoary age removed, or early rose,
Bent prematurely to the withering blast ;
By sacred hands with many a line imprest

That fond affection to their memory lends,
Scattered about in every fancy drest,
Tell of their lives, their years, their blessed ends—
The tribute of the heart of dear, of cherish'd
friends.

How sweet at eve to gaze upon the spot,
When solemn twilight spreads its gloom around !
To muse on those long past, but ne'er forgot,
That sleep beneath the verdure-cover'd ground !
This is the hour of silence—not a sound
Breaks from yon venerable fane where late,
The swelling hymn went forth, the prayer pro-
found—

No voice to preach of love, to tell of hate—
But holy calm reigns o'er the bliss of man's es-
tate.

But when the sun shall cast his beams abroad,
And thousand merry throats shall pour their lays,
(And man resumes again his weary load,)
In happy unison one hymn of praise—
His is the lot to wander through the maze,
That vice and folly spread on all below,
To toil in hopeless penury, or gaze
On splendor not his own, or patient know,
There beameth joy above, tho' hard his lot below.

Look at yon hallowed man, whose lips of love
Have poured instruction to the grave, or gay,
Have told the pious of their hopes above,
Have led the wandering gently on their way,
And cheer'd full oft, in sorrow or dismay,
The heart that pin'd in secret silent grief—
Told them tho' dark the night, yet breaks the day—
Tho' hopeless seems their woe, there is relief,
And flowers may even bloom, tho' barren glooms
the heath.

Around the couch of sickness and of death,
Tis his to bend, to mark its stealthy pace,
And see the ebbing fast of mortal breath,
Soon hurrying thro' its checker'd earthly race ;
To wipe the tear-drop from the parent's face ;
To bid the parting spirit go in peace,
From mourning friends, their sorrow to erase ;
Or lost in holy fancy—when the breeze—
Like this—on this calm spot—now murmurs
thro' the trees.

THE SECRET

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL DE KOCK.

NATHALIE DE HAUTEVILLE was twenty-two years old, and had been a widow for three years. Nathalie was one of the prettiest women in Paris; her large dark eyes shone with remarkable brilliancy, and she united the sparkling vivacity of an Italian, and the depth of feeling of a Spaniard, to the grace which always distinguishes a Parisian born and bred.

Married at eighteen to a man of three times her own age, Nathalie only thought of the delight of having so many new dresses, of carrying a *bouquet* of orange flowers, and of hearing herself called "Mrs." M. de Hauteville was rich—he loaded his young bride with presents—but a year had scarcely elapsed in this manner, when he was carried off by a short illness, leaving Nathalie a widow!

Her grief for the good man was sincere and strong. But in youth sorrow does not last long; a Nathalie, considering herself too young to live entirely alone, invited M. d'Ablaincourt, an old uncle of hers, to come and live with her.

M. d'Ablaincourt was an old bachelor; he had never loved any thing in this world but himself; he was an egotist, too lazy to do any one an ill turn, but at the same time too selfish to do any one a kindness, unless it would tend directly to his own advantage. And yet, with an air of complaisance, as if he desired nothing so much as the comfort of those around him, he consented to his niece's proposal, in the hope that she would do many little kind offices for him, which would add materially to his comfort.

M. d'Ablaincourt accompanied his niece when she mixed in the gay world; but, sometimes, when he felt inclined to stay at home, he would say to her—"My dear Nathalie, I am afraid you will not be much amused this evening. They will only play cards; besides, I do not think any of your friends will be there. Of course, I am ready to take you, if you wish to go. You know I have no wish but to please you."

And Nathalie, who had great confidence in all her uncle said, was easily persuaded to stay at home, saying—"Well, I believe you are right."

In the same manner, M. d'Ablaincourt, who was a great gourmand, said to his niece—"My dear, you know that I am not at all fond of eating, and am satisfied with the simplest fare; but I must tell you that your cook puts too much salt in every thing! It is very unwholesome; and the dishes are never well arranged on your table. The other day, we had six people to dinner, and the spinage was very badly dressed. What will people say of your housekeeping, when they perceive such things!"

"You are right, uncle, and I wish you would be so good as to look out for a good cook for me. I am very much obliged to you for reminding me of these little things, which escape my notice."

The cook who dressed the spinage was sent away, and replaced by another, who knew how to prepare the good dishes in which the uncle took so much delight.

Again, the garden was out of order; the trees before the old gentleman's window must be cut down, because their shade would doubtless cause a dampness in the house, prejudicial to Nathalie's health; or the *calèche* was to be changed for a *landau*.

Nathalie was a coquette; accustomed to charm, she listened with smiles to the numerous protestations of admiration which she received. She sent all who aspired to her hand to her uncle, saying—"Before I give you any hope I must know my uncle's opinion."

It is likely that Nathalie would have answered differently if she had ever felt a real preference for any one; but heretofore she seemed to have preferred her liberty.

The old uncle, for his part, being now master in his niece's house, was very anxious for her to remain as she was. A nephew might be somewhat less submissive than Nathalie. Therefore, he never failed to discover some great fault in each of those who sought an alliance with the pretty widow.

Besides his egotism and his epicurism, the dear uncle had another passion—it was for backgammon. This game amused him very much; but the difficulty was, to find any one to play with. If, by accident, any of Nathalie's visitors understood it, there was no escape from a long siege with the old gentleman; but most people preferred cards.

In order to please her uncle, Nathalie tried to learn this game; but it was almost impossible. She could not give her attention to one thing for so long a time. Her uncle scolded; and Nathalie, throwing down the dice, cried out—"Really, uncle, I never shall learn that game."

"So much the worse," replied M. d'Ablaincourt, "as it was only for your own amusement that I wished to teach it to you."

Things were at this crisis when, at a ball, one evening, Nathalie was introduced to a M. d'Apremont, a captain in the navy.

Nathalie raised her eyes, expecting to see a great sailor, with a wooden leg, and a bandage over one eye; when, to her great surprise, she beheld a man of about thirty, tall and finely formed, with two legs and two eyes.

Armand d'Apremont had entered the navy at a very early age, and had arrived, although very young, to the dignity of a captain. He had amassed a large fortune, in addition to his patrimonial estates, and he had now come home to rest after his labors. As yet, however, he was a single man, and, moreover, had always laughed at love.

But when he saw Nathalie, his opinions underwent a change. He inquired—"Who is that pretty woman who dances so well?"

"That is Madame de Hauteville. Is she not handsome, captain?"

"Oh, yes—she is—perfect."

"Yes, and she has as many graces of mind as of body. Ask her to dance the next set, and you will find I am right."

"Ah! but I do not dance."

And for the first time in his life he regretted that he had never learnt to dance; but he kept his eyes constantly fixed on Nathalie.

Nathalie perceived this, although she pretended not to take any notice of him. "What fun it would be," said she, "to make that man fall in love with me; him who hardly ever speaks to a lady."

His attentions to the young widow soon became a subject of general conversation, and several of his friends said to d'Apremont—"Take care! Madame de Hauteville is a coquette. She will amuse herself with you for a while, and then cast you off."

At last, the report of Nathalie's new conquest reached the ears of M. d'Ablaincourt, and, one evening, when Nathalie mentioned to her uncle that she expected the captain to spend the evening with her, the old man grew almost angry.

"Nathalie," said he, "you act entirely without consulting me. I have heard that the captain is very rude and unpolished in his manners. To be sure, I have only seen him standing behind your chair; but he has never even asked me after my health. I only speak for your interest, as you are so giddy."

Nathalie begged her uncle's pardon for her inconsiderateness in acting on her own responsibility, and even offered not to receive the captain's visit, if her uncle desired it; but this he forbore to require—secretly resolving not to allow his visits to become too frequent.

But how frail are all human resolutions—overturned by the merest trifle. In this case, the game of backgammon was the unconscious cause of Nathalie's becoming Madame d'Apremont.

The captain was an excellent hand at backgammon. When the uncle heard this, he proposed a game; and the captain, who understood that it was important to gain the uncle's favor, readily acceded.

This did not please Nathalie. She preferred that he should be occupied with herself. When all the company were gone, she turned to her uncle, saying—"You were right, uncle, after all. I do not admire the captain's manners; I see now that I should not have invited him."

"On the contrary, niece, he is a very well behaved man. I have invited him to come here very often, and play backgammon with me—that is—to pay his addresses to you."

Nathalie saw that the captain had gained her uncle's heart, and she forgave him for having been less attentive to her. He soon came again, and, thanks to the backgammon, increased in favor with the uncle.

He soon captivated the heart of the pretty widow, also. One morning, Nathalie came blushing to her uncle.

"The captain has asked me to marry him. What do you advise me to do?"

He reflected for a few moments. "If she refuses him, d'Apremont will come here no longer, and then no more backgammon. But if she marries him, he will be here always, and I shall have my games." And the answer was—"You had better marry him."

Nathalie really loved Armand; but she would not yield too easily. She sent for the captain.

"If you really did love me—"

"Ah, can you doubt it?"

"Hush! do not interrupt me. If you really love me, you will give me one proof of it."

"Any thing you ask. I swear—"

"No, you must never swear any more; and, one thing more, you must never smoke. I detest the smell of tobacco, and I will not have a husband who smokes."

Armand sighed; but he answered—"I will submit to any thing you require. I will smoke no longer."

The wedding was soon celebrated; and when they appeared, afterwards, in the gay world, the surprise was great that the coquette should have married a sailor. The first months of their mar-

riage passed very smoothly; but sometimes Armand became thoughtful, restless, and grave; but Nathalie, for a while, did not notice it.

After some time, these fits of sadness became more frequent.

"What is the matter?" asked Nathalie, one day, on seeing him stamp with impatience. "Why are you so irritable?"

"Nothing—nothing at all!" replied the captain, as if ashamed of his ill-humor.

"Several times have I seen you act in that way, as if you were out of humor. Tell me, if I have displeased you in any thing."

The captain assured her that he had no occasion to be any thing but delighted with her conduct on all occasions, and for a time no angry expressions escaped him; but it soon returned. Nathalie was distressed beyond measure. She imparted her anxiety to her uncle, who replied—"Yes, my dear, I know what you mean; I have often remarked it, myself, at backgammon. He is very inattentive; and often passes his hand over his forehead, and starts up, as if something agitated him."

"My dear uncle, what can be the matter? I wish he would confide his distress to me."

"There are some things a man cannot confide even to his wife."

"Not even to his wife! I should like my husband to conceal nothing from me. I cannot be happy otherwise."

M. d'Ablaincourt promised to endeavor to discover the mystery; but he satisfied himself with playing backgammon with him every day.

It was now summer, and the family left Paris for a pretty country-seat, belonging to the captain, in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau.

D'Apremont seemed very happy in the society of his wife, and always anxious to please her; but he left her every afternoon for about two hours, and at his return appeared very gay and lively.

Nevertheless, Nathalie was not satisfied. She said to herself—"My husband is certainly happier than he used to be in Paris; but where can he go, every day, in that mysterious way, all alone, and without ever mentioning where he has been? I shall never be happy till I fathom this to the bottom."

Sometimes she thought of following him when he left the house, which he regularly did at the same hour, sometimes even when the house was filled with company; but then to place the servants in her confidence, and to act as a spy upon one who was so habitually kind to her—no! she could not do such a thing!

One day, a young man, a visiter at the house, said, laughing, to d'Apremont—"My fine fellow, what in the world were you doing, yesterday, disguised as a peasant, at the window of a cottage about a quarter of a mile from here? If I had not been going so very fast, I would have stopped my horse, to inquire if you were turned shepherd."

"My husband! disguised as a peasant!" exclaimed Nathalie, with astonishment.

"Edgar is mistaken: it could not have been I that he saw," replied Armand, turning away in evident embarrassment.

"Not you—impossible!" replied the young man. "Some one, then, very like you."

"How was the man you saw dressed?—where is the cottage?" asked Nathalie, hurriedly.

"Oh, madame, I do not know exactly; I am not well enough acquainted with this part of the country to describe it exactly; but the man wore a blue blouze. But why I should have taken him for the captain, I cannot imagine, as we are not yet in the carnival."

Madame d'Apremont said no more; but she was fully persuaded that the person mentioned was her husband. But why disguise himself? He must be engaged in some very dreadful affair; and Nathalie shed tears as she thought "Oh, how unfortunate I am to have married a man who is so mysterious!"

She now became very anxious to return to Paris, and her husband, always attentive to her wishes, made no objection. But, once in town, his old habits of impatience and irritability reappeared, and one day he said to his wife—"My dear, an afternoon walk does me so much good, such as I used to take in the country; an old sailor, like myself, cannot bear to sit all the evening, after dinner."

"Yes, sir; I see how it is—go!"

"Nevertheless, if you have any objection—"

"Oh, no! what objection can I have?"

He went out, and continued to do so, day after day, at the same hour, just as he had done in the country; and, as before, he regained his good humor.

"He loves some other woman perhaps," thought Nathalie, "and he must see her every day. Oh, how wretched I am! But I must let him know that his perfidy is discovered. No, I will wait until I shall have some certain proof wherewith to confront him."

And she went to seek her uncle, saying—"Ah, I am the most unhappy creature in the world!"

"What is the matter?" cried the old man, leaning back in his arm-chair.

Armand leaves the house for two hours every evening, after dinner, and comes back in high spirits, and as anxious to please me as on the day of our marriage. Oh! uncle, I cannot bear it any longer; if you do not assist me to discover where he goes, I will separate myself from him."

"But, my dear niece—"

"My dear uncle, you who are so good and obliging, grant me this one favor. I am sure there is some woman in the secret."

M. d'Ablescourt wished to prevent a rupture between his niece and nephew, which would interfere very much with the quiet, peaceable life which he led at their house. He pretended to follow Armand; but came back very soon, saying "he had lost sight of him."

"But in what direction does he go?"

"Sometimes one way, and sometimes another, but always alone; so your suspicions are unfounded. Be assured, he only walks for exercise."

But Nathalie was not to be duped in this way. She sent for a little errand boy, of whose intelligence she had heard a great deal.

"M. d'Apremont goes out every evening."

"Yes, madame."

"To-morrow, you will follow him; observe where he goes, and come and tell me privately. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madame."

Nathalie waited impatiently for the next day, and for the hour of her husband's departure. At last, the time came—the pursuit is going on—Nathalie counted the moments. After three-quarters of an hour, the messenger arrived, covered with dust.

"Well," exclaimed Nathalie, "speak! tell me every thing you have seen!"

"Madame, I followed M. d'Apremont, at a distance, as far as the Marais in the Rue Vielle du Temple, where he entered a small house, in an alley. There was no servant to let him in."

"An alley! no servant! dreadful!"

"I went in directly after him, and heard him go up stairs, and unlock a door with a key he held in his hand."

"Open the door himself! without knocking! Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, madame."

"The wretch! So, he has a key! But go on."

"When the door shut after him, I stole softly up stairs, and peeped through the key-hole."

"Well! you shall have twenty francs more!"

"I peeped through the key-hole, and saw him drag a great box along the floor."

"A box?"

"Then he undressed himself, and—"

"Undressed himself!"

"Then, for a few seconds, I could not see him, and directly he appeared again, in a sort of gray blouse, and a cap on his head!"

"A blouse, still! What in the world does he want with so many blouses? Well, what next?"

"I came away then, madame, and made haste to tell it to you; but he is there still."

"Well, now run to the corner, and get me a hack, and direct the coachman to the house where you have been."

Whilst he was gone after the hack, Nathalie hurried on her hat and cloak, and ran into her uncle's room, saying—

"I have found him out—he is at his mistress' house now, in a gray blouse. He had a blue one in the country. But I will go and confound him, and then you will see me no more."

The old man had no time to reply. She was gone, with her messenger, in the hack. They stopped, at last.

"Here is the house."

Nathalie got out, pale and trembling.

"Shall I go up stairs with you, madame?" asked the boy.

"No, I will go alone. The third story, is it not?"

"Yes, madame; the left door, at the head of the stairs."

Nathalie mounted the dark, narrow stairs, and arrived at the door, and, almost fainting, she cried—

"Open the door, or I shall die!"

The door was opened, and Nathalie was received in her husband's arms, who was alone in the room, clad in a gray blouse, and—smoking a Turkish pipe.

"My wife!" exclaimed Armand, in surprise.

"Yes, sir, your wife: who, suspecting your perfidy, has followed you, to discover the cause of your mysterious conduct!"

"How, Nathalie, my mysterious conduct? Look, here it is!" showing his pipe. "Before our marriage, you forbade me to smoke, and I promised to obey you. For some months I kept my promise; but you know what it cost me; you remember how irritable and sad I became. It was my pipe, my beloved pipe, that I regretted. One day, in the country, I discovered a little cottage, where a peasant was smoking. I asked him if he could lend me a blouse and a cap; for I should like to smoke with him, but it was necessary to conceal it from you, as the smell of the smoke, remaining in my clothes, would have betrayed me. It was soon settled between us. I returned thither every afternoon, to indulge in my favorite occupation: and, with the precaution of a cap, to keep the smoke

from remaining in my hair, I contrived to deceive you. When we returned to Paris, I hired this little room, at a distance from home, and here I keep this great box, in which I always lock my coat before I bring out my pipe; so that, on my return, you may not be offended by the odor. This is all the mystery. Forgive me for my disobedience, since I have done all I could to conceal it from you."

Nathalie embraced him, crying—"Oh, no! I might have known it could not be! I am happy now, and you shall smoke as much as you please, at home. I will never make any opposition to it, and you need hide your pipe no longer."

And Nathalie returned to her uncle, saying—"Uncle, he loves me! He was only smoking; but hereafter he is to smoke at home."

"I can arrange it all," said M. d'Ablaincourt; "he shall smoke while he plays backgammon." "In that way," thought the old man, "I shall be sure of my game every evening."

"My dear Nathalie," said the captain, "I will profit by your permission; but at the same time, I will take care that it shall not incommode you. I will use the same precautions at home as I have formerly done."

"You are too kind! But I am so happy to find that you are faithful to me, that I think I shall even like the smell of the smoke!"

M A R I O N .

BY E. H. B., ST. LOUIS.

["We will all go—Marion, for ever!" and from the rear, came up the more familiar cry, "Hurra for the *Swamp Fox*—let him take the track, and we will be after him!" They cheered each other on with the cry of "*One and all, Marion's men!*"—PARTISAN.]

In the cypress groves of the broad Santee,
The *Swamp Fox* had gathered a gallant band,
Who, scorning a tyrant's stern decree,
Had sworn to defend their native land,
And her freedom achieve, or in death to fall—
They were Marion's troopers, "one and all."

They chose their home by the stagnant fen,
Preferring along its banks to dwell,
And with "arms in their hands to die like men,"
Than part with the freedom they loved so well.
'Twas a noted place; yet the foe could not
Track their steps in that dreary spot.

List to the whistle that rings through the wood!
A scout approaches—his looks are bright;
He addresses the chief—the news proves good—
And the *Fox* will hunt on the plains to-night.
The tories are rising—away! away!
A blow for our country—hurra! hurra!

The tory band were drowned in sleep,
Ne'er dreaming that the *Fox* was near;
They woke—the cry, both loud and deep,
Was thundering in their ear.
Death to the tories! death to those
Our country holds her deadliest foes!

"One and all, men! one and all!"
Was Marion's cheering cry;
"We'll ne'er permit our cause to fall,
While for it we can die!
Fast on the foe your blows let fall;
Strike for our freedom, one and all!"

'Twas midnight; all was hushed and still,
And nature lay wrapt in calm repose;
But the feeble were startled when, o'er the hill,
The noise of the conflict loud arose;
But the mother would breathe with her children
a prayer
For the safety of all the brave men there,
Whose triumph was safety. Hark! up the glen,
Sounds the watchword of valor, "*Marion's men!*"
'Thy father, my children, is with them now;
In the unfinished furrow he left his plough,
And his hearth-stone forsook, at brave Marion's
call,
For God and our country, "one and all!"

The foe is defeated, the victory won,
Again there is hope in the breasts of the free,
And our country calls on each free-born son
To join the "*Fox*" on the broad Santee;
For a braver heart, or more fearless hand,
Ne'er fought in defence of our own fair land.

SOME FARTHER CHAPTERS
OF
THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER I.

If the reader will pardon a brief addition to these memoirs, I will recount, in his own words, an adventure of Peter Smith's, which he related to us while we sat around the fire, as related in my last paper. Alas, poor fellow, he never lived to tell it again, and his untimely death deprived us of numerous adventures of the kind which had occurred in the course of his eventful life; for Peter was a veteran hunter.

"I started for the little Miami," said Peter, "late in the fall, to trap otters and muskrats. I went in company with one *David Jeffries*, who was one of the best marksmen I ever saw; he could, with his large rifle which carried half-ounce balls, strike the centre almost every shot, and in shooting 'string measure' none could excel him; with this notorious rifle he had repeatedly carried terror into the Indian country. The nights were beginning to get frosty and cold, but still the days were pleasant, particularly about three o'clock, when the deer would show themselves. We pitched our camp in Warren county, near where *Waynesville* now is, and late one evening set our traps; it was dark when we arrived at the camp, and we were wet and nearly frozen to death. We kindled a large fire, and warmed and dried ourselves, and commenced cooking our suppers. The scent of the broiling meat soon attracted around us a gang of wolves, whose howling almost prevented us, at times, from hearing each other speak. While we were thus engaged, we were surprised to hear a loud whoop, which we could distinguish as the voice of a human being, even above the howl of the wolves; we now heard the crack of a strange rifle, followed by another whoop. We left our fire, and hid behind trees, till the person should arrive. In a short time we heard a heavy tread, and a voice sang out, 'keep still, a friend comes,' and a white man made his appearance. He was a perfect stranger to us; still we were glad to welcome him to all we had. He was exhausted and hungry, and we asked no questions till he had partaken of a hearty meal. After he had eaten he became talkative; he informed us that he was well acquainted with the Indian nations, and the country around us, and advised us particularly not to continue our hunt any distance north of where we were then, as there was a large body of Indians hunting, who would be likely to shoot us if they were aware of our being on their grounds. He informed us that he had become disgusted at the treatment of his own countrymen towards him, and had determined to leave them, and join the Indians, whom he had now been with some time, and losing his party, had observed the light of our fire, and paid us a visit."

"I have eaten," continued he, "of your fare, and you have treated me unlike white men, but with all the friendship of the red men, and I feel grateful towards you for it; I therefore warn you of your proximity to a large body of Indians, whose love towards your nation is no warmer than my own." This man was *Simon Girty*, the notorious renegade, whose blood-thirsty actions in after life have merited the execrations of his countrymen. His disposition at that time had not lost all of its redeeming qualities; it was then before he had become entirely abandoned to crime; before the many awful deeds which he had done for his country had been blotted out by the blood of his countrymen, and probably had this meeting been later, he would have been the instrument of our death. The next morning he shook us affectionately by the hand, and declared he would never forget the agreeable night he had spent in our tent. *Simon Girty* was a man of Herculean mould, and of an indomitable disposition; his features were open and agreeable to look upon, except when he spoke of the treatment he had received of the whites, when they partook of the terrible, and his eyes glistened with excitement. These were blue, and his hair was light, and his voice, when speaking with excitement, was clear and loud. He was a man not easily provoked, but when he received an injury he never forgot it, but continually brooded over it, till it became magnified and distorted, as was exemplified by his savage treatment towards prisoners who were burnt at the stake. This was at the time when *Girty's* ascending influence among the Indians was very great. His superior in-

telligence had at once given him an exalted station among the tribes, and his voice was looked up to at the council fire with a great deal of reverence. We had heard of Simon Girty before, as a great villain, whose delight was in murdering his countrymen, and prejudiced with their talk, we imagined Girty had been deceiving us; but to make "assurance doubly sure," we concluded to take a tramp to the north and ascertain if his cautions were correct; and being on the look-out, we felt certain that if true, we could see the Indians before they could discover us.

With these deceiving arguments, we shouldered our rifles, re-baited our traps, and commenced our march. We soon got in the neighborhood of the "Black Swamp," where was game in any quantity, but we were too busily engaged in watching where we stepped, to pay any attention to the deer, which might be seen on almost every spot where the ground was firm enough to bear their weight. Here, in the middle of this swamp, we saw the enemy some five or six hundred yards ahead of us. If we had slipped behind some "scrub oak," which grew plentifully where we were, we would have remained unseen, but like all persons when in danger, we acted with too much precipitation; we turned about and fled, and for fear we should not then have been seen, Jeffries yelled like a panther. Upon hearing the cry the savages immediately separated, each man bent on taking us alive in his own way; and in a few moments I found myself up to my chin in mud and water. I tried by violent exertions to extricate myself, and by that means caused such a splashing in the water as to attract the attention of my pursuers, while if I had remained still, my head only being out of water, I might have escaped unobserved. These two follies, so close upon each other, made me a prisoner in a short space of time, and I was soon brought in the midst of the warriors, who treated me with some civility. Soon my companion was brought in, who, by the appearance of his muddy and wet clothes, gave strong proofs that he was captured in the same manner that I was. We were taken to their camp about a mile north, and tied in the council house, where, to all appearances, they soon condemned us to death; for those in the affirmative, who struck the war club on the ground, were not few. We were led, or, rather dragged, to a large open house, where we were thrown upon our backs and firmly bound, while two old women began with the most indefatigable perseverance to sharpen two knives. The horrid picture of the stake vanished from before our eyes, and we began to prepare to have our throats cut, or die by piecemeal. Soon the house was crowded with warriors of every age, together with many young girls and old women, who had assembled to witness the sport. The squaws finished sharpening their knives, and, after drawing them over their hands to ascertain if the edge was keen enough, they handed them over to two warriors.

At this moment Simon Girty abruptly entered; a black scowl was upon his brow, and a deep flush on his face; he spoke to the warriors in a loud and firm tone, partly in the Indian tongue, and partly in English. With all the intensity which our situation required, we scrutinized the countenances of the Indians; but appearances were decidedly against us; the oldest and most revered warriors gravely shook their heads, as Simon Girty plead for our lives with a voice and gesture which would have immortalised him among his own countrymen. As he advanced and became more animated, their attention became more riveted upon him, and their gaze upon us lost its deadly lustre, and they began to look upon us with an expression which partook of human nature. Girty's actions now became energetic, and finally subsided to that slow movement and low tone which embodies so much pathos; the old men nodded an approbation, and Girty drew out his knife, strode to where we lay, and cut the cords which bound us. We sprang upon our feet; he took us by the hand and led us out. "Hasten," said he, "or these capricious devils may change their minds—keep to the west of the swamp, and there is no danger—a d—d lucky accident it was that I arrived when I did, or you both would have been sacrificed." He loosened our hands; our rifles were leaning against the tent; we snatched them up, and bounded off with the fleetness of a deer. That was the first and the last time I ever saw Simon Girty."

Thus finished Peter Smith. I have brought Simon Girty in these sketches by way of introduction, as he will figure more than once during their continuance. But to resume. After Thomas Girty had finished cleaning out his gun, and recounting to the others one of our adventures, we prepared for the arrival of the owners of the deer, whom we expected some time through the day.

The weather proved extremely sultry, and towards noon the wind arose, and the jet-black clouds and slight flashes of lightning, portended a violent storm. The wind increased till it blew almost a hurricane, and some of the tall trees around us were blown up by the roots, while others were deprived of their largest limbs, which fell about us, threatening every moment to crush us beneath their weight; we began to fear we would experience another hurricane similar to the one Girty and I had witnessed some years previous; for this country is repeatedly visited by these tornadoes, as the many brush prairies indicate.

The lightning flashed with increased brilliancy as the clouds neared us, till at the moment of the flash, the thunder burst upon our ears, and some lofty oak near us would be rent into a thousand splinters, which were scattered in every direction. Finally the clouds came over our heads, and the rain poured down in torrents; our fire was drowned out, and we were soaked to the skin. This rain was followed by a violent hail storm, many of the hail stones of which would have weighed at least half an ounce. After venting all of its wrath upon us it passed off; the sun shone out, and all nature appeared revived; the birds again left their nests, and filled the air with their warblings; the squirrel's

bark was again heard in the tree tops, but at this particular moment none of these sounds were noticed by us, for we were too busy listening for the report of a rifle, as Girty declared he had heard a faint crack, which must have been faint indeed to have escaped our ears; but Girty had ears like a fox. We listened in breathless silence for about half an hour; still we heard nothing but the barking of some squirrels, and finally began to joke about Girty's imaginary rifle; but he contended with all the earnestness of his nature that he *had* heard the crack, and offered to bet Walker a quantity of gun-powder against an otter skin, that Indians were within six miles of us. Again we sat like statues, and listened for the faintest sound; and at length we heard a rustling of the leaves just beyond a rising ground, like some person slowly walking; Girty motioned us to silence, and cocking his gun, began his cat-like steps, towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. When about twenty steps from us, we all distinctly heard the report of a rifle, but it was faintly borne upon the air from its distance. Girty turned around towards us silently, and laid the end of his finger against his nose, as much as to say "I told you I could not be deceived!" He now crawled to the hill top, and a wolf sprang out from behind a log and ran off.

Girty was the oldest and most experienced hunter of the party, and we all looked to him for his opinion, which at once partook of his own fearless character.

"We will play fox with them," said he, "till we ascertain their numbers; if they do not outnumber us far, we will give them a small skirmish."

"Suppose they should double us in numbers, what then?"

"Why, we will kill all we can, and then trust to our heels and to Providence."

We all started towards the west, determined to trust to our own true rifles, and to depend as little as possible upon the latter suggestion of Girty's. The storm had settled the leaves, and rendered them so damp that we could walk quite rapidly without making the least noise. Girty took the lead, and we all followed in Indian file, prepared to shoot at the slightest hint.

After travelling about two miles we came to a high ridge, on the other side of which was a hollow, which was very deep; here we stopped to reconnoitre; observing the limbs of a fallen tree, thickly scattered upon the ground about half way down the hill side, we concluded to secrete ourselves in them, and wait for the enemy, who we were certain could not be far off, and who would be liable to pass that spot.

Before we reached the brush by some hundred yards, we saw the Indians advancing, some singing, and others talking and laughing. There were not less than twenty, who were all armed with good rifles; we slipped behind trees as soon as we saw them, and might have remained here till they passed, had it not been for the temerity of Girty, who, finding the small tree behind which he stood too slender to hide his broad shoulders, left it and sought another of larger dimensions, which grew close by. One of the Indians saw him, and, raising a shrill whoop, pointed towards the tree with his fingers, and a small Indian dog ran barking towards where Girty was hiding, but he was killed with one kick.

There was no longer any necessity for secrecy, and we all delivered our fire, and every one of our shots gave an account of itself. The Indians fell back with terror, leaving four of their men lying upon the ground; but, instantly regaining their courage, in a moment they had all disappeared, and all was silent; not a sound could be heard except what slight noise Walker made, who had got a bullet half way down his gun and was hammering it down by striking the ramrod against a tree. But that stillness did not last long, and we were soon perfectly aware of each man's lurking place by the continual streams of fire and smoke which poured out.

We returned their fire with vigor, and for about half an hour kept up a continual rattling without any damage being effected upon either side. The Indians now began to ascertain our numbers by our firing, and discovering that they outnumbered us five times, they began to grow courageous, and with the return of their courage their desire for shorter distance increased. Every few moments one fellow would leave his hiding place, and start for a nearer tree; our bullets beginning to run short, we, as if by mutual consent, never fired till one left his place, when he was sure to fall. Cheered by Girty's loud and confident voice, we kept up our sharp shooting for about an hour, but in an unlucky moment we lost all by our eagerness. A large Indian of uncommon dimensions sprang up from behind a small log which would barely screen his person, and bounded off for a large tree about twenty steps from where he lay; the temptation was irresistible, and we all fired at once, and the Indian fell. With a shrill and appalling cry, the whole body of Indians sprang from their hiding places, and with their tomahawks uplifted, rushed upon us. We all collected our strength for a final and deadly struggle, for the odds were fearfully against us, each of us being opposed by about five men. The chance for our lives appeared ebbing away, but every man by the determined appearance of his countenance appeared to have recalled all of his energies for that awful struggle. Never were there more desperate men. We fought with all the fury which the anticipation of the stake and burning faggots might inspire, but our mightiest efforts were of no avail. At length they succeeded in getting us down and tying us. The struggle to secure Girty was truly terrible—it was like trying to secure a mad buffalo; he fought with his gun till the stock was broken to pieces, and then drawing his hatchet, with one throw he hurled it into the head of an Indian, and then resorted to his knife. They crowded upon him on all sides, and wavering, invariably gave way, as he made one sweep with

his long sharp knife, which bore death to those who were so unfortunate as to be in its way. The Indians finally despaired of taking him alive, and began to use their tomahawks, and at length wounded him in the arm, and succeeded after a desperate struggle, in capturing him.

When our hands were securely bound, we were permitted to get upon our feet. When I had time to look about me Peter Smith lay dead with his head bared to the skull—his scalp had been already taken. Girty now looked upon this sight for the first time, and turning around to a large Indian—whom I now discovered to be the chief Little Turtle—applied all the epithets to him that he could possibly invent. The chief only smiled.

After brandishing their tomahawks over our heads, till they discovered they could not intimidate us, they vented their anger upon the body of poor Smith, whom they literally cut up with their knives and tomahawks, and then, driving us before them, they beat us every step. This rough treatment towards the dead body of Smith would not probably have been permitted had Little Turtle been present, but immediately upon our capture he left us among his cruel men, who not having their chief's eyes upon them, vented all their rage upon us. Between kicks and blows, we travelled about six miles, at each step receiving a cuff, which we all bore with greater equanimity than Girty, who detested an Indian, and was always in a rage when near one. As we were crossing a deep gully on a slippery sycamore log, he suddenly tripped a large Indian who was walking before him, and who fell upon his back on the stones below, a distance of about thirty feet, which stunned him so that he was apparently lifeless for some time.

Here was a picture suddenly presented to my view which is so indelibly imprinted upon my mind that it could never fade. As soon as the Indian fell, another of a giant make rushed up to Girty, and planting himself firmly before him, poised his tomahawk as if in the act of throwing; at the same moment Girty threw himself in a posture for using the only defensive limb he then possessed, his leg; and they thus stood for some moments, eyeing each other with a deadly and malignant gaze, which was truly terrifying. As I looked upon these two Herculean and deadly enemies, thus reading each other's hatred in their eyes, I could not but observe what beautiful models they presented for the sculptor or the painter. The Indian stood with his long muscular arms poised over his head, with his thick bony fingers coiled around his tomahawk handle with the power of a boa constrictor, and his large well formed leg planted so firmly against the ground that the muscles protruded to their utmost expansion. I shall never forget even the expression of his countenance. 'Tis strange that often incidents of a few seconds' duration should be so indelibly imprinted upon the mind, while others which have occupied our attention for hours should have passed off like the shadows of a dream. The two enemies stood in the attitude I have attempted to describe but a few seconds, during which time I had but one glance at them; still they are before my eyes as distinctly as they were when the encounter happened. At length the gaze which Girty cast upon the Indian appeared to intimidate him, and after menacing his foe with his tomahawk without witnessing a recoil, as he anticipated, he left him. At length we arrived at the camp, where we found Little Turtle and two or three old warriors assembled, who looked daggers at us as we entered. We were firmly bound to trees till the cords penetrated our flesh, and then an animated debate took place among the warriors. With their inveterate hate flashing from their eyes, some were for murdering us instantly, while others—among whom was the chief—were either for giving us our liberty, or at least, protracting our execution. It was here that I first witnessed the powerful oratory which these sons of the forest command. I have heard the best speakers of our country, yet for natural gestures and for power and modulation of voice, these savages exceeded them all. They were complete masters of oratory without *rules*. The principal reason of an Indian orator's success is to be found in the earnestness with which he speaks. By the powerful oratory of the Little Turtle we were at present saved from the stake.

J A N U A R Y.

• Cold January comes in Winter's car,
Thick hung with icicles—its heavy wheels
Cumbered with clogging snow, which cracks and
peels
With its least motion or concussive jar
'Gainst hard hid ruts, or hewn trees buried far
In the heaped whiteness which awhile conceals
The green and pastoral earth. Old Christmas
feels—

That well-fed and wine-reeling wassailer—
With all his feasts and fires, feels cold and shivers,
And the red runnel of his indolent blood
Creeps slow and curdled as a northern flood.
And lakes and winter-rills, impetuous rivers
And headlong cataracts, are in silence bound,
Like trammelled tigers lashed to the unyielding
ground.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

BY R. S. ELLIOTT, ESQ., OF HARRISBURG, PA.

No. I.

THE doctrine of the transmigration of souls from body to body, even from the human to the brute creation, and *vice versa*, is curious as one of the many fallacies that have from time to time taken possession of the belief of mankind; but has little to recommend it as the foundation of a religious creed, or code of morality. For the purpose of amusing himself more than with any expectation of interesting or instructing the reader, the writer of this has thrown into form some of the irregular suggestions of his imagination. He supposes his own soul to have been from time immemorial passing from body to body, in accordance with the theory of the metempsychosis; and as this constant transmigration would lead to strange and varied adventures, the soul is invested with the power of relating them, which it has undertaken to do for his entertainment, commencing with the occurrences which it remembers to have taken place at Rome, in the time of Julius Cæsar. It seems that the good soul's recollections of itself commence with a common warrior of Rome, named Robustus, in whose bosom it remained for some length of time, and witnessed and prompted many actions, both singular and meritorious.

"My earliest recollections," the soul says, "are of the din of arms, the bustle of a camp, 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' and the triumphal processions for the celebration of victory. All these were common incidents at Rome in those days, when Cæsar was gaining laurels not only by fighting the Gauls, but contriving to set the different tribes of that war-like people to fighting each other. Of course, I early became fond of military scenes, and my bearer, Robustus, soon attained a proficiency in the exercises of a soldier's life.

Among the merits of Robustus, (for it was accounted a merit then,) was an extravagant fondness for the arena. He excelled in the science of sword-playing and shielding. In thrust, or defence, with the sword or shield, he was equally at ease in the dreadful conflicts—and being of large stature and strongly moulded frame, his immense muscular power, together with his singular dexterity, rendered him a terror to almost every adversary.

But there was one who feared not Robustus—one whom success had emboldened, and who thirsted for the blood of the powerful soldier. This was Lucullus, a man of the same rank with Robustus. He had slain his tens in the theatre of death; had been applauded by the populace, and even received an approving smile and nod from the emperor. It mortified his ambition that common rumor should whisper his rival's fame, and that Robustus should be considered his equal at least, if not superior. He panted for revenge, and in that spirit which prompts mankind to pull down those above them to their own level, he resolved to humble his rival, lest the merits of Robustus should eclipse his own.

The sentiments of Lucullus were not unknown to Robustus. "Death, my soul," said he to me, "is preferable to dishonor; and my rival shall feel the weight of this good right arm, shall writhe beneath this trusty steel." His resolution was taken, and Lucullus was challenged to a conflict.

Each of the sword-players had his friends and his enemies; and parties were formed almost simultaneously with the giving and acceptance of the challenge: the friends of each were confident that the prowess and address of their favorite would prevail, and the excitement ran high as the day appointed for the test approached. The coming conflict, even among a people who were so often the witnesses and admirers of similar brutal scenes, was the subject of every-day conversation, and excited an interest in every circle of that rude society.

Meanwhile the two who were to bear the prominent parts in the tragedy were not idle. Daily they applied themselves with closer assiduity to the study of their bloody science. Each had provided a trusty friend, and practised with a sham sword the different manœuvres of the barbarous profession which he sought to adorn by singular feats of skill and courage; and both waited impatiently for the day selected to decide their fate, when both were to die, or one or the other be exalted to immortality among his countrymen by the meritorious deed of slaying his adversary.

Lucullus was the elder of the two gladiators, and was the husband of a lovely wife—the father of

two darling pledges of affection. I say, his wife was lovely, for so she was for those times and circumstances. She had a fair and graceful person, and was of a most winning disposition. But her mind was uncultivated, and if alive, she would not be thought lovely now.

Robustus was yet unwedded, but not unbetrothed. His gallantry in the military exercises of the times, had attracted towards him the attention of many of his country-women. He had become enamored of one fair girl, who returned his affection, however coarse might have been its character. She was considerably above him in rank, but loved him none the less on account of that which was more his misfortune than his fault. At stolen interviews, their troth had been plighted, and they only awaited a favorable opportunity to perfect their union.

It may well be supposed that to these two women the approaching conflict was a matter of painful interest, not that they doubted that their respective favorites would win the day—but because they could ill bear the suspense inseparable from their painful situation. The anxiety suffered by the betrothed of Robustus was most intense, inasmuch as there was none into whose ear she could breathe the tale of her feelings—none to whom that tale would be interesting, or to whom it could with safety be communicated. She felt she was alone—for what is woman without her confidant?

Not so with the wife of Lucullus. *She* could talk with her friends of her husband's coming trial—could elicit their opinions, which were of course favorable, and thus keep her expectations alive. She was the leader of her husband's female party, and many then were among the gentle sex who were confident that victory would never desert his sword and shield, and their opinions, distilled to the honied sweets of lovely woman's encouragement, were poured by the wife into the husband's ear.

Robustus had not this influence to cheer him; but when the pale moon shone dimly out through the hazy atmosphere, as if afraid to pour the effulgence of her cold rays on a scene of love so true, lest the gush of affection might be chilled, his *Lena* would meet him by stealth, beneath the walls of her father's garden, and nerve his heart with the tenderest but firmest accents of encouragement that a lover could hear drop from the angelic lips of a mistress. How delightful—how rapturous were those stolen interviews! Fate seemed to grant them only to prove the almost aching raptures of love and sympathy.

Time flew on with restless and fleet pinions—and the day so pregnant with destiny to the gladiators arrived. Expectation and excitement were wound up to the highest tension. High and low, patricians and plebeians, felt the overpowering sensations of an anxious and oppressive suspense. Even the emperor, tired with other sources of entertainment, looked with more than ordinary interest to the great gladiator show, and it is said that costly presents had been sent from the court to each of the combatants, to encourage their stout and swelling hearts.

The amphitheatre was crowded. The usual arrangement of the seats for the different orders had been observed; and in front and below them all was the open space—the arena where death had time and again, in his most dreadful forms, sat upon the disfigured corse of overthrown gladiators, and pointed with his long fingers to the avenues by which life had escaped—delighting the eyes of the multitudes who thronged to the murderous scenes.

At the hour appointed, the combatants were introduced. They were fine-looking, muscular men—a striking symmetry of person displayed to the greatest advantage in both. Cheers rent the welkin at their appearance; and they strode with firm and proud bearing towards each other. It was their business to die; and although either would have stricken the heart of an ordinary man with terror, neither blanched before the iron eye of his adversary.

Taking their stand as coolly and composedly as a modern engineer would plant his level to locate a section of canal, they awaited the signal for the onset. It was ere long given, when a moment of awful silence succeeded, like the calm of the elements when the storm-king rests from his labors merely to recommence them with more deadly vigor. The living mass was silent as a vaulted tomb. Then came the cool assault, which was as coolly met—anon, the blows fell thick and fast from each, but the other with equal dexterity eluded and repelled them. Never had the Romans witnessed so perfect an exhibition of gladiatorial skill. The multitude held their breaths in suspense, and for a time victory was undecided. At length Robustus was observed to recede gradually before the blows of Lucullus, who was in consequence encouraged to increased exertions. The blade of the former struck often, but at random; that of the latter seldom, but with precision. The shield of Robustus had as yet, however, proved a trusty defence.

A murmur rose from the populace. The name of Lucullus passed from lip to lip; the voices swelled till the air was filled, and the cheers of his admiring countrymen fell sweetly on the ear of him who was thought conqueror. Robustus, too, heard the applause bestowed on his adversary, and felt sick at heart. But despair nerved his heart and arm; springing a few paces back, he recovered, and, with a tremendous assault, gained a partial advantage; soon his foe reeled—his shield was broken by one giant blow, and ere the breathless spectators could express their astonishment, the sword of Robustus had pierced the heart of Lucullus, who, with a groan of anguish, fell heavily to the earth.

The tide of applause which had ebbed with the receding steps of Robustus, now flowed in his favor; and loud and reiterated were the shouts of the excited populace, who drew the victor in a triumphal car through the streets of their licentious city.

But when the crowd had deserted the theatre, a few individuals clustered round some object of attention that remained; servants were observed carrying refreshments and restoratives; and Lema was the centre of the cluster, and the object of their care. She had ventured to appear at the conflict, trusting implicitly that success would attend her lover, but had fainted when he apparently yielded and the crowd cheered his rival. For some time she lay insensible, when the cordials had their intended effect; she awoke as from a dream, and springing from her attendants, rushed to where the dead body lay. She fell upon the ghastly corpse, supposing it to be that of her lover, and exclaimed—

“ Oh! my Robustus, there is one who will not desert you even in death !”

The corpse rolled over, and displayed the grim features of Lucullus! Again the rush of emotions—not of pain, but a strange mixture of delight and apprehension—overcame her, and she again fainted. Nature was now far exhausted; she was borne away nearly lifeless. The second recovery was more slow, but more certain than the first; and that evening Lema learned the result of the conflict. Imagine her feelings—her lover was the pride of Rome!

But the cup of pleasure frequently conceals in its dregs the seeds of bitterness and pain. So it proved with Lema. She had quaffed the ineffable draught of extacy only to receive the poison in its dregs. Her emotions at the arena had disclosed the secret of her attachment, to a father who was the proudest among the patricians, and who vowed that plebeian blood should never degrade the grandchildren of Stephano Reuddi. His resolution was at once taken, and he seized on the moment of popular favor to ensure the removal of Robustus from Rome, by procuring him an appointment in an army then about to march into Gaul, and which the stern laws of Cæsar obliged him to accompany, or forfeit his life.

What took place after this separation of the lovers, shall be told in the words of the invisible narrator at another-time.

A WINTER GLEE.

BY EDWARD G. MALLERY, PHILADELPHIA.

Huzza! huzza! the snow-king shakes
From his hoary brow the drifting flakes,
The air is filled with their dances-light,
The earth is hid 'neath a robe of white,
The honny moon, with her beamlets pale,
Seems struggling to pierce the fleecy veil,
Resolved to see
How merrily we
The presence hail of the dreaded king;
Huzza! huzza! huzza!
Our mad steeds neigh
As glides our sleigh
With the speed of the tempest's wing.

Huzza! huzza! and faster still
We skim thro' valley and over hill;
The forest trees are running away,
The tumbling torrent seems to stay,
The mountain echoes time do lack
Our merry shout to answer back,
Tho' ever around
Floats the cheering sound
Of music our bells on the air do fling;
Huzza! huzza! huzza!
The farm dogs bay
As glides our sleigh
With the speed of the tempest's wing.

Huzza! huzza! swift as the blast,
Or levenbolt, from the cloud that's cast,
A winged thought, or a fleeting dream,
Or a glance from woman's eye doth gleam,
We are shooting past the old homesteads
Whose half-waken'd slumbers lift their heads,
And pray in fear
As the startled ear
Catches the notes we glee-somely sing;
Huzza! huzza! huzza!
Ere they can pray
Past glides our sleigh
With the speed of the tempest's wing.

Huzza! huzza! on, and still on,
We sweep 'till valley and hill are gone,
And o'er the breast of the glassy lake
Our unslacked course we fearlessly take,
The waves shrink back from our courser's tread,
And sounds each hoof-stroke hollow and dead;
On as we go
In pleasure's wild glow
To winter's lord we our offerings bring;
Huzza! huzza! huzza!
'Till break of day
Shall glide our sleigh
With the speed of the tempest's wing.

ADDITIONAL SKETCHES FROM
THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

PITCHING A GUN OVERBOARD; OR, A NIGHT IN THE GULF.

IN the month of March, 1835, Old Ironsides, under the command of captain Jesse D. Elliott, left the port of New York for Havre, to bear thence Edward Livingston and family, preparatory to a declaration of war—which seemed inevitable—with France.

The French minister, Mr. Serrurier, had left for Brest three days previous, and it was considered all important for the Constitution to enter the English channel prior to the arrival of the French vessel at her port of destination. Accordingly all speed was made in departing from New York, and on the 10th when the blue summits of the Jersey woodland sank astern amid the freezing glories of a north easter, she took her departure for Land's End, with her gun and berth decks lumbered up with provisions, cordage, plank, etc., while her weary master's-mate nodded in his unquiet sleep over the spirit-room hatch.

It is a solemn thing to bid one's native land good night, even when the balmy west wind whispers from the shores, bathed in the glories of summer, and when the god-like stars look down in their majesty from the still vistas of heaven; but when the wind roars amid the rigging, and the waves roll like tumbling mountains around you; when the Mother Carey's chicken skips along astern and the white-capped billow curls over the sinking bows; when the winter's lightning, with its blue and hell-like blaze, flashes in uncertain quantities around the horizon; and the splitting mizen topsail makes the boldest and vilest look aloft; then it is not only a solemn, but it is an awful task, a task which wrings the hardest heart, and damps the cheerfulness of the lightest spirit.

Night came early upon the ocean, and with it an increase of wind. The waves commenced rolling in a very uncertain manner; we had what seamen call a cross sea; and it was cross enough, God knows. The dead lights were now shut in; the top-gallant yards sent down; the guns housed; and the topsails close reefed. The bonnet was taken from the jib, the spanker brailed up, and the foresail reefed. Onward the good ship swept over the raging flood; and when the watch was called, she seemed to plough her way through waves of fire, while the red foam hissed upon her white hammock cloths, and shot up in fiery spray around her bows.

A cold rain fell sparsely around. The thunder note of the breeze, as it rattled the slackening rigging, seemed fast gaining upon the roar of the agitated deep. The ship's stores were now nearly stowed, and the casks and barrels that could not be put under hatches were lashed to the staunchions. A double allowance of grog was served out; a cold and scanty supper was taken by the weary seamen upon the gun-deck; and then the hammocks were swung fore and aft, and sleep seemed at last about to end the toils of the first day at sea; but the first lieutenant seemed to have his doubts about the propriety of carrying such a quantity of canvas in such a storm, and after several hurried visits to the spar deck, and as many returns to his state-room, he came to the ward-room hatch, and sung out to the midshipman of the watch, "Mr. Moffit, tell the carpenter to have axes placed by the main mast"—then turning into the ward-room he endeavored to eat his supper in quiet. But no; the well-filled cup of cold coffee flew out of his hand, and followed the travelling sugar-bowl from one side of the ship to the other; while a puff of wind, as the mizen topsail shivered, put out his candle and left him to grumble over his ruined supper in darkness.

That night was a busy one for the mariner; the gale increased with every hour; and the old frigate skipped from wave to wave like a sheer-water dipping her wings in the foam as she past along; while she creaked and groaned like spirits of the damned in torment. Her masts seemed ready to jump out of her; her heavy bowsprit and sprit-mast yard buried her bows in the waves, and the canvas *that she* carried seemed just ready to start from the bolt ropes. Ten o'clock came and the master at

arms had put out all the lights excepting the one in the ward-room. There a solitary candle gleamed from the sailing master's lantern, and lit up the countenances of the idlers of the mess, who had gathered in a knot to talk over the prospect of a swift passage and a speedy war. The tables were lashed to staples driven in the deck, and the chairs capsized, and lashed underneath to their legs. The ship leaked through her rudder casing, and hogshead after hogshead of sparkling water was swabbed up by the ward-room steward, and the jack of the dust, from the purser's state room.

The purser had a large box of stationery, which he had placed in the mess-room for safe keeping until morning. This box he placed athwart ships, with one end resting against the bulk-head of the state-room, and the other chocked by a cleat nailed upon the deck. Upon this box sat the purser, then myself, and then the veteran and scientific sailing master. Hanging on to the table, with both hands, stood the first lieutenant; while the doctor, as he lay in his cot, grasped the side of it with almost supernatural power, and hinted that the light hurt his eyes, *ergo* it was time to put it out. Some minutes had elapsed since the last puff of wind, and we had all relaxed our hold. Jokes were passing like cents in the steerage; and the dying notes of the old sea-dogs' song by the galley, sounded with uncommon clearness. A heavy roar was now heard—a tumbling crash as though an Alpine avalanche had descended upon the poop, immediately followed, and then the order of the lieutenant of the watch—"Look out to windward!"—rung wildly around. Down to her bearings, to leeward sank the ship—ten feet strait ahead pitched the old sailing master and landed upon all fours—while forty feet through the middle air flew your humble servant, who brought up, all standing, against the lattice-work of the first lieutenant's state-room. The sailing master kept his singular and unexpected position—the purser, like an old cruiser, hung on to the stationery; and I, poor landsman, greenhorn, and lubber, neglected to watch the weather roll, and, before I could say Jack Robinson, flew with the velocity of a foot-ball, and landed, far more scared than hurt, in the master's bunk, among chronometers, sextants, quadrants, hour-glasses, and tell-tale compasses. A gale of wind destroys etiquette; and a heaving sea brings the sea sick admiral to a level with the cabin boy.

A cry of distress now rung through the ship. The first lieutenant sprang up the ladder with the agility of an old seaman. "Silence," thundered the trumpet as he reached the deck, and the voice of man died upon the water. A heavy thump started all hands forward; and a succession of jars, at the bows of the ship, soon gave evidence of the matter. A fore-castle gun had left its carriage, and turned a somers-et out of the port where it hung by its breeching-ropes; and, as the old frigate rolled upon the wave, it thumped against her iron-sides like the battering ram of Titus against the walls of Jerusalem.

Our flying jib-boom now snapped off like a pipe-stem, and flew to leeward like a feather thrown from a gray gull's wing. A tremendous sea again broke over the stern in its majesty, and the red torrent with its crest of lighter foam sparkled as it curled around the carronades, and hissed as it rushed through the lee-gangway. It stove in the commodore's gig, and sent the thin planks like chips upon the water. As the wave rolled over us, I saw the black gun-wale of the gig, with the word "Constitution" in white letters upon it, riding triumphantly over the sea of blood, a type of our salvation in after time, and of our preservation amid the carnage of civil war. Another wave followed, and then the old frigate, shaking herself like a water-witch, righted, and sailed along her course, but not without being endangered by the iron plum of four thousand pounds weight, that hung at her starboard bow.

The captain now made his appearance—a red kilmarnock tipped his head, and streamed out to leeward like the pennant of a bashaw of three tails. In a moment he saw the critical situation of the ship. The trumpet was put in requisition.

"Stand by to cut away the starboard bow gun!" rang above the full fury of the gale.

"All ready forward, sir!"—was the scarcely intelligible response of the carpenter's mate, who raised his voice to its utmost pitch; and it was not a small one, either.

"Cut! cut! d—n you, cut away!" thundered the trumpet—a bright gleam of the axe was seen forward—a grating sound was heard—and then the iron mouth piece of the starboard bow went down to the plains of ocean to sleep in silence for ever.

The cause of this accident was as follows: The gunner had been on the sick list all the way out; and the raw yeoman that acted for him had neglected to key the gun to the carriage.

The ship was now hove to. The gale still raged in its fury around her; but the laboring of the masts and timbers was over. She kept her bows to the wind, and, like a thing of life, sprang up to meet the crest of the mountain wave.

The next day, when the storm had abated, a marine died, and was buried with the rites usual in ship of war. As the soldier's body went down to its last resting place, an old tar chucked over the rail a full allowance of pig-tail, and exclaimed to his messmates, while a tear skulked in the corner of his eye, "I say, Jack Adams, the soldiers are now right. Fifty-three guns—fifty-three marines—didn't I tell you we had one more than our compliment, when the old bow chaser got a leave of absence, and went on a cruise to the bottom?"

"Aye! aye! you're right enough, now," said a boatswain's mate in reply—"I never knew a gun to go without a small-arm man to watch it."

"Silence, forward!" growled the master's mate.

"Pipe down," thundered the deck trumpet.

"Roast beef!"—played the drummer at the harness-cask;* and then the commodore went into his cabin, while the chaplain, with his prayer-book, went below.

THE OCEAN.

HAVING written thus far in my sketches of the Log of Old Ironsides, I trust I may be pardoned for digressing a little. We wish to know when we read of a battle, where it was fought; what was the distinguishing object in its vicinity; whether a ruined castle, a walled city, a burning hamlet, a spreading valley, a purple hill top, a silver lake, or a winding river. It would not be strange, therefore, if some handmen should wish to know something about the battle *course* of Old Ironsides. For such I have sketched the following description. Others may skip it if they please; or they may read it and curse it like true seamen—it is all the same to me. The true believer needs no preaching to convince him. "Let fall the top-sails and sheet home." She feels her helm—the ripple sings at her bows and sparkles in her wake—good by, Mr. Pilot. *Reader, the sketch is before you.*

How mighty is the ocean!—I have rode upon it, a thousand miles from land, when it was as calm as a sleeping milk-pond, while the nautilus and the Portuguese man-of-war spread their tiny sails upon its silver bosom, and naught was to be seen but the great circles of sky and water, mingling almost imperceptibly with each other; when there was naught above but the brilliant heavens and naught around but the stormy petrel and the sporting whale. And I have been rocked by its gigantic waves nearly a quarter of a mile in length, swelling like broken cliffs far above the taffrail, and have plunged down their sides of black and green, and dipped my hand in their snowy crests, as I swept along, when, occasionally, the blast would flatten them as though a scoop had past over their leaping summits, and the music of the gale would ring amid our bare poles like the whistling of ten thousand plover—when the gallant frigate would roll her hammock nettings in the foam, and stagger on like a drunken sailor in a strange city, and the midshipman's course would sing above the piping of the gale, as his locker and scant crockery played shuttlecock with each other, and sent the gaudy fragments of the latter in rich profusion around; when his cocked hat and quadrant played bow-peep from behind a travelling beer barrel, and his muscle-whanger chased its brazen sheath around the steerage. How deep is the ocean? Who has fathomed it? What are its inhabitants? Who has seen them? Have its bounds been narrowed or enlarged? let the philosopher answer.

The vast steppes of Tartary prove that an ocean once rolled its billows there; and the Syrian and Libyan deserts seem to have been covered with saline waves. When were those mighty sheets of water drained away, and their springs dried up? Was it when the retreating waves of the flood burst through the rocky barrier of the Mediterranean, and swallowed up the Isle of Atlantis in the western ocean?—was it when the American was separated from the eastern continent, and the frozen waters of the north, and the silver billows of the Pacific, mingled in hoarse communion at Behring's lonely Strait? The book-worm may search, and the theorist may speculate, but the lessons taught by the appearance of the sea-shells upon the Blue Ridge of Virginia, and of countless deposits of bones of marine animals in the caves of western America, prove conclusively, to my mind, that the ocean has rolled in awful majesty over a deluged world, and that the ark of Noah may have found a peaceful resting place upon the peak of Ararat. That the bed of the ocean is diversified by hills and mountains is improbable, but that it stretches out like the waste of Zahara from mountain cliff to mountain cliff, a wilderness of slimy sand, is highly probable. The bed of the ocean is undoubtedly formed for such a vast receptacle of water, and its hidden springs and quick-sands are so many sluice-ways to let off the surplus from an over deluged part, and thus prevent it from overflowing the dry land, agreeably to the will of him "Who shut up the sea with doors when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb; when he made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it his decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The inhabitants of the ocean are but partially known. What know we of the inhabitants of a forest who never penetrate beyond its outskirts? The sea-snake may crawl in slimy grandeur at the bottom, and the kraken may lift its mighty form amid the giant depths of the world of waters, and yet be invisible to the eye of every mariner. The Leviathan is undoubtedly there, and there may stalk the monster Behemoth to drink up the volume of a river at a draught. My opinion is that the continent and islands gradually or abruptly spring from the level sands of the ocean, as the mountains of the moon rise on the borders of Zahara, and as the pastures and hills of Syria spring up around the lonely waste of Zal Hammid. Now some people may call this speculation and fancy, but us grant that it is both—and who is there that can offer any thing better?

* *Note.*—The harness-cask contains the beef and pork rations for the crew; and, when the purser's steward is ready to serve out, the drummer calls the cooks of messes forward to the tune of "roast beef."

MONODY ON THE FALL OF POLAND.

BY GEORGE L. CURRY, BOSTON.

THE war cry is hush'd, and the conflict is done!
A nation has fallen—oppression has won!
A nation has fallen—yet how noble that fall!
Fame lives in her ruin, and glory's her pall.
Her fields, red with carnage, where grief oft reverts,
Condoling with pity, that glory asserts,
And fame fills her trump with no sorrowing breath,
For virtue and liberty triumph'd in death.
Sarmatia has fallen! lament we her fate
While spirits indignant are ranking with hate;
Though her sons flew to arms, and manfully fought
For the justice she vainly in friendship had sought,
Yet the Autocrat's sabre their life-blood distains,
And their mouldering bones have whiten'd her plains.

Oh! where was that spirit which France once display'd,
When the despots of Europe their forces array'd
To extinguish the flaming of Liberty's fire,
That burst from the bosom in noble desire;
To conquer a nation from lethargy woke,
That dared to be free—spurning tyranny's yoke!
That spirit which rush'd o'er the Alps in its woe,
And came like an avalanche down on its foe!—
That spirit which gave to the Frenchman a name—
To the Corsican hero his chaplet of fame!
Oh! slumber'd it then, when the period had dawn'd,
When despair nerved the heart and Liberty mourn'd?
When "Poland for ever," and "Freedom or Death,"
Came forth with mortality's ultimate breath?
On an isle of the ocean, a desolate spot,
Where memory lingers—that may ne'er be forgot—
With no hope for its future, no joy but its past,
Its present despair, that but promised to last,
With a sigh for its home, though response was denied—
That spirit, alas! in its agony died.

The eagle is mourning his partner in flight
Who stood with him high on the cloud-mantled height—
A kindred in spirit—companion in fame—
His nature as free, and as lofty his aim—
But vainly his screams may his anguish declare,
As he beats with his pinions the sorrowing air;
That imperial bird, ah! no more shall behold
A Marengo—an Austerlitz's glory unfold;
For that power so mighty—that hope of the brave—
That "tamer of tyrants"—hath sunk to the grave!
Lo! the epoch is near, when the weak shall arise,
And Tyrants acknowledge the cause they despise;
The throne of the potentate crumble to dust,
And eternal success crown the cause of the just.
Sarmatia shall rouse from her wearisome sleep—
Her children no longer in thralldom will weep;
The champions of justice shall rush to her aid,
And she'll rise in Republican beauty array'd!

THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS RODMAN.

BRING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PASSAGE ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF NORTH AMERICA EVER ACHIEVED BY CIVILIZED MAN.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

WHAT we must consider an unusual piece of good fortune has enabled us to present our readers, under this head, with a narrative of very remarkable character, and certainly of very deep interest. The Journal which follows not only embodies a relation of *the first* successful attempt to cross the gigantic barriers of that immense chain of mountains which stretches from the Polar Sea in the north, to the Isthmus of Darien in the south, forming a craggy and snow-capped rampart throughout its whole course, but, what is of still greater importance, gives the particulars of a tour, beyond these mountains, through an immense extent of territory, which, *at this day*, is looked upon as totally untravelled and unknown, and which, in every map of the country to which we can obtain access, is marked as "*an unexplored region*." It is, moreover, the *only* unexplored region within the limits of the continent of North America. Such being the case, our friends will know how to pardon us for the slight amount of *unction* with which we have urged this Journal upon the public attention. For our own parts, we have found, in its perusal, a degree, and a species of interest such as *no* similar narrative ever inspired. Nor do we think that our relation to these papers, as the channel through which they will be first made known, has had more than a moderate influence in begetting this interest. We feel assured that all our readers will unite with us in thinking the adventures here recorded unusually entertaining and important. The peculiar character of the gentleman who was the leader and soul of the expedition, as well as its historian, has imbued what he has written with a vast deal of romantic fervor, very different from the luke-warm and statistical air which pervades most records of the kind. Mr. James E. Rodman, from whom we obtained the MS., is well known to many of the readers of this Magazine; and partakes, in some degree, of that temperament which embittered the earlier portion of the life of his grandfather, Mr. Julius Rodman, the writer of the narrative. We allude to an hereditary hypochondria. It was the instigation of this disease which, more than any thing else, led him to attempt the extraordinary journey here detailed. The hunting and trapping designs, of which he speaks himself, in the beginning of his Journal, were, as far as we can perceive, but excuses made to his own reason, for the audacity and novelty of his attempt. There can be no doubt, we think, (and our readers will think with us,) that he was urged solely by a desire to seek, in the bosom of the wilderness, that peace which his peculiar disposition would not suffer him to enjoy among men. He fled to the desert as to a friend. In no other view of the case can we reconcile many points of his record with our ordinary notions of human action.

As we have thought proper to omit two pages of the MS., in which Mr. R. gives some account of his life previous to his departure up the Missouri, it may be as well to state here that he was a native of England, where his relatives were of excellent standing, where he had received a good education, and from which country he emigrated to this, in 1784, (being then about eighteen years of age,) with his father, and two maiden sisters. The family first settled in New York; but afterwards made their way to Kentucky, and established themselves, almost in hermit fashion, on the banks of the Mississippi, near where Mills' Point now makes into the river. Here old Mr. Rodman died, in the fall of 1790; and, in the ensuing winter, both his daughters perished of the small-pox, within a few weeks of each other. Shortly afterwards, (in the spring of 1791,) Mr. Julius Rodman, the son, set out upon the expedition which forms the subject of the following pages. Returning from this in 1794, as hereinafter stated, he took up his abode near Abingdon, in Virginia, where he married, and had three children, and where most of his descendants now live.

We are informed by Mr. James Rodman, that his grandfather had merely kept an outline diary of his tour, during the many difficulties of its progress; and that the MSS. with which we have been furnished were not written out in detail, from that diary, until many years afterwards, when the tourist was induced to undertake the task, at the instigation of *M. Andre Michau*, the botanist, and author of the *Flora Boreali-Americana*, and of the *Histoire des Chênes d'Amerique*. *M. Michau*, it will be remembered, had made an offer of his services to Mr. Jefferson, when that statesman first contemplated sending an expedition across the Rocky Mountains. He was engaged to prosecute the journey, and had even proceeded on his way as far as Kentucky, when he was overtaken by an order from the French minister, then at Philadelphia, requiring him to relinquish the design,

and to pursue elsewhere the botanical inquiries on which he was employed by his government. The contemplated undertaking then fell into the hands of Messieurs Lewis and Clarke, by whom it was successfully accomplished.

The MS. when completed, however, never reached M. Michau, for whose inspection it had been drawn up; and was always supposed to have been lost on the road by the young man to whom it was entrusted for delivery at M. M.'s temporary residence, near Monticello. Scarcely any attempt was made to recover the papers; Mr. Rodman's peculiar disposition leading him to take but little interest in the search. Indeed, strange as it may appear, we doubt, from what we are told of him, whether he would have ever taken any steps to *make public* the results of his most extraordinary tour; we think that his only object in re-touching his original Diary was to oblige M. Michau. Even Mr. Jefferson's exploring project, a project which, at the time it was broached, excited almost universal comment, and was considered a perfect *novelty*, drew from the hero of our narrative, only a few general observations, addressed to the members of his family. He never made his own journey a subject of conversation; seeming, rather, to avoid the topic. He died before the return of Lewis and Clarke; and the Diary, which had been given into the hands of the messenger for delivery to M. Michau, was found, about three months ago, in a secret drawer of a bureau which had belonged to Mr. Julius R. We do not learn by whom it was placed there—Mr. R.'s relatives all exonerate him from the suspicion of having secreted it; but, without intending any disrespect to the memory of that gentleman, or to Mr. James Rodman, (to whom we feel under especial obligation,) we cannot help thinking that the supposition of the narrator's having, by some means, reprocured the package from the messenger, and concealed it where it was discovered, is very reasonable, and not at all out of keeping with the character of that morbid sensibility which distinguished the individual.

We did not wish, by any means, to alter the *manner* of Mr. Rodman's narration, and have, therefore, taken very few liberties with the MS., and these few only in the way of abridgment. The style, indeed, could scarcely be improved—it is simple and very effective; giving evidence of the deep delight with which the traveller revelled in the majestic novelties through which he passed, day after day. There is a species of *affectionateness* which pervades his account, even of the severest hardships and dangers, which lets us at once into the man's whole idiosyncrasy. He was possessed with a burning love of Nature; and worshipped her, perhaps, more in her dreary and savage aspects, than in her manifestations of placidity and joy. He stalked through that immense and often terrible wilderness with an evident rapture at his heart which we envy him as we read. He was, indeed, *the man* to journey amid all that solemn desolation which he, plainly, so loved to depict. His was the proper spirit to perceive; his the true ability to feel. We look, therefore, upon his MS. as a rich treasure—in its way absolutely unsurpassed—indeed, never equalled.

That the events of this narrative have hitherto lain *perdus*; that even the *fact* of the Rocky Mountains having been crossed by Mr. Rodman prior to the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, has never been made public, or at all alluded to in the works of any writer on American geography, (for it certainly never has been thus alluded to, as far as we can ascertain,) must be regarded as very remarkable—indeed, as exceedingly strange. The only reference to the journey at all, of which we can hear in any direction, is said to be contained in an unpublished letter of M. Michau's, in the possession of Mr. W. Wyatt, of Charlottesville, Virginia. It is there spoken of in a casual way, and collaterally, as "a gigantic idea wonderfully carried out." If there has been any farther allusion to the journey, we know nothing of it.

Before entering upon Mr. Rodman's own relation, it will not be improper to glance at what has been done by others, in the way of discovery, upon the North-Western portion of our continent. If the reader will turn to a map of North America, he will be better enabled to follow us in our observations.

It will be seen that the continent extends from the Arctic ocean, or from about the 70th parallel of north latitude, to the 9th; and from the 56th meridian west of Greenwich, to the 168th. The whole of this immense extent of territory has been visited by civilized man, in a greater or less degree; and indeed a very large portion of it has been permanently settled. But there is an exceedingly wide tract which is still marked upon all our maps as *unexplored*, and which, until this day, has always been so considered. This tract lies within the 60th parallel on the south, the Arctic Ocean on the north, the Rocky Mountains on the west, and the possessions of Russia on the east. *To Mr. Rodman, however, belongs the honor of having traversed this singularly wild region in many directions; and the most interesting particulars of the narrative now published have reference to his adventures and discoveries therein.*

Perhaps the earliest travels of any extent made in North America by white people, were those of Hennepin and his friends, in 1698—but as his researches were mostly in the south, we do not feel called upon to speak of them more fully.

Mr. Irving, in his Astoria, mentions the attempt of Captain Jonathan Carver, as being the first ever made to cross the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; but in this he appears to be mistaken; for we find, in one of the journals of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, that two different enterprises were set on foot, with that especial object in view, by the Hudson Bay Fur Company, the

one in 1756, the other as early as 1749; both of which are supposed to have entirely failed, as no accounts of the actual expeditions are extant. It was in 1763, shortly after the acquisition of the Canadas by Great Britain, that Captain Carver undertook the journey. His intention was to cross the country, between the forty-third and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude, to the shores of the Pacific. His object was to ascertain the breadth of the continent at its broadest part, and to determine upon some place, on the western coast, where government might establish a post to facilitate the discovery of a north-west passage, or a communication between Hudson's bay, and the Pacific ocean. He had supposed that the Columbia, then termed the Oregon, disembogued itself somewhere about the straits of Annian; and it was here that he expected the post to be formed. He thought, also, that a settlement in this neighborhood would disclose new sources of trade, and open a more direct communication with China, and the British possessions in the East Indies, than the old route afforded, by the Cape of Good Hope. He was baffled, however, in his attempt to cross the mountains.

In point of time, the next important expedition, in the northern portion of America, was that of Samuel Hearne, who, with the object of discovering copper mines, pushed north-westwardly during the years 1769, '70, '71, and '72, from the Prince of Wales' Fort, in Hudson's bay, as far as the shores of the Arctic ocean.

We have, after this, to record a second attempt of Captain Carver's, which was set on foot in 1774, and in which he was joined by Richard Whitworth, a member of Parliament, and a man of wealth. We only notice this enterprise on account of the extensive scale on which it was projected; for in fact it was never carried into execution. The gentlemen were to take with them fifty or sixty men, artificers and mariners, and, with these, make their way up one of the branches of the Missouri, explore the mountains for the source of the Oregon, and sail down that river to its supposed mouth, near the straits of Annian. Here a fort was to be built, as well as vessels for the purpose of farther discovery. The undertaking was stopped by the breaking out of the American revolution.

As early as 1775, the fur trade had been carried by the Canadian missionaries, north and west to the banks of the Saskatchewan river, in 53 north latitude, 102 west longitude; and, in the beginning of 1776, Mr. Joseph Frobisher proceeded, in this direction, as far as 55, N. and 103, W.

In 1778, Mr. Peter Bond, with four canoes, pushed on to the Elk river, about thirty miles south of its junction with the Lake of the Hills.

We have now to mention another attempt, which was baffled at its very outset, to cross the broadest portion of the continent from ocean to ocean. This attempt is scarcely known by the public to have been made at all, and is mentioned by Mr. Jefferson alone, and by him only in a cursory way. Mr. J. relates that Ledyard called upon him in Paris, panting for some new enterprise, after his successful voyage with Captain Cook; and that he (Mr. J.) proposed to him that he should go by land to Kamschatka, cross in some of the Russian vessels to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and then, striking through the country, pass down that river to the United States.—Ledyard agreed to the proposal provided the permission of the Russian government could be obtained. Mr. Jefferson succeeded in obtaining this; and the traveller, setting out from Paris, arrived at St. Petersburg after the Empress had left that place to pass the winter at Moscow. His finances not permitting him to make unnecessary stay at St. P., he continued on his route with a passport from one of the ministers, and, at two hundred miles from Kamschatka, was arrested by an officer of the Empress, who had changed her mind, and now forbade his proceeding. He was put into a close carriage, and driven day and night, without stopping, till he reached Poland, where he was set down and dismissed. Mr. Jefferson, in speaking of Ledyard's undertaking, erroneously calls it "the first attempt to explore the western part of our northern continent."

The next enterprise of moment was the remarkable one of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, which was prosecuted in 1789. He started from Montreal, pushed through the Utawas river, Lake Nipissing, Lake Huron, around the northern shore of Lake Superior, through what is called the Grand Portage, thence along Rain River, the Lake of the Woods, Bonnet Lake, the upper part of Dog-Head Lake, the south coast of Lake Winnipeg, through Cedar Lake and past the mouth of the Saskatchewan, to Sturgeon Lake; thence again, by portage, to the Missinipi, and through Black Bear, Primo's and Buffalo Lakes, to a range of high mountains running N. E. and S. W.—then taking Elk river to the Lake of the Hills—then passing through Slave river to Slave Lake—around the northern shore of this latter to Mackenzie's river, and down this, lastly, to the Polar Sea—an immense journey, during which he encountered dangers innumerable, and hardships of the severest kind. In the whole of his course down Mackenzie's river to its embouchure, he passed along the bottom of the eastern declivity of the Rocky Mountains, but never crossed these barriers. In the spring of 1793, however, starting from Montreal and pursuing the route of his first journey as far as the mouth of the Unjigah or Peace River, he then turned off to the westward, up this stream, pushed through the Mountains in latitude 56, then proceeded to the south until he struck a river which he called the Salmon (now Frazer's) and following this, finally reached the Pacific in about the 40th parallel of N. L.

The memorable expedition of captains Lewis and Clarke was in progress during the years 1804, '5, and '6. In 1803, the act for establishing trading houses with the Indian tribes being about to expire,

some modifications of it (with an extension of its views to the Indians on the Missouri) were recommended to Congress by a confidential Message from Mr. Jefferson, of January 18th. In order to prepare the way, it was proposed to send a party to trace the Missouri to its source, cross the Rocky Mountains, and follow the best water communication which offered itself thence to the Pacific ocean. This design was fully carried out; captain Lewis exploring (but not first "discovering" as Mr. Irving relates) the upper waters of the Columbia river, and following the course of that stream to its embouchure. The head waters of the Columbia were visited by Mackenzie as early as 1793.

Coincident with the exploring tour of Lewis and Clarke up the Missouri, was that of Major Zebulon M. Pike up the Mississippi, which he succeeded in tracing to its source in Itasca Lake. Upon his return from this voyage he penetrated, by the orders of government, from the Mississippi westwardly, during the years 1805, '6, and '7, to the head waters of the Arkansas (beyond the Rocky Mountains in latitude 40 N.) passing along the Osage and Kansas rivers, and to the source of the Platte.

In 1810, Mr. David Thompson, a partner of the North West Fur Company, set out from Montreal, with a strong party, to cross the continent to the Pacific. The first part of the route was that of Mackenzie in 1793. The object was to anticipate a design of Mr. John Jacob Astor's—to wit, the establishment of a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia. Most of his people deserted him on the eastern side of the mountains; but he finally succeeded in crossing the chain, with only eight followers, when he struck the northern branch of the Columbia, and descended that river from a point much nearer its source than any white man had done before.

In 1811, Mr. Astor's own remarkable enterprise was carried into effect—at least so far as the journey across the country is concerned. As Mr. Irving has already made all readers well acquainted with the particulars of this journey, we need only mention it in brief. The design we have just spoken of. The track of the party (under command of Mr. Wilson Price Hunt) was from Montreal, up the Utawas, through Lake Nipissing, and a succession of small lakes and rivers, to Michillimackinac, or Mackinaw—thence by Green Bay, Fox and Wisconsin rivers, to the Prairie du Chien—thence down the Mississippi to St. Louis—thence up the Missouri, to the village of the Arickara Indians, between the 46th and 47th parallels of N. latitude, and fourteen hundred and thirty miles above the mouth of the river—thence, bending to the southwest across the desert, over the mountains about where the head waters of the Platte and Yellowstone take rise, and, along the south branch of the Columbia, to the sea. Two small return parties from this expedition made most perilous and eventful passages across the country.

The travels of major Stephen H. Long are the next important ones in point of time. This gentleman, in 1823, proceeded to the source of St. Peter's river, to Lake Winnipeg, to the Lake of the Woods, etc., etc. Of the more recent journeys of Captain Bonneville and others it is scarcely necessary to speak, as they still dwell in the public memory. Captain B.'s adventures have been well related by Mr. Irving. In 1832, he passed from Fort Osage across the Rocky Mountains, and spent nearly three years in the regions beyond. Within the limits of the United States there is very little ground which has not, of late years, been traversed by the man of science, or the adventurer. But in those wide and desolate regions which lie north of our territory, and to the westward of Mackenzie's river, the foot of no civilized man, with the exception of Mr. Rodman and his very small party, has ever been known to tread. In regard to the question of the *first* passage across the Rocky Mountains, it will be seen, from what we have already said, that the credit of the enterprise should never have been given to Lewis and Clarke, since Mackenzie succeeded in it, in the year 1798; and that in point of fact, Mr. Rodman was the first who overcame those gigantic barriers; crossing them as he did in 1792. Thus it is not without good reason that we claim public attention for the extraordinary narrative which ensues.

EDS. G. M.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Not farther hence than a young falcon's flight,
In a lone valley stands an antique grove:
Dusky it is by day, but when 'tis night
None may tread safely there unlit by love.
In lonelier days, it was my mood to rove
At all hours there—to hear what mirth I might
Of lofty-singing lark, deep-brooding dove,
And powerful thrush—all breathers of delight.

When night's drawn curtains darkened the deep
vale,
And the rich music of the day was ended,
Outgushed a song of melancholy wail,
Breaking the silence it with sweetness mended:—
It was the voice of the waked nightingale
Come thou and hear her solemn-sounding tale.

A TURKISH SUPERSTITION.

This fashionable beverage, almost a necessary of life to the merchant, the politician, and the author, on its first introduction in Asia, caused a violent religious schism among the Mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house, properly so called, was established at Constantinople: its discovery was announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which each set relates in its own way.

"A dervise," says a certain heterodox rational Mussulman, if such there can be, "a dervise, overflowing with zeal or with bile, was sorely troubled, on observing that his brethren were not animated by a spirit active as his own: he saw, with concern, that they were listless and drowsy in the performance of their religious exercises, their ecstasies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertiges, their bellowings and laborious breathings," in which, at a certain period, the Turkish priests equalled, or surpassed, the most enthusiastic of the followers of Barclay and of Fox.

"The dissatisfied dervise, taking a solitary walk, to soothe his disturbed spirits, or cool his heated imagination, observed that the cattle became suddenly and remarkably playsome and lively, after feeding on a certain leaf; judging, by analogy, that the same effect might be produced on *other animals*, he gave his companions a strong infusion of it; their heaviness and torpor were almost instantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity and vigor; the leaf, so powerful in its effects, proved to be the shrub from which coffee berries afterwards were gathered."

"Listen not to such profane heresies," says an orthodox doctor of Mecca. "It was in the six hundred and fifty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era) that Abouhasan Schazali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, extreme heat, and old age, called unto him Omar, a venerable Scheick, his friend and companion, and thus addressed him:—

"Teacher of the faithful! the angel of death hath laid his hand upon me: cleansed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise, I hope soon to be in the presence of our prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship; persevere in the path thou hast so long trod, and rely on him, who drove the infidels like sheep before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties: farewell, sometimes think of Abouhasan, pity his errors, and do justice to his good name: he would have spoken farther, but his breath failed, his eyes became dim, and pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

"Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way: but, a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with sorrow, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of the danger of his situation, till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which, raising into the air the sandy soil of that country, generally prove destructive.

"Falling on his face, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand passed over him; almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding the precaution he had taken, separated from the companions of his journey, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up for a lost man; the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, perception and sensation began to fail, and believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculation to Allah.

"An angel of light immediately stood before him; waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words, a limpid stream suddenly gushed from the ground, and a luxuriant shrub sprung forth from the barren sand of the desert; bathing the temples, the eyes, and the lips of Omar, with the refreshing fluid, the celestial messenger disappeared.

"The cool stream, and the berries plucked from the miraculous tree, soon recovered the sinking man; he poured forth his soul in thanksgiving, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke in full vigor and spirits.

"Omar, with renewed strength, soon rejoined the caravan, and relating the supernatural circumstance, a mosque was erected on the spot, by the zeal and contributions of true believers; coffee, that wonderful shrub, the peculiar gift of our prophet, and more particularly the produce of his favored country, still continues the solace, cordial, and comforter of his devoted followers."

[This singular specimen of Turkish superstition, in which the Mahometan appears to have encroached on the prerogatives of the Vatican, is taken from a curious book, which, previous to the Gallic Revolution, was in the library of the King of France, and presented to Lewis the Fifteenth, by Said, an ambassador from the Porte to the court of Versailles.]

THE BARQUE OF LIFE.

As when upon a summer sea,
Scarce ruffled by the breathing wind,
A barque may quit the bay in glee,
Some fairer port and land to find ;
Where scenes of peace and plenty reign
Along each green and flower-strewn plain,
And disappointment ne'er is known
To settle there her tear-worn throne :
But pleasing hope in smiling grace,
No more with fair illusion's face,
Shall all her votaries employ
In gentle scenes of harmless joy,
And banish with her waving hand
Each thought of sadness from that land.
Where ever 'neath spring's downy plume,
Alone its sea-wash'd shores shall bloom,
Dissever'd from earth's noisy strife—
How like the little barque of life!

But when upon the trackless sea,
Far distant from its native day,
The breeze no more may gentle be,
But lash old ocean in its play ;

And tost upon its briny breast,
The barque that fondly looked for rest
May struggle with the giant wave
That's after doom'd to be its grave,
And seized with every wild alarm,
Yet *falsely* hope 'twill soon be calm—
And then before the fav'ring gale,
Far distant from this scene of strife,
Again to stretch each *wind-worn* sail—
How like the little barque of life!

And when above the stormy main,
At distance they behold that land,
How every arm is stretched to gain
A footing on its *smiling* strand ;
But rocks and breakers lurking there,
Of every ill and danger rife,
Have dash'd it to that depth "*despair*"—
How like the little barque of life!

J. V.

New York, December 5, 1839.

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

SAILING.

WE are glad to observe that many Americans of fair means and leisure time are turning their attention to nautical practices, in the way of amusement or recreation. There is no country under the sun that affords equal advantages to the amateur sailor ; the broad and deep rivers that wind their gentle waters past the chiefest cities—the rolling estuaries—the noble bays—the wide and sea-like lakes—and the long extent of coast, invite the attention of all persons attached to the art of sailing. We trust that this fashion will rapidly increase. The just fame attached to the skill of our ship-builders has caused an American vessel to be looked upon as a model craft in all parts of the world ; the incitements of the wealthy, in affording the certainty of a reward for increased exertions, would command a flotilla of pleasure vessels of superior build to the fancy yachts of England, and in the employment and nautical education of a number of men and boys, present a reserve of experienced sailors in aid of the country in case of war.

THE VARIOUS YACHT CLUBS OF ENGLAND

Are of infinite service to the inhabitants of the island sea-board; they maintain a large body of useful seamen and petty officers; they are the means of attracting crowds of fashionable people to the various ports and watering places on the coast, to witness the regattas and sailing matches: they cause a plentiful circulation of the precious metals, from the hands of the wealthy to the pockets of the tradesman, the merchant, and the ship builder.

The *Royal Yacht Club* has nearly six hundred persons on its lists, of which above one hundred are members, and about four hundred and fifty, honorary members. The number of yachts is one hundred and nine; of which eighty-seven are cutters, or sloops, ten schooners, three brigs, four yawls, two ships, two ketches, and one lugger. The greater part of these vessels belong to Cowes and to Southampton; the rest to other ports. The shipping belonging to the club amounts to seventy-two hundred and fifty tons. Now, a vessel of one hundred tons seldom perhaps stands the owner in less than from five to six thousand pounds, varying from that to ten, according to the profusion of ornamental parts, the internal fittings, and other contingencies. At this rate, the shipping of the club would have cost more than three millions and a half of pounds sterling—above seventeen millions of dollars!—but it is impossible to speak decisively on this point, as the first cost of the yachts varies much, and the numerous styles of rig are attended with expenses so widely different.

At a moderate computation, each vessel belonging to the club carries ten men, on an average; this gives the total number employed ten hundred and ninety. During the summer months, that, while regattas are celebrated, it may be said that the *Royal Yacht Club* alone employs more than eleven hundred men. These, with some few exceptions, are discharged on the approach of winter, and the yachts are laid up for the season, retaining the master and one man in pay. The crews thus discharged obtain employment in merchant-vessels, or otherwise, during the winter; and in the middle of spring are generally re-shipped in the yachts in which they have previously served. On these conditions, active and industrious men of good character are generally sure of employment in the club; and many members justly pride themselves on the high discipline, manly bearing, and crack appearance of their crews. The situation of master, in particular, is one of much responsibility, and is on all accounts respectably filled. In some of the largest craft, junior officers of the navy are found to accept the office.

The sailing regulations of the *Royal Yacht Club* are as follows:

First—Members entering their yachts must send the names of them to the secretary, one week previous to the day of sailing, and pay two guineas entrance at the same time.

Second—All vessels starting or entering, must be the *bona fide* property of members, as well as spars, sails, boats, etc.

Third—Each member is allowed to enter one vessel only for all prizes given by the club.

Fourth—Cutters (sloops) may carry four sails only, viz.: mainsail, foresail, jib, and gaff-top-sail; yawls, luggers, schooners, and all other vessels, in like proportion. No booming-out allowed.

Fifth—No trimming with ballast, or shifting of ballast allowed; and all vessels to keep their platforms down, and bulkheads standing.

Sixth—Vessels on the larboard tack, must invariably give way for those on the starboard tack; and in all cases where a doubt of the possibility of the vessel on the larboard tack weathering the one on the starboard tack shall exist, the vessel on the larboard tack shall give way; or, if the other vessel keep her course, and run into her, the owner of the vessel on the larboard tack shall be compelled to pay all damages, and forfeit his claim to the prize.

Seventh—Vessels running on shore shall be allowed to use their own anchors and boats actually on board, to get them off, afterwards weighing anchor and hoisting the boat in; but, upon receiving assistance from any other vessel or vessels, boats, or anchors, shall forfeit all claim to the prize.

Eighth—That nothing but the hand-line be used for sounding.

Ninth—Any deviation from these rules shall subject the aggressor to forfeit all claim to the prize.

Tenth—If any objection be made with regard to the sailing of any other vessel in the race, such objection must be made to the stewards within one hour after the vessel making the objection arrive at the starting-post.

Eleventh—No vessel shall be allowed to take in ballast, or take out, for twenty-four hours previous to starting; and no ballast shall be thrown overboard.

Twelfth—Vessels shall start from moorings laid down at a cable-length distance, with their sails set; and every vessel not exceeding one hundred tons shall carry a boat not less than ten feet long; and vessels exceeding one hundred tons, a boat not less than fourteen feet long.

Thirteenth—There shall be a member, or honorary member, on board each vessel.

Fourteenth—The time of starting may be altered by the stewards; and all disputes that may arise are to be decided by them, or such persons as they shall appoint.

The *Northern Yacht Club* for Scotland and Ireland is a highly interesting society, although its plan is not so extensive as that of the *Royal Club*. It contains about three hundred and fifty mem-

boats, with fifty-two honorary members, in addition to ninety-three members of the Cork Yacht Club who are also entered on the honorary lists. It had, in 1880, sixty yachts, not equal in proportion to the tonnage of the Cowes Club, as smaller vessels are admitted. Many R. Y. C. men are found in the Northern Club. There are many fine vessels in this club. Cutters, or sloops, as usual, excel in number; but there are many clippers in the way of schooners.

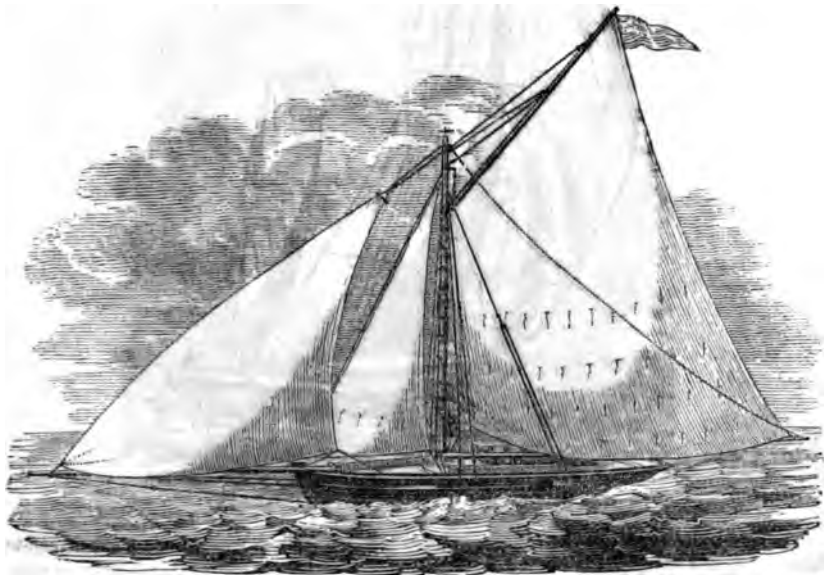
The *Cork Harbor Club* is one of highest descent, and its Regatta is considered the oldest in the kingdom. It is supported by many of the first men in Ireland, and has many handsome vessels in its fleet.

Plymouth, in England, has an excellent Yacht Club. Indeed, all along the extent of coast, Regattas and Sailing Matches are constantly "coming off" between various pleasure boats, the property of gentlemen residing in the vicinity.

The Sailing Clubs upon the Thames comprise the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the Royal Sailing Society, the Clarence Club, the British Yacht Club, the Royal Yacht Club, and several minor associations. Many expensive cups and prizes are given throughout the season, and the spirited contests between the beautiful small craft which form these fancy fleets are highly interesting. The smaller yachts range from six to twenty-six tons, and are chiefly of the cutter or sloop-rig. In some parts of England, the latteen rig (two shoulder-of-mutton sails, of enormous breadth and height) may be met with.

At the lowest computation, the number of sailing vessels at present employed for pleasure in England cannot be less than from three to four hundred, ranging in bulk from six to three hundred and fifty tons. These are variously distributed along the shores, carrying their opulence into every port and harbor. But there is another advantage arising from yacht or boat clubs—namely, they keep alive, in a very eminent degree, that national spirit which is above all choice.

New York boasts of many pleasure yachts, of superior build. We hope to give an account of some of the worthiest before we dismiss this subject from our pages. Philadelphia, also, can exhibit very choice sailing craft, of the sloop-rig—the nautical amateurs of this city may be justly proud of some of their boats. We know nothing respecting the aquatic sports of Boston—and at Baltimore, although noted for the excellence of their vessels, we are ignorant of the existence of a single pleasure boat, and know not of the occurrence of a Regatta for many years past.



THE BRITISH CUTTER, AS USED IN THE YACHT CLUBS.

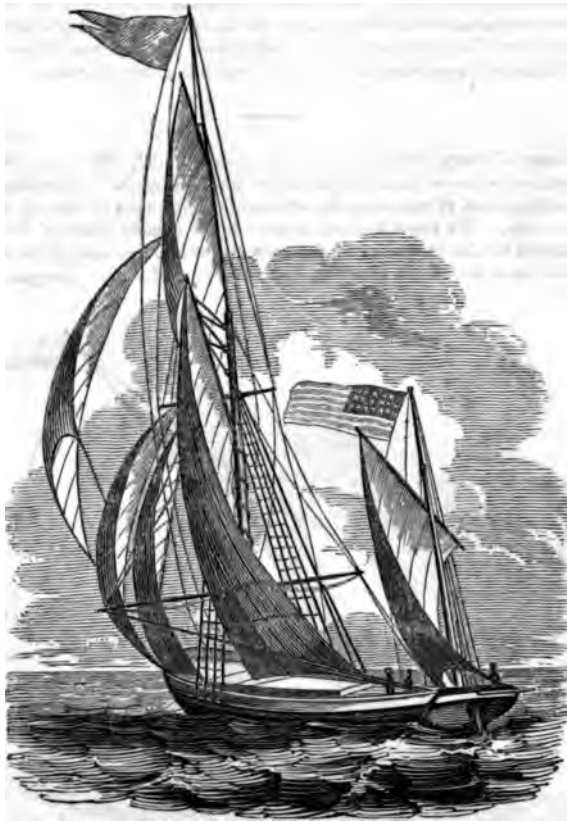
This kind of craft was originally called a cutter, and is known in Europe solely by that name. We have changed its title here, with impropriety, in our opinion, for the term sloop is applied to a vessel of war of peculiar rating, and it matters not whether she is schooner, brig, or ship rigged.

From the excellent sailing qualities of the above rig, cutters are employed by the Europeans as revenue boats, packets, smugglers, and privateers. We have retained the phrase "revenue cutter," although our cruisers devoted to that service are generally of the schooner build. The partiality of the British may be accounted for by these vessels' peculiar qualities of beating well to windward, and working on short tacks, which render them remarkably adapted for channel cruising. They are in almost universal use throughout Europe, as pleasure vessels, whether on rivers, or along the coast.

It will be seen that the yacht clubs spread larger canvas on their craft than any other class; the jib of the above cutter is not by any means out of size, although peculiar to the below-bridge boats of the various yacht clubs on the Thames.

A cutter, or sloop, under one hundred tons, is sufficiently handy; but when the size increases, a very strong crew is necessary, as the spars are very heavy, and a number of men are requisite to set or shorten sail. Some of the finest and the fastest sloops in the world are the property of the Royal Yacht Club, in England—some of them measure nearly two hundred tons, and carry a spread of sail truly enormous.

The inconvenient size of the boom and mainsail has caused the introduction of a ketch rig, which by the addition of a mizen, permits the boom to be dispensed with and considerably reduces the mainsail. When the mizen stands well, this rig is very elegant; and when the vessel is short-handed, will be found to be very useful.



The above engraving represents a sloop rigged as just described, with mainsail, mizen, gaff-top-sail, foresail, jib, and flying-jib.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Alciphron, a Poem. By Thomas Moore, Esq., author of *Lalla Rookh, &c., &c.* Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Amid the vague mythology of Egypt, the voluptuous scenery of her Nile, and the gigantic mysteries of her pyramids, Anacreon Moore has found all of that striking *materiel* which he so much delights in working up, and which he has embodied in the poem before us. The design of the story (for plot it has none) has been a less consideration than its facilities, and is made subservient to its execution. The subject is comprised in five epistles. In the first, Alciphron, the head of the Epicurean sect at Athens, writes, from Alexandria, to his friend Cleon, in the former city. He tells him (assigning a reason for quitting Athens and her pleasures) that, having fallen asleep one night after protracted festivity, he beholds, in a dream, a spectre, who tells him that, beside the sacred Nile, he, the Epicurean, shall find that Eternal Life for which he had so long been sighing. In the second, from the same to the same, the traveller speaks, at large, and in rapturous terms, of the scenery of Egypt; of the beauty of her maidens; of an approaching Festival of the Moon; and of a wild hope entertained that amid the subterranean chambers of some huge pyramid lies the secret which he covets, the secret of Life Eternal. In the third letter, he relates a love adventure at the Festival. Fascinated by the charms of one of the nymphs of a procession, he is first in despair at losing sight of her, then overjoyed at again seeing her in Necropolis, and finally traces her steps until they are lost near one of the smaller pyramids. In epistle the fourth, (still from the same to the same,) he enters and explores the pyramid, and, passing through a complete series of Eleusinian mysteries, is at length successfully initiated into the secrets of Memphian priestcraft; we learning this latter point from letter the fifth, which concludes the poem, and is addressed by Orcus, high priest of Memphis, to Decius, a praetorian prefect.

A new poem from Moore calls to mind that critical opinion respecting him which had its origin, we believe, in the dogmatism of Coleridge—we mean the opinion that he is essentially the poet of *fancy*—the term being employed in contradistinction to *imagination*. "The fancy," says the author of the "Ancient Mariner," in his *Biographia Literaria*, "the fancy combines, the imagination creates." And this was intended, and has been received, as a distinction. If so at all, it is one without a difference; without even a difference of *degree*. The fancy as nearly creates as the imagination; and neither creates in any respect. All novel conceptions are merely unusual combinations. The mind of man can *imagine* nothing which has not really existed; and this point is susceptible of the most positive demonstration—see the Baron de Bielfeld, in his *Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle*, 1767. It will be said, perhaps, that we can imagine a *griffin*, and that a griffin does not exist. Not the griffin certainly, but its component parts. It is a mere compendium of known limbs and features—of known qualities. Thus with all which seems to be *new*—which appears to be a *creation* of intellect. It is re-soluble into the old. The wildest and most vigorous effort of mind cannot stand the test of this analysis.

We might make a distinction, of *degree*, between the fancy and the imagination, in saying that the latter is the former *loftily employed*. But experience proves this distinction to be unsatisfactory. What we *feel* and *know* to be fancy, will be found still only *fanciful*, whatever be the theme which engages it. It retains its idiosyncrasy under all circumstances. No subject exalts it into the ideal. We might exemplify this by reference to the writings of one whom our patriotism, rather than our judgment, has elevated to a niche in the Poetic Temple which he does not becomingly fill, and which he cannot long uninterruptedly hold. We allude to the late Dr. Rodman Drake, whose puerile abortion, "The Culprit Fay," we examined, at some length, in a *critique* elsewhere; proving it, we think, beyond all question, to belong to that class of the pseudo-ideal, in dealing with which we find ourselves embarrassed between a kind of half-consciousness that we ought to admire, and the certainty that we do not. Dr. Drake was employed upon a good subject—at least it is a subject precisely identical with those which Shakespeare was wont so happily to treat, and in which, especially, the author of "Lilian" has so wonderfully succeeded. But the American has brought to his task a mere *fancy*, and has grossly failed in doing what many suppose him to have done—in writing an ideal or imaginative poem. There is not one particle of the true *poiesis* about "The Culprit Fay." We say that the subject, even at its best points, did not aid Dr. Drake in the slightest degree. He was never more than *fanciful*. The passage, for example, chiefly cited by his admirers, is the account of the "Sylphid Queen;" and to show the difference between the false and true ideal, we

collated, in the review just alluded to, this, the most admired passage, with one upon a similar topic by Shelley. We shall be pardoned for repeating here, as nearly as we remember them, some words of what we then said.

The description of the Sylphid Queen runs thus :

But oh, how fair the shape that lay
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright;
 She seemed to the entranced Fay,
 The loveliest of the forms of light;
 Her mantle was the purple rolled
 At twilight in the west afar;
 'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
 And buttoned with a sparkling star.
 Her face was like the lily roon
 That veils the vernal planet's hue;
 Her eyes two beamlets from the moon
 Set floating in the welkin blue.
 Her hair is like the sunny beam,
 And the diamond gems which round it gleam
 Are the pure drops of dewy even
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

In the *Queen Mab* of Shelley, a Fairy is thus introduced :

Those who had looked upon the sight,
 Passing all human glory,
 Saw not the yellow moon,
 Saw not the mortal scene,
 Heard not the night-wind's rush,
 Heard not an earthly sound,
 Saw but the fairy pageant,
 Heard but the heavenly strains
 That filled the lonely dwelling—

And thus described—

The Fairy's frame was slight; yon fibrous cloud
 That catches but the palest tinge of even,
 And which the straining eye can hardly seize
 When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
 Where scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
 That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
 Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
 As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
 Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
 Yet with an undulating motion,
 Swayed to her outline gracefully.

In these exquisite lines the faculty of mere comparison is but little exercised—that of ideality in a wonderful degree. It is probable that in a similar case Dr. Drake would have formed the face of the fairy of the “fibrous cloud,” her arms of the “pale tinge of even,” her eyes of the “fair stars,” and her body of the “twilight shadow.” Having so done, his admirers would have congratulated him upon his *imagination*, not taking the trouble to think that they themselves could at any moment *imagine* a fairy of materials equally as good, and conveying an equally distinct idea. Their mistake would be precisely analogous to that of many a schoolboy who admires the imagination displayed in Jack the Giant-Killer, and is finally rejoiced at discovering his own imagination to surpass that of the author, since the monsters destroyed by Jack are only about forty feet in height, and he himself has no trouble in imagining some of one hundred and forty. It will be seen that the fairy of Shelley is not a mere compound of incongruous natural objects, inartificially put together, and unaccompanied by any *moral* sentiment—but a being, in the illustration of whose nature some physical elements are used collaterally as adjuncts, while the main conception springs immediately, or thus apparently springs, from the brain of the poet, enveloped in the moral sentiments of grace, of color, of motion—of the beautiful, of the *mystical*, of the august—in short, of the ideal.

The truth is that the just distinction between the fancy and the imagination (and which is still but a distinction of degree) is involved in the consideration of the *mystic*. We give this as an idea of our own, altogether. We have no authority for our opinion—but do not the less firmly hold it. The term *mystic* is here employed in the sense of Augustus William Schlegel, and of most other

Gleaner-critica. It is applied by them to that class of composition in which there lies beneath the transparent upper current of meaning, an under or *suggestive* one. What we vaguely term the *moral* of any sentiment is its mystic or secondary expression. It has the vast force of an accompaniment in music. This vivifies the air; that spiritualizes the fanciful conception, and lifts it into the *ideal*.

This theory will bear, we think, the most rigorous tests which can be made applicable to it, and will be acknowledged as tenable by all who are themselves imaginative. If we carefully examine those poems, or portions of poems, or those prose romances, which mankind have been accustomed to designate as *imaginative*, (for an instinctive feeling leads us to employ properly the term whose full import we have still never been able to define,) it will be seen that all so designated are remarkable for the *suggestive* character which we have discussed. They are strongly *mystic*—in the proper sense of the word. We will here only call to the reader's mind, the *Prometheus Vincetus* of Æschylus; the *Inferno* of Dante; the *Destruction of Numantia* by Cervantes; the *Comus* of Milton; the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Christabel*, and the *Kubla Khan*, of Coleridge; the *Nightingale* of Keats; and, most especially, the *Sensitive Plant* of Shelley, and the *Undine* of De La Motte Fouqué. These two latter poems (for we call them both such) are the finest possible examples of the purely *ideal*. There is little of fancy here, and every thing of imagination. With each note of the lyre is heard a ghostly, and not always a distinct, but an august and soul-exalting *echo*. In every glimpse of beauty presented, we catch, through long and wild vistas, dim bewildering visions of a far more ethereal beauty *beyond*. But not so in poems which the world has always persisted in terming *fanciful*. Here the upper current is often exceedingly brilliant and beautiful; but then men *feel* that this upper current is *all*. No Naiad voice addresses them *from below*. The notes of the air of the song do not tremble with the according tones of the accompaniment.

It is the failure to perceive these truths which has occasioned that embarrassment which our critics experience while discussing the topic of Moore's station in the poetic world—that hesitation with which we are obliged to refuse him the loftiest rank among the most noble. The popular voice, and the popular heart, have denied him that happiest quality, imagination—and here the popular voice (because for once it has gone with the popular heart) is right—but yet only relatively so. Imagination is not the leading feature of the poetry of Moore; but he possesses it in no little degree.

We will quote a few instances from the poem now before us—instances which will serve to exemplify the distinctive feature which we have attributed to ideality.

It is the *suggestive* force which exalts and etherealizes the passages we copy.

Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in man's prevailing creed,
And that our guardians from on high,
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
And on the wakeful soul look in!

Again—

The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight—standing sublime
'Twixt earth and heaven, the watch-towers of time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past,
From earth for ever, he will look his last.

And again—

Is there for man no hope—but this which dooms
His only lasting trophies to be tombs!
But 'tis not so—earth, heaven, all nature shows
He may become immortal, may unclose
The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise
Redeemed from earth a creature of the skies!

And here—

The pyramid shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of night,
Stalking across the valley to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade!

And once more—

There Silence, thoughtful God, who loves
The neighborhood of Death, in groves
Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves
His hushing spell among the leaves.

Such lines as these, we must admit, however, are not of frequent occurrence in the poem—the sum of whose great beauty is composed of the several sums of a world of minor excellences.

Moore has always been renowned for the number and appositeness, as well as novelty, of his similes; and the renown thus acquired is strongly indicial of his deficiency in that nobler merit—the noblest of them all. No poet thus distinguished was ever richly ideal. Pope and Cowper are remarkable instances in point. Similes (so much insisted upon by the critics of the reign of Queen Anne) are never, in our opinion, strictly in good taste, whatever may be said to the contrary, and certainly can never be made to accord with other high qualities, except when naturally arising from the subject in the way of illustration—and, when thus arising, they have seldom the merit of novelty. To be novel, they must fail in essential particulars. The higher minds will avoid their frequent use. They form no portion of the ideal, and appertain to the fancy alone.

We proceed with a few random observations upon Alciphron. The poem is distinguished throughout by a very happy facility which has never been mentioned in connection with its author, but which has much to do with the reputation he has obtained. We allude to the facility with which he recounts a poetical story in a *prosaic* way. By this is meant that he preserves the tone and method of arrangement of a prose relation, and thus obtains great advantages over his more stilted competitors. His is no poetical *style*, (such, for example, as the French have—a distinct style for a distinct purpose,) but an easy and ordinary prose manner, *ornamented into poetry*. By means of this he is enabled to enter, with ease, into details which would baffle any other versifier of the age, and at which La Martine would stand aghast. For any thing that we see to the contrary, Moore might solve a cubic equation in verse, or go through with the three several demonstrations of the binomial theorem, one after the other, or indeed all at the same time. His facility in this respect is truly admirable, and is, no doubt, the result of long practice after mature deliberation. We refer the reader to page 50, of the pamphlet now reviewed; where the minute and conflicting incidents of the descent into the pyramid are detailed with absolutely *more* precision than we have ever known a similar relation detailed with in prose.

In general dexterity and melody of versification the author of Lalla Rookh is unrivalled; but he is by no means at all times accurate, falling occasionally into the common foible of throwing accent upon syllables too unimportant to sustain it. Thus, in the lines which follow, where we have italicized the weak syllables:

And mark 'tis nigh; already *the* sun bids—

While hark from all the temples *a* rich swell

I rushed *into* the cool night air—

He also too frequently draws out the word Heaven into two syllables—a protraction which it *never* will support.

His English is now and then objectionable, as, at page 26, where he speaks of

lighted barks
That down Syene's cataract *shoots*,

making *shoots* rhyme with flutes, below; also at page 6, and elsewhere, where the word *none* has improperly a singular, instead of a plural force. But such criticism as this is somewhat captious, for in general he is most highly polished.

At page 27, he has stolen his "woven snow" from the *ventum textilem* of Apuleius.

At page 8, he either himself has misunderstood the tenets of Epicurus, or wilfully misrepresents them through the voice of Alciphron. We incline to the former idea, however; as the philosophy of that most noble of the sophists is habitually perverted by the moderns. Nothing could be more spiritual and less sensual than the doctrines we so torture into wrong. But we have drawn out this notice at somewhat too great length, and must conclude. In truth, the exceeding beauty of "Alciphron" has bewildered and detained us. We could not point out a poem in any language which, as a whole, greatly excels it. It is far superior to Lalla Rookh. While Moore does not reach, except in rare snatches, the height of the loftiest qualities of some whom we have named, yet he has written finer poems than any, of equal length, by the greatest of his rivals. His radiance, not always as bright as some flashes from other pens, is yet a radiance of equable glow, whose total amount of light exceeds, by very much, we think, that total amount in the case of any cotemporary writer whatsoever. A vivid fancy; an epigrammatic spirit; a fine taste; vivacity, dexterity and a musical ear; have made him very easily what he is, the most popular poet now living—if not the most popular that ever lived—and, perhaps, a slight modification at birth of that which phrenologists have agreed to term *temperament*, might have made him the truest and noblest votary of the muse of any age or clime. As it is, we have only casual glimpses of that *mens divinior* which is assuredly enshrined within him.

A Continuation of the Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. Including his Correspondence, and an Account of his Residence in the United States. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This continuation is undoubtedly a good thing, but somewhat too much of a good thing. In addition to the first series, we have now two closely printed volumes of more than three hundred pages each. This extensive amount of memorandum would be amply sufficient in regard to the most conspicuous character that ever existed. Still it cannot be denied that much and varied amusement is to be picked out from the mass of Boswell-like detail with which Mrs. Mathews has overwhelmed us. Those who do not like the twaddle, can skip it. In place of saying any thing farther about the work, (which will be eagerly sought for and read,) we will devote a page or two of our Review department, this month, to an extract from the first volume, which appears (we know not how, or why,) to be more full of mere *fun* than its successor. We can the better spare the space for these passages, as the book-publishing world and its concerns seem to be somewhat in *abeyance* just at present. We critics are beginning to have an idle time of it. If some poor devil authors do not soon turn up we shall die of inanition.

"My husband, on his way homewards from the north, just after assize time, on entering the mail, was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who, being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. This comfort was a very unusual instance of good luck to my husband, who never entered a public coach without encountering either a baby in arms, a sick child, or a man in a consumption. The gentlemen passengers were very agreeable men. One, a Scotchman, always a *safe card*. At the close of the evening, the latter encased his head and throat in an enormous fold of white linen, and then sunk back to sleep, looking like *the veiled prophet*; while the other, an Englishman, was characteristically satisfied with a "comfortable." My husband, who was never a wrapper-up, sat prepared to receive the night as a friend rather than as an enemy, content and happy at the advantage already mentioned.

Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, before the coachman or guard could "murder sleep" with the startling intimation of "Going no farther!" they were awaked by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough discordant voices, bidding, however, a cordial farewell to a large, becoated, and portentous stranger, who in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished his companions "a good night," reminding them that he had paid *his* share of the reckoning, when, to the great discomfiture of our three *insides*, the door of the mail was opened, and the fourth passenger invited by the guard to enter without farther loss of time.

Since the three gentlemen had "dropped off," the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow. A heavy sleet had fallen; and the man we have mentioned quitted the open air, and entered the coach with, appropriately enough, a frieze coat on, powdered all over with the effects of the weather. All shrunk from the *damp stranger*, who felt all the active embarrassment which attends the entrance into a dark carriage, amongst an uncounted party, in a total ignorance of the whereabouts of the vacant seat, and which no courteous hand directed him to. He was pushed, first by one, then the other, and at last my husband forcibly, in keeping him off from his own person, lodged the huge, rough-coated animal into the space he was destined to fill. All were discontented at this intrusion, and sufficiently chilled and disturbed to be in a very ill-humor with the odious *fourth*.—They, however, seemed tacitly to agree not to speak to the new comer, but endeavor to regain their before happy unconsciousness. But *they* had not been spending a jovial evening, as *he* had whose "absence" they would have "doted upon." *He* was in any thing but a sleeping mood; and after a minute's rustling about, in order to *settle himself*, treading upon my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbor, begging pardon for his so doing, etc., all which was received with a sullen silence, he asked, in a voice which seemed thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window in one hand—"Coompany! oop or down?" *Answer made they none*.

Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be "agreeable," and desirous to prove himself a polished *gentleman*, "Coompany! oop or down?" Still receiving no answer, a smothered oath bespoke his disgust at such an uncourteous return for that polite consideration for his fellow-passengers; and, with some exasperation of tone, he repeated, "Dom it!—I say, Coompany—*oop or—down 2*" Still not a word; and, with another "*dom*," he allowed "t'window" to remain *down*.

It was clear to the half-perceptions of the drowsy travellers that he of the frieze coat had laid in enough spirit to keep him from chilliness, and they hoped the potency of his precaution would soon make him unconscious, as they were disposed to be. But, no; still he was restless and talkative. All at once, however, a

Change came o'er the spirit of his dream;

he, it appeared, for the first time, perceived the alteration in the weather. His excitement at the door of the little inn, where he had left his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow; and he saw it now with all that stupid wonder with which such persons receive the most natural

transitions, and he exclaimed, in audible soliloquy, "Eh! ma God! what's this?—whoigh, the whole country's covered wi' snow!—eh! it's awful. Company! wake-up and see t' snow!—eh, they're all asleep! Good God! whoigh it's wonderful and awful!—Good Lord, what a noight—what a noight! Eh! God presarve all poor creeters on the western coast this noight!" Then roaring out once more, in increased vehemence of tone, "Coompany! wake, I say, and see t' noight! Eh! they're dead, I reckon!—eh, ma God! what a noight!—awful, I reckon!"

In this manner did he go on, until the patience of the English gentleman was tired out, and he at length spoke. "I wish, sir, you'd show some feeling for us, and hold your tongue. We were all asleep when you came in, and you've done nothing but talk and disturb us ever since. You're a positive nuisance."

"Eh!" said he of the frieze coat, "I loike that, indeed! Oive as much right here, I reckon, as others—dom! awwe paid my fare, ar'nt I?" said he, his voice rising as he remembered his claims to consideration. "I'm a respectable man—my name's John Luckie—I owes nobody anything. I pay King's taxes—I'm a respectable man, I say. Aw help to support Church and State. I care for nobody; I'm a respectable man." Then looking again out of the window, and relapsing into his ejaculatory mood and stupid abstraction—"Eh! what an awful noight! Lord be merciful to all mariners this noight! Lord be merciful to all poor souls on the western coast!" he hiccupped out, and again the gentleman assailed with a command that he would be silent. John Luckie at this became every moment louder and more intolerable. At length his sense of oppression became so strong that his independence reached its climax, and he declared that he would not hold his tongue or be quiet—"no, not for Baron Hullock himself, nor if the great Mr. Brougham (or, as he pronounced the name *Mr. Bruffum*) himself was in t' coach."

My husband, who found all tendency to sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow, now conceived a desire to amuse himself with his fellow-passenger; and, just as John Luckie's last declaration was uttered, Mr. Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half-whisper said, with affected caution, "Hush! you are not aware, but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself!" The drover seemed to quail under this intimation—"Whoigh, you don't say so?" "Fact, I assure you; and opposite to him is Lady Hullock!" The Scotchman with the white drapery over his head began to titter at this. "Whoigh! good God! don't tell me that! Eh! what shall I do! Good Lord! what have I said? Art thou sure?"—"I am indeed," said Mr. Mathews; "they are Baron and Lady Hullock, and I am Mr. Brougham."—"Eh!" said the man in a tone of actual terror, "let me go!"—and struggling to open the coach door—"let me go! I'm no coompany for sitch gentlefolks; aw've no book-larning. Let me get out here, guard! Stop! I woint roide here any longer!" The guard was insensible to this; and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and in his rough and clumsy movements a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure; and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. "Eh! my God! what, is there a bairn i' t' coach, too? Eh! my Lord Baron, pray forgive me, I meant no offence. My name's John Luckie. I said, coompany oop or down? I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock, I hope I've not hurt thy bairn." The child's cries now increased. "Eh! my bairn, where art thee? Dom! what must I do! Guard! stop and let me out! Eh! what a noight! Guard! I'm not fit coompany for Baron Hullock and Mr. *Bruffum*, I know. Let me out, I say!" At last his voice reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and as soon out rolled this porpoise of a man, who again begging the Baron and his Lady to overlook his rudeness, and asking pardon of "Mr. Bruffum," he was with some difficulty hoisted upon the top of the mail, and off it drove.

The Governess. By the Countess of Blessington. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We like the "Governess" much better than any thing we have as yet seen from the pen of Mr. Willis' pet, the Countess of Blessington. The story is pretty well told; there are some passages of pathos, and some of a good, broad, hearty humor, altogether foreign to what we considered the nature of the Countess. In general this lady is only remarkable for the tranquillity of her style, and should be put at the head of the school of the quietists. She is never extravagant, never overpowering—not she. She never startles a body to death. We never knew her, before this last attempt, get out of the every-day, slow-and-sure, good-old-fashioned, creep-easy jog-trot of the most orthodox and commendable common-place. "The Governess" has exalted her no little in our estimation. It will be received with favor, and read with interest.

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. By Edgar A. Poe. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Messieurs L. and B. have just issued twenty-five brief stories, having the above title, which pretty well indicates their general character.



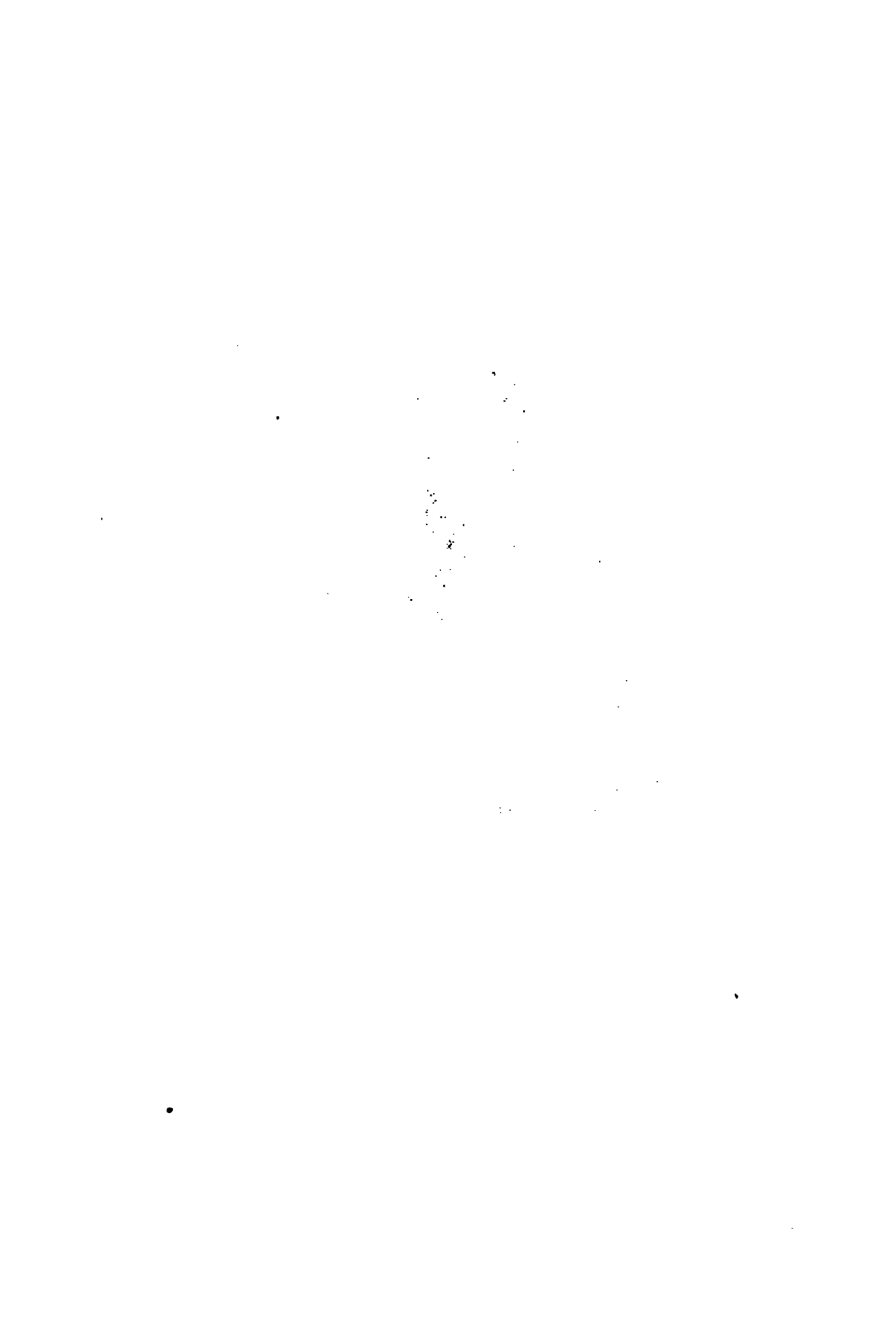


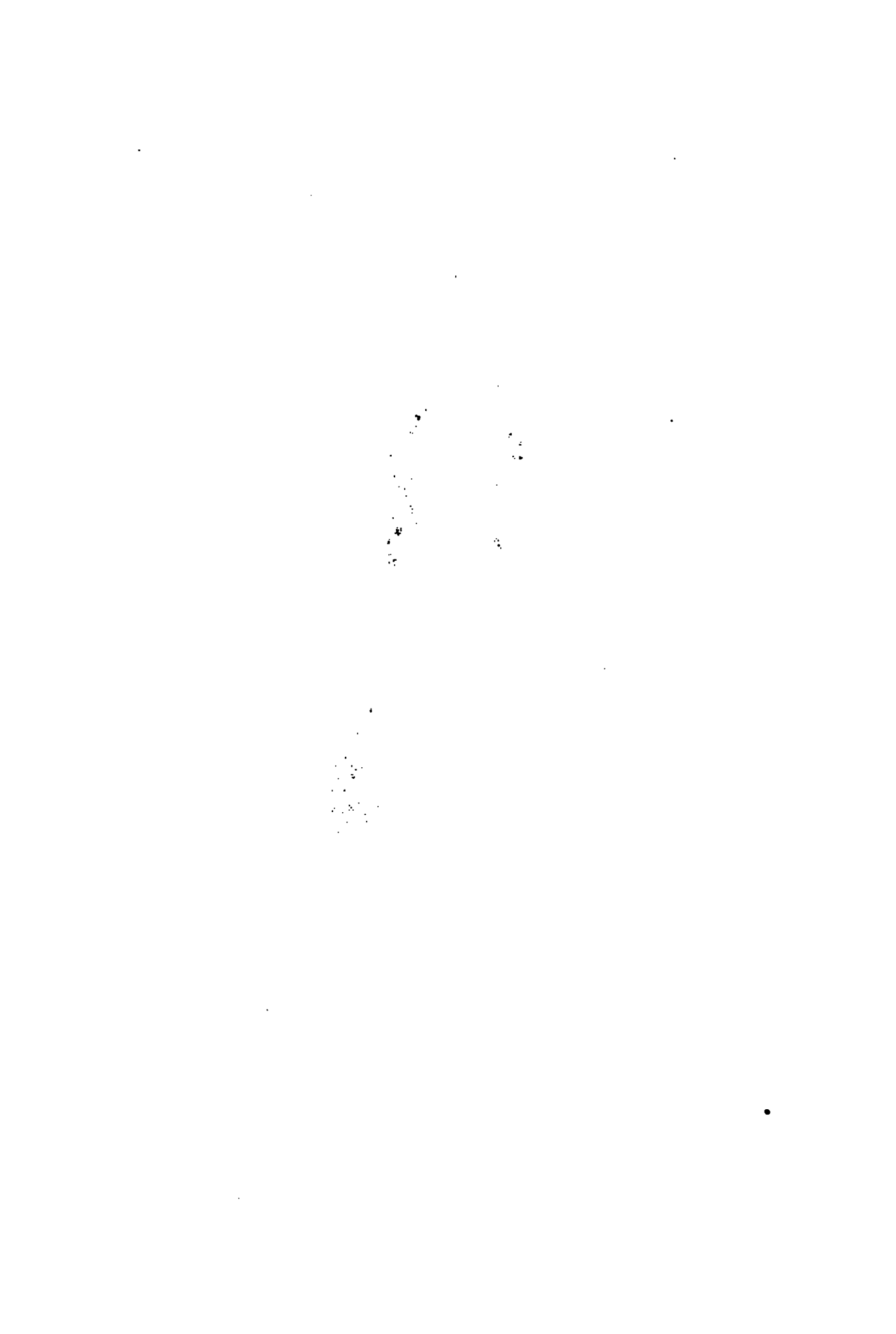
MR VANDENHOFF

AS

ADRASTUS.

Engraved for Burton's Magazine.







MISS VANDENHOFF

AS

JULIET.

Engraved for Burton's Magazine.

BURTON'S
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1840.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF JOHN M. VANDENHOFF.

Alas! the actor never can bequeath
His various beauties to the embryo age;
Save what the painter or the poet breathe
Upon the canvas and the glowing page.

DRAMATIC memoirs, to be entertaining, must be either anecdotal or critical; the mere recital of engagements made and fulfilled, the play-bill enumeration of nightly performances, and the clippings of newspaper critiques and treasurer's reports, make, easily enough, the contents of many a book which the reader has a right to expect would be formed of better stuff. But the poor devil of an author is not always to be blamed; the befitting material cannot at all times be obtained; some actors are proud, and refuse to impart the most entertaining portions of their progress, dilating strongly upon the dullest but most dignified periods of their lives; others have a nervous horror of figuring in any form of type but that of a play-bill or a puff, and resolutely mar the efforts of the scribe by withholding the most necessary information; others, again, desire that the public to whom they have devoted their lives, should be intimate with the minutest particulars of their dull, every-day existence, and journalise for future Boswells, their hours of rising and dining with as much exactness as the prompter marks the hour of rehearsal in the call-book—whilst others, like the weary knife-grinder, "have no tale to tell." We are not, in the present instance, exactly like the knife-grinder, but our tale is simple and soon told; we have sat down with a determination to make this article an interesting one, but looking at our initiatory postulatam, we candidly confess our fears. We cannot on this occasion be very anecdotal, because we have not "the fitting material," and it is not our place to be critical upon the merits of a performer; but we may advance an independent opinion or two on matters connected with the stage which the public and the profession may do well to note.

JOHN M. VANDENHOFF was born in the city of Salisbury, the capital of Wiltshire, in England. His father professed that creed, which, according to Sam Slick, is soon to be the established church of the United States; and master John, being designed for the priesthood, was sent to the Jesuits' College, at Stonyhurst, where he received a very superior education, and distinguished himself by various elegant compositions and a studious attention to the beauties of the classics. We know not whether he was inoculated with what Liston terms the *cacoëthes actendi* by the provincial actors who visited his native city, or whether he caught the infection from witnessing the performances of John Kemble, who was then in his zenith, but certain it is that the young Vandenhoff took the disease very kindly, and made his first bow to the many-headed monster in the character of Earl Osmond, in Lewis's play of *The Castle Spectre*. The people of Salisbury thought fit to approve of their young townsman's efforts; he, therefore, gave them another touch of his quality, and straightway enacted the mad Octavian in Colman's play of "*The Mountaineers*." The success which attended these performances induced him to decline all farther clerical pursuits, and give himself up to the study of the theatrical profession.

An actor was not allowed in those days to think of a situation in a metropolitan theatre, till he had learned the groundwork of his profession, and endured a severe apprenticeship in the provinces, where he was expected to play every thing at the shortest notice, and change his characters as often as he changed his dress. In consequence of this severe but necessary probation, every actor at a

principal theatre was certain to be experienced and talented. But, now-a-days, thanks to the "star" system, an actor jumps readily made from behind the counter or a counting-house desk, and if he is capable of getting decently through a conspicuous part before a friendly audience on a benefit night, he establishes himself as a star or at least as a principal actor, and scorns to play aught but the first-rate parts. Downton relates a circumstance that ludicrously exemplifies our position; he wrote to Mr. Sims, the theatrical agent, and desired him to send a full company of ladies and gentlemen to Canterbury, for the summer. He, Downton, was engaged at another theatre till the day before the intended commencement of his season; when he arrived at Canterbury, he summoned his company, and proceeded to cast the "Honeymoon" for the opening play. "Sir," said he, "I had sixteen men—all great actors, though I had never before heard the name of any one of them in all my life—great actors, sir—could'nt play any thing but the principals—all of them were first tragedians or first comedians. When I went to cast my play, I found that I had undertaken an impossibility—out of my sixteen men, I had nine dukes and seven mock dukes!" The duke Aranza and the mock-duke Jacques are the best parts in the play.

In the United States, the same effects have been produced from precisely the same causes, with a few extra points of aggravation. That the star system prevents the gradual rise of the stock actor is well known to the members of the profession in America, although the public is not sufficiently interested in its truth to require a lengthy explanation here—but the imported or English actors who settle down as members of the stock companies, give themselves such ridiculous airs, that they seriously annoy the disciplinarian, and offer painful obstacles to the proper conduct of the theatre. Provincials, of mediocre talent, who have never undergone the ordeal of a London theatre, receive in the United States as many dollars per week as in England they received shillings—and yet the mis-called managers suffer these nothings to bounce and swagger in the exercise of their easy duties, and confuse the arrangement of the theatre with greater liberty than the heads of the profession dare to assume in the metropolitan establishments of Europe. Can we blame the young American actors if they imitate the favored foreigner; and become equally careless, grand, and impudent? This general inattention, scorn of discipline, and lack of experience in the members of nearly every theatrical company in the United States, with the unavoidable evils of the star system, militate wofully against the high standing which the drama *ought* to assume in our play-going community.

For several years, Mr. Vandenhoff pursued the Muse Melpomene and her lively sister through the gradations and degradations of a country actor's life—but practice perfected his conception, and experience fitted him for after triumphs. During his rural progress, he became a fellow actor with the celebrated Kean, and the two tragedians have figured together as Shacabac and Selim, in the fairy tale of *Blue Beard*; with comic dances, duets, and other vagaries, laughable even in thought. Kean, a creature of impulse, was removed from the very dregs of the provincial stage to the highest pinnacle of glory—a few hours changed him from the dejected poverty-stricken country actor to the star of the age, the drama's glory, the worshipped idol of the people—while Vandenhoff in equal accordance with his temperament, pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, and worked himself into popularity with a silent but resistless perseverance.

In 1814, Mr. Vandenhoff connected himself with the theatre royal, Liverpool, making his advent in the character of Rolla; he continued there for several years, enjoying the unlimited respect of a large circle of private friends, and receiving pretty solid proofs of the public's estimation of his abilities. The periodical visits of various of the London stars were rendered nugatory by his excessive popularity; the most tremendous actor of the day could not shake the lieges of Liverpool from their belief in Vandenhoff's superiority. Our tragedian, having candidly avowed that he had built his style of acting upon that of the late John Kemble, some of the underlings of the profession endeavored to circulate the idea that Mr. V. was but a mere imitator of the mannerisms of "glorious John." Imitation! it is "the common cry of ours!" proceeding invariably from the refuse of the stage. If an actor is reaping the honest reward of untiring industry and talent, the viperous reply of some rival player is ever ready—"Yes, its pretty fair, but it's not original!" Jealousy is a *green-room* monster that invariably makes the meat it feeds on. Forrest was accused in this country of imitating both Kean and Macready, yet when he played in London, while every body acknowledged his talent, nobody discovered the resemblance to the other tragedians. Mr. Gates, of the Bowery theatre, has a striking resemblance to the English comedian Harley, not only in person, but in manners and peculiarities of acting—luckily for Mr. Gates, he has never been out of America, and Mr. Harley has not yet visited the United States, or one comedian would most assuredly have been accused of "imitating" the other. This senseless method of deterioration does not even possess the charm of novelty. The eccentric Lewis was accused of copying the volatility of Woodward, while Jones is said to be a mere imitator of Lewis. Kemble has been vilified for following Henderson, and Young and Vandenhoff have been called the followers of Kemble; Booth imitates Kean, Kean was said to have imitated Cooke, who in his turn, was accused of borrowing the beauties of Quin. Were we to listen to the inanities of the various theatrical reports, we should search in vain for original talent from the days of Shakspeare, who was accused of stealing his "Instructions to the Players" in *Hamlet* from a conversation with Burbage.

The low-bred members of the theatrical profession are invariably the source from whence proceed

all coarse, deteriorating, and malignant reports respecting the popular *artistes* of the theatre. The envious fools imagine that there is but one ladder to fame, and that all occupiers of distinguished stations on this ladder must be degraded before room can be found for the ascension of others. The trouble and ingenuity which many actors exert in the defamation of their brethren, would, if exercised in the honorable pursuit of their profession, enable them to raise a ladder of their own whereby they could pluck their share of "honor from the pale-faced moon."

In the month of December, 1820, Mr. Vandenhoff, having resigned his provincial crown, dared the ordeal of a London tribunal, and appeared as Lear, at Covent Garden theatre. A *début* before the metropolitan critics of England is, under any circumstance, a matter to agitate the stoutest heart, and pale a cheek of bronze; but Mr. Vandenhoff had not recovered from the flurry of the heart which his first bow had created when he discovered that the lady cast for the part of Regan, one of Lear's daughters, was unable to appear, and that Mrs. T. Hill was to read the part at a minute's notice. An occurrence of this nature is sufficient to damp the energies of the most practised actor, and must perforce, violently affect the nerves of a *débutant*. An actor cannot produce his desired effect without the co-operation of his compeers; and when a lady is poring over the leaves of a play-book, it is impossible to engage her attention, or indulge in the usual by-play and interchange of glances. There is a matter-of-fact appearance in the printed "book of the play," that destroys the workings of the imagination, and keeps every auditor painfully aware of the defects of the scene. Despite this very serious drawback, Mr. Vandenhoff gained the suffrages of the play-goers, and the success of his opening night was decisive and complete.

At the conclusion of the performance, Mr. Vandenhoff was "called out," an honor then but seldom conferred upon the fortunate *histrion*; indeed, we believe that Mr. V. was the first individual who received the compliment upon the occasion of a first appearance. The custom is now-a-days so general that it is "more honored in the breach than the observance;" every beneficiary, from the lamp-lighter or door-keeper to the top-most specimen of talent, must be called out to receive the huzzas of the piffles, and bow, and cringe, and speak some dozen stereotyped lines of humble thanks for the high honor of the presence, and the kind patronage of that public who never frequents the theatre on any occasion without expecting to receive the full value of the admission money. The readiness with which many of the most popular "stars" beslobber the lieges with thanks and fulsome praises, which are always rewarded by the greedy public with shouts and applause, serve as inducements for the continuance of this odious habit, acceptable only to the most vain of the second-rate wonders of our dramatic world. We received the custom from the English, who, in turn, imported it from the French; by whom it is systematised with much tact, and practised with understood effect. At a late trial for a sum of money claimed from a manager by the leader of a band of *claqueurs*, or hired applauders, at Paris, it was stated in evidence that an actor could depend upon being "called out" for about seventy francs—if the *honor* was to be accompanied by the flinging of wreaths and bouquets on the stage, the expenses would be increased in proportion to the quantity of offerings. In Germany the enthusiasm of the audience runs into the extreme of absurdity—a recent performance of a new opera wherein a certain *cantatrice* much exerted herself, caused a demand for the appearance of the lady at the end of each act, which appearance, with all its humbug of bows and grateful looks, she was compelled to submit to, *seven times told*, after the fall of the curtain. Carter, one of the best actors, when "called out" at the Bowery theatre, very sensibly brought his tiger with him, being aware that the animal was entitled to the greatest share of the applause. Mr. Forrest deserves the thanks of the profession for the manly stand he has taken against succumbing to the tyrannical enforcement of this usage.

Mr. Vandenhoff's success served him but little; the management could not afford to play tragedies, in consequence of the rage for melo-drama spectacle, and Tom-and-Jerry burlettas, which were then gradually usurping the place of Shakspeare and common-sense. Our actor was therefore compelled to give his aid in the performances of pieces beneath his talents, or quit his vantage ground and suffer certain loss; he wisely went with the stream, and played his engagement to its stipulated end. The charms of the regular drama induced him to resume his situation at the Liverpool theatre, but during his absence, Mr. Salter, a gentleman of considerable genius, had been sustaining the parts which Mr. Vandenhoff wished to regain, and the dramatic public divided their support between these two claimants to the tragic throne. The peace of the city of Liverpool was disturbed by the friends of the actors; the walls were chalked and covered with inflammatory placards, and the theatre became a scene of nightly confusion and disgrace. In the end, the old favorite triumphed; Mr. Vandenhoff was reinstated, and Mr. Salter, beaten and despairing, became melancholy mad, and ended his days in a mad-house!

The theatres in Scotland were visited by Mr. Vandenhoff about this time, with considerable profit and fame. The tragedian also bent his way to Ireland, where his usual success greeted his attempt, but he declined crossing the Atlantic, although Mr. Price endeavored to tempt him to the voyage.

When Mr. Vandenhoff made his first appearance at Covent Garden, John Kemble had retired from the stage, Macready and Young were starring in the provinces, and Kean was visiting the United States. It was impossible for him to have a clearer field—but the taste of the town was decidedly against the regular drama, and he wisely retired till returning reason and another opportunity

invited him from his Liverpool beatitude. In 1834, the whole of his tragedy compeers, Macready excepted, had shuffled off the mortal coil, or had disused the donning of stage clothes; accordingly, in the June of that year, he appeared at the Haymarket theatre, in the rôle of Coriolanus, and frequently repeated that character and the part of Hamlet to some of the best houses of the season.

In 1837, Mr. Vandenhoff visited the United States, at the instigation of Mr. James Wallack, whose liberality and excellence of management deserve the thanks of the play-goers. On Monday, September 11th, Mr. V. made his first bow to the New Yorkers, and at once established himself as a sterling and talented actor. His "Hamlet," played for his first benefit, attracted the best house of the season.

After travelling the usual round of the Atlantic cities, he returned to England in the May of the succeeding year. His visit was short, but sufficiently prosperous to induce him to resolve on a speedy return. He appeared at Covent Garden theatre, then under the management of Mr. Macready, in his favorite character of Coriolanus.

On the 29th of September, 1837, Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Vandenhoff made her first appearance at the Haymarket theatre in the character of Desdemona, with marked success. She was the original representative of Lydia, in Knowles' excellent play of *The Love Chase*, which had a run of eighty-six nights in uninterrupted succession.

On the first of September, 1839, Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff sailed in the *British Queen* from England for the United States. Three days after their arrival in New York, the National Theatre, their place of destination, was burned to the ground, the act of an incendiary who perpetrated this diabolical deed to prevent the gathering of the glorious harvest which Mr. J. Wallack's tact had prepared for the ensuing season. The Vandenhoffs were included in the list of sufferers, losing wardrobe, books, properties, etc., to the amount of two thousand dollars. Mr. Wallack's honorable attempt to continue the performances of his company at Niblo's new theatre in Broadway, with its failure, are too well known to need a particular recapitulation. Mr. V. opened the National removed, in the character of Hamlet, and Miss V. who appeared the next night as Julia in the *Hunchback*, met with the most enthusiastic reception, and deserved, by the superiority of her acting, the energetic praises of the audience and the encomiums of the press.

Since the breaking-up of Mr. Wallack's establishment, which we confidently anticipate will not be long *in posse*, the Vandenhoffs have appeared with marked success at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and New York, where the Park theatre opened its portals to receive them. We believe that it is Mr. V.'s intention to remain for some time in this country; his professional talents have ensured him thousands of well-wishers among the play-going public, but his private demeanor obtains him a host of warm and devoted friends. He is a pleasant companion, possessing a large portion of conversational talent, with an extra share of wit and gentlemanly humor; the superiority of his education continues to shed its influence over every portion of his public and private life.

Miss Vandenhoff's style of acting has met with general approbation wherever she has appeared; she has also favored the public with several little poems of surpassing sweetness. Her personal beauty is of the highest order.

Mrs. Vandenhoff accompanies her husband and daughter in their present visit to the United States, with a son, who has appeared upon the stage. Mr. Vandenhoff, junior—the eldest son, we believe—whilom solicitor to the Dock Company at Liverpool, has lately thrown his legal pursuits aside, and turned his attention to the stage. He is now filling the chief characters in tragedy in various provincial cities in England, with considerable success. B.

S O N G .

It is a lovely summer night,
 When the moon with mellow beam
 Streak'd the meads with lines of light,
 And with silver touch'd the stream;
 When the pines upon the hill
 Stood like lofty pillars still,
 And the air was warm with balm
 And the woods were dumb and calm
 As a gentle maiden's dream,
 With my tender love I stray'd
 In the trembling willows' shade,
 Where the warbling waters play'd
 Of the winding Avon stream.

'Twas the nightingale that near
 Where the sounding waters well,
 From the fragrant-breathing brere
 Broke the silence of the dell
 With the music of her song,
 Heart-eloquent and strong,
 As listening long we stood,
 In the path that winds the wood,
 To the tale she loves to tell.
 And until the dawn we stay'd
 In the trembling willows' shade,
 Where the mingling moonbeams play'd,
 And the sounding waters well.

ADDITIONAL SKETCHES FROM
THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

RUNNING THROUGH ICEBERGS.

It was at the commencement of a dark evening, at the close of March, '55, when a gallant frigate under stumped top-gallant masts, with her courses furl'd, and her storm-mizen, jib, and staysails set, leaped along her solitary course, amid a wilderness of waters. Her broadsides hissed as they played with the feathery waves, and her rigging echoed back in shriller notes the music of the gale. At this moment, the cry of a man overboard, echoed wildly through the groaning ship—"A man overboard"—howled the officer of the deck, through his trumpet, and ere the necessary orders could be given, the ship was put about, and the life-buoy cut adrift. One of the main-yard men had got caught by the how-line, and far to leeward had been cast, by the sudden movement of the after guard below. As all hands stood watching the scowling face of the ocean, the watch in the fore-top cried out—"There he is, dead ahead, making for the life-buoy." Anxiously did we look forward, and fervently did we pray that the poor fellow might be spared the horrors of a seaman's death—when of a sudden, the cry—"He has reached the buoy, he is safe"—thrilled to the soul of every listener. As I watched the dim line of the horizon gradually darkening into night, I saw the poor fellow bounding from billow to billow, while the little red flag of the buoy waved gallantly over his fated head. The storm had rendered it almost impossible for us to pick him up. Twice we changed our course to get nearer to him, and twice his feeble cry sadly reached us over the thundering deep. I looked, and slowly the life-buoy settled in the waters; another wave, and a white hand appeared beckoning from its dark bosom; another, and the seaman who had braved the battle's brunt, and whose body bore the scars of glorious warfare, found a deep sea-grave with the slimy things of ocean. With melancholy feelings we came upon the other tack, and the unmarked sepulchre of the mariner soon sank astern.

"Sail O!" cried the watch.

"Where away!" hailed the lieutenant.

"On the weather bow, sir," faintly answered the look-out.

All eyes were now bent upon a bright mote, that twinkled in the distance, and the feeling that we were not alone upon the ocean, seemed to cheer up the spirits of the droopers. A short half-hour past, and the spot had become larger than a seventy-four.

"Icebergs ahead!" shouted the watch, and icebergs there were before us, sure enough.

Old Ironsides, for such was the lonely frigate, above mentioned, now changed her course. A few dazzling spots were seen around her, but the berg nigh at hand presented a grand and magnificent spectacle. The sea broke over the lower portions of it, like rollers over the white rocks of a tempest-riven shore; and the pale blue light that flashed from the crystal mountain chilled us, while it riveted our curious gaze.

"We must be careful not to graze those islands in the night," said the commander, as he looked anxiously to windward.

"Had we not better heave to, sir?" said the deck officer, touching his hat. The commander looked again to the Northward. The pale spots seemed thickening there, and the fog so common to high latitudes seemed creeping like a shadow over the deep.

"Keep her away"—thundered the captain seizing the trumpet—"set the fore and main top-sail, and reefed fore-sail."

"Steady, quarter-master."

"Steady, it is," growled the knight of the binnacle, and soon the broad sheets of canvas flapped and bellied to the gale, while the old frigate ran along to the Southward at the rate of eleven, six.

"Have thermometers hung over the sides, sir," said the commodore, as the haze settled around us like a fleecy cloud.

"Aye! aye! sir," replied the officer of the deck, and soon two master's mates were seen standing in the gang-ways watching the tell-tales of heat and cold. Every fifteen minutes the temperature of the ocean was reported to the captain, who answered, as he paced the quarter-deck, "Very well, cast again."

At length the two reported a change of temperature that astonished all hands.

"Fifteen degrees difference, did you say?" said the captain, with a serious look.

"Aye! aye! sir," said both mates in the same breath, as they returned to their posts. At this moment a current of cold air seemed to freeze our cheeks and almost take away our breath. A sullen roar, as though a thousand breakers were singing around us, struck the ear. Bluish shadows, like

mountain cliffs, passing swiftly to lee-ward, met the eye; and then the temperature of the water was as high as before.

"Crack on all sail!"—said the captain, in a voice of thunder—"the only way to avoid danger is to run through it!"

Flap went the spanker to the breeze; the reef was shaken out of the foresail; down the dark valleys of ocean plunged the laboring vessel, and the icebergs were astern. Weary with the excitement of the hour, and chilled by the cold from those wanderers from the pole, I sought my little state-room, seven feet below water; and while the sea rushed past my pillow with hissing violence; and while the marine paced in solemn march before the spirit-room hatch, I fell asleep. A gun now echoed over the waters, and roused me from my slumbers—I went upon deck—it was a beautiful morning, the breath of summer was around me—an English merchantman lay to, in the distance; and the mountains of the western islands towered in majesty amid a cloudless sky.

OLD IRONSIDES IN A QUANDARY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

EVENING was slowly wrapping in her dusky mantle the Fortress Rock of Gibraltar, as the frigate *Constitution* under royals, glided around Europa point and squared her yards for the Balearic Isles.

It was the 12th of September, 1835, the breeze was favorable, and the harvest-moon rode up the azure sky in matchless splendor. The breeze gradually freshened as the night passed on, until at last it became necessary to reduce sail, not only to save spars, but to prevent the possibility of running over the little island of Alboran, which is situated midway between the shores of Spain and Barbary.

At midnight, by the master's reckoning, the old ship was near the almost sunken isle, and a sharp look-out was kept by the watch for breakers on the lee-bow. Silence reigned throughout the ship, the sails that remained upon her, drew sweetly, the billows curled in gentle murmurs around her bows, and passed off in a frothy sheet behind.

"Sail O!" cried a voice from the fore-castle.

"Where away?" thundered the officer of the deck.

"Dead ahead," was the reply.

"How does she steer?" cried the officer.

"For our bows, sir," answered the fore-castleman, and all was silent—we were directly under the moon, and from the course the stranger sail pursued, it was apparent that we were not perceived. As we were the largest ship, and a man-of-war, and had our starboard tacks aboard, it was proper for us to hold on our course, and for the stranger to give way, but this the brig, for such she was now perceived to be, had no idea of doing. At length she saw us, but still onward she came, as though desirous to go down to the caves of the sea as quick as possible. A knot of officers gathered upon the fore-castle—and the writer of this sketch, seated astride of a belaying pin, was watching the end of the eccentric stranger. She now seemed at a short distance from us. To give way to her might throw us upon Alboran, to pursue our course without a change upon her part, would effect her destruction. Both vessels were now alarmingly near, and fearing lest I might be too small an object to be respected in case of a meeting between two such large bodies, going ahead at the rate of nine knots an hour, I made a sudden spring, without duly considering my friend, the belaying pin, and landed upon the deck, leaving a quarter of a yard of blue broad cloth, which I could have better spared from a better place, fluttering in the breeze. At this moment, when it seemed that a meeting could not be avoided, if we kept on our course, the officer of the deck, thinking the brig intended to pass to leeward, gave the order—"Hard up your helm"—the stranger, however, continued on, and of course, approached still nearer to us, and just as I had made up my mind to hear the crashing of spars and rigging, the shrieks of the drowning, and the gurgling sound of the whirlpool, as the gallant brig went down to her watery rest, the master's mate of the fore-castle cried—"Hard down, sir." "Hard down," said the lieutenant of the watch, in a voice of thunder—"Hard down," growled the old bruiser at the wheel, and hard down went our helm. The old frigate answered her helm sweetly, and the brig, like a flash of light, dashed across our bows within a few feet of our flying jib-boom, and staggered along her course, we having as she passed us, completely stolen her wind. When she came on, not a voice was heard, but that of the officers of the watch, giving the orders before mentioned; but when she had passed, a burst of feeling came from every breast, and the cry, "thank God she is safe," awoke the silence of the frigate's deck. As I looked out the bridle port, I saw the captain of the brig standing speechless at the gangway, with a lantern in his hand, while beside him, a little boy was kneeling in the act of supplication. Who the captain was, or from what nation he sprung, I never could ascertain; but one of our reefers, from the starboard cut head, gave him a parting homily, like that of commodore Trunnion's, well spiced with round grape and canister, which owing to the circumstances of the case, he never will forget. In a few minutes the moon went behind a cloud, and feeling confident that we had passed the bugbear island, we shaped our course for Cape de Gatta. The next morning not a sail was in sight, the coast of Spain, in all its glorious beauty, lay beside us; Cape de Gatta appeared ahead; and the snow-capped mountains of Granada towered amid the clouds.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

A MOCK HEROIC BALLAD.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, ENGLAND.



WAITING FOR IT TO LEAVE OFF TO BEGIN.

LIST, all ye gallants of the land!
Unto my muse's strain;
She sings of mighty deeds of arms
By knights who were *not* slain.

Exploits of tilt and tourney gay
My faithful theme shall grace;
Perform'd by knights who never *ran*,
Though boastful of their *race*!

The lists were held within a park,
Both trees and knights were green;
And lovely dames, array'd in silks,
All blushing there were seen.

Pavilions gay their flags display,
In contrast with the trees;
The mob are drooping for the *fray*,
The banners for the *breeze*!

For scarce a breath disturbs the leaves,
While clouds are gath'ring thick;
And Sol conceals his golden beams
Within their mantle thick.

"How long these knights are!" yawning cries
One, weary in the throng;
A wit replies, "Nay—*summer* knights
You know are never long!"

A third replies—"To keep their time,
Certes they should not fail,
For ev'ry steel-clad knight, my friend,
You know comes in *his mail*!"

"My heye!" a cockney cries, "I think
As ye shall have a storm;
Thank goodness! I've a hooter coat,
Altho' it's preshus varm!"

"My hum-berella I have left
With Mister Vot's-his-name."
"You fool!—then if my bonnet's spiled,"
His rib cries, "you're to blame!"

The mob are melting with the heat,
But yet refuse to run;
For they have come so many miles,
And all to see the "fun."

And fun it was, in truth—for soon
 The rain began to fall;
 And well-dress'd belles began to find
 The honey turn'd to gall!

For silks and velvets all were drench'd,
 And feathers drooped and hung
 All weeping down their backs—in guise
 Muse never said, or sung!

Some fear'd the "rhumatiz"—and some,
 In thin shoes, fear'd the "mumps"—
 While all declared, with rueful phiz,
 The weather "tried their pumps!"

"Vell, I'll be bless'd if this here ain't,"
 Cries one, "a rig'ler go!
 I take it they von't find me soon
 Agin at sich a show!"

"My ducks is vet!—my beaver, too—
 Vich four-and-nine-pence cost—
 Is flabby as a bit o' tripe—
 My silk-vipe, too, I've lost!"

"O! Valter Scott, vot have you not
 To answer for—these rigs!
 But my own precious child, my Bill,
 Shan't read you—please the pigs!"

A trumpet-note cuts short his speech,
 The crowd is all alive;
 And necks are stretch'd, and there's a hum
 As from a busy hive.

A hum indeed—'twas all a hum—
 For presently appeared
 A mounted knight, y'clad in steel,
 Who round the lists career'd.

And o'er his head, (the blushing muse
 Records it with regret,)
 A silk umbrella bore the knight,
 To shield him from the wet!

"Fair dames and gentlemen," he cried,
 "My lord requests—I'd say—
 The weather is so bad—in fact—
 'Twill be 'no go,' to-day.

"The knights are bold and stalwart knights,
 And full of martial fire;
 But they are all such *polish'd* blades,
 No *wetting* they require.

"The steeds are ready for the fray,
 (To doubt it were a sin,)
 They are in truth upon the *rack*,
 And 'gainst their will, *rain'd* in.

"To-morrow, if the sun should shine,
 To please, we'll try our best;
 To-day, alas! we fain must keep
 Our lances in *the rest!*"

The morrow dawned—the anxious crowd
 Swarm'd in the sunny rays,

Like flies from swamps—and trudg'd betimes
 Along the muddy ways.

Sliah! sloah! they go—and puddles wade,
 Bespatter'd to their necks;
 But petty troubles, such as these,
 Could neither damp nor vex.

For, flapping on the tower's height,
 The flag curls in the breeze;
 And martial strains of music pierce
 The agitated trees!

They press around the saw-dust lists,
 And trumps and kettle-drums
 Proclaim aloud to all the crowd,
 The knightly pageant comes!

"The cry is still they come," and soon
 The cavalcade appears;
 A dazzling host, all silk and steel,
 With bows and shining spears.

The Queen of Love and Beauty came,
 Fair as a morn in spring,
 All on a palfrey richly clad,
 And ambled round the ring.

A train of female archers formed
 The lady's body-guard;
 And sure, to find an *archer* set,
 Or fairer, would be hard!

Trim squires range about the lists,
 To pick up knights when spilt,
 And hardy Scots, in tartan plaid,
 To take care of the "*kill!*"

"The circus isn't nothink like
 This rig," cries Jem, "you know."
 "Circus! my eye!" exclaims old Sniggs,
 "It bangs the Lord May'r's show!"

The Queen appears upon her throne!
 And throws into the shade
 The group who flutter round her there,
 Rigg'd out in masquerade!

The Herald of the Tournament
 (He doesn't fight, you know)
 Now told his trumpeters to give
 The gallant knights a *blow!*

The noble Knight of Gael defies,
 With him to break a lance,
 Him of the Golden Lion, hight!
 And forth the heroes prance.

The trumpet sounds—away they fly,
 Like sparks from penny squibs—
 Midway they meet—and poke—and poke
 Each other in the ribs!

Oh! truly 'twas a pleasant sight
 To see them at the fun—
 The Golden Lion's lance was *snapp'd*
 All in the gallant run.

Another lance was soon supplied,
They ran another course;
And "Go it!"—cried the mob aloud,
And cried till they were hoarse.

But no; they miss'd—and tried again—
Alas! it would not do;
'Tis true, the gallants ran themselves—
But not each other through!

And next appear'd the Griffin knight
Upon the saw-dust lists;
Against the Lion Black to try
The strength of fists and wrists!

Two gallant youths in sooth were they,
By few in mien surpass'd;
The fair a benediction breath'd—
The trumpets gave a blast!

On—on—they spurr'd their snorting steeds,
And shiver'd both their spears;
But twice again they tried in vain,
Amid the people's cheers!

The young lord of the Tournament
Next gaily gallop'd forth;
A nobleman by nature, and—
A nobleman by birth.

Rich, noble, brave, romantic, and
Of excellent report;
The men all praise his *hock*—the dames
All blushing praise his *port*!

The Knight of the Red Rose he calls,
By sound of herald's trump,
To meet him in the lists, and try
His skill at thrust and thump!

Of course he licks him!—for no Knight
Can match him at the sport—
The shine he would have taken out
Of half King Arthur's Court.

Oh! had he lived in Edward's reign—
Hold, Muse! what hast thou said!
A lord—alive and kicking now—
Is worth a hundred dead!

Amid the plaudits of the throng,
And smiles from beauties' eyes,
He vanish'd from the lists—just like
A meteor from the skies.

"A *ditto—ditto*"—(as they say),
"Of quality less fine;"
Followed this tilt—and some were spilt—
And lost some of their shine.

And then all tilted at the *ring*
Suspended in the air;
In which the spruce esquires and
The gentlemen did share.

And all was glee some sport and mirth,
And peals of laughter rang—

Throughout the lists—and mellow'd down
Of warlike arms—the clang.

The merry jester shook his bells—
Then crow'd aloud with glee—
And cried—"My lord deserves all laud;
Cock of the walk is he!"

"A man of *wax*—whose ready *whacks*
Make all his rivals wince;
His striking arguments, in sooth,
The stoutest Knights convince.

"With lance unseating them—with such
Dexterity and grace—
As I with ten-foot pole would knock
A gas lamp out of place!

"Each lance is gleaming like a flash
Of light and ready wit—
Their lines are like satiric rhymes—
Where ev'ry stroke's—a hit!—

"So many *points* in such few *lines*,
Few wits in sooth could cram;
It seems to my poor thinking—quite
A *martial* epigram!

"A *marble* bust of any lord's
Thick block is very fine—
But heads in *plaster* wou'd ye 'scape
The conflict pray decline!"

The sports concluded;—and they all
Right glad dispersed to feed;
The noble host had truly proved
Himself a Knight *in-deed*!

The banquet was a rich display,
So elegant and chaste!
The hungry guests the viands seized,
And warmly praised—the *taste*!

The birds—and Knights were all well-dress'd,
As well as beef and veal—
The knives were sharp—and so the Knights
Had no need of their *steel*!

Of all the puddings at the board—
'Tis true, upon my word—
The doughty Knights who'd fought so well,
The *batter* still prefer'd.

Of all the fish the feast display'd,
(Sure never was the like!)
The gallant *lancers*, one and all—
Inclined most to the—*pike*!

The *days* of chivalry are gone,
The moderns loud complain;
The *days*—what are the *days* to us?
While *Knights* like these remain.

Long live the Tourney, and the tilt,—
Long may it be our task
To sing how gallant Knights wassail,
When they have tapp'd a *casque*.

THAUMATURGIA.

IN TWO PARTS..

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!
Virgil's Second Georgic.

PART FIRST.

THE YANKEE IN HELL.

It was His Majesty's birth night!

We are speaking of a potentate whose familiar name is seldom mentioned in the presence of ears polite. He is known to his friends by various appellations—His Majesty delights in an alias. Zo-roaster, the reputed inventor of magic, regarded him as Arimanius, the genius of evil; he is worshipped by the child-roasting Ammonites in the form of the iron Moloch; he is notorious as the Serpent of Eden; as Bel, the dragon of Phœnicia; or Baal, the Assyrian giant; or Beelzebub, the Chaldean God of Flies, whose breath scattereth pestilence; as the Babylonian Lucifer, “the light bearer or dweller in fire;” as Belial, the Hebrew “good-for-naught;” as Diabolus, the accuser; as Satanas, the adversary; as Mephistophiles, the subtle; as Apollyon, or Abaddon, or Asmodai, the desolator (*le diable boiteux*, who is also the prince of marriage—a strange compliment to the votaries of Hymen!); as the Indian Mozazor, or Nirurdi of the Hindoo pantheists; as Zamiel, or Samaël, the deceptive pestilence (Samiel, or Simoom); as the Egyptian Typhon; as Davy Jones, by the seamen; as Old Harry and Old Nick, by the old women; and as Pluto, by the classicists, the king of the Latin Tartarus and the Greek Hades—the husband of the beautiful Proserpine, who is frequently termed by the Grecian poets, τῆς lady, *par excellence*, ἡ βασίλισσα, *domina*,—for which reason the moderns denominate her husband, *the gentleman*—either as “the old gentleman,” or “the gentleman in black.”

Perhaps some dogged, common-school, anti-nous sort of reader may here exclaim, “Who *the devil* does he mean?” We merely say, “Exactly so!” for the question answers itself—therefore *à nos moutons!* It was His Majesty's birth night. The halls of Pandemonium were crowded with guests, assembled to partake of the hospitality of the prince of Eblis. The invitations, although numerous, were confined principally to the monarch's personal favorites—the subjects of a warm friendship formed during many ages of intimacy in the realm of purgatory. A few *détenus* of immense celebrity and moderate sentences, were considerably invited by His Majesty, who was never known to look cool upon a criminal of consideration. Several of the loveliest ladies south of Acheron and Styx's line were included in the list, with certain well-known bon-vivants, singers, jokers, laughers, listeners, and other boon companions, necessary to all well-regulated feasts. Half-a-dozen sages, from the environs of the Elysian Fields, who cherished a recollection of ancient symposiums, and sighed for the company of various of His Highness's handmaids, obtained a day's furlough from St. Peter, and joined the merry party below.

A strange mixture was ~~this~~ same infernal *soirée*—something like a modern fancy ball, without its usual vulgar insipidity. The sons and daughters of every clime, “from the East to Western Ind,”—of every age, from the days when the first murderer bore his curse in solitary flight over the young grass of the new-made earth, to yesterday's arrivals on the wharves of Lethe. The Roman conqueror, garnished with the trappings of an ovation, handed hot whiskey punch to a Benedictine nun; a Chinese bonze of the first century chopped metaphysics with a Kantian professor from Gottingen. A half-naked alma or dancing girl from the banks of the Hooghley, linked arms with one of the popes; a cannibal savage took snuff with the polished courtier of the *ancien régime*; Oliver Cromwell flirted with Medea, the Colchian sorceress; and a member of the swell mob, alias a London pickpocket, took wine with the Khan of the Calmuck Tartars. A stalwart crusader in a coat of mail, “a round, fat, oily man of God” from the conventicle, an ascetic monk of the holy Inquisition, and a mummified Pharaoh, sat down to a comfortable rubber at whist; whilst a nigger wood-sawyer, whose Ethiopian lyrics had won the heart of his Satanic majesty, leaned upon the shoulders of the Emperor Nero, who was overlooking the players and betting golden diaboluses with Catharine of Russia and an English professor of the noble science of thimble rig.

But although this democratic level prevailed amongst the countless thousands of His Majesty's

subjects, he wielded a despotic sceptre, and the immediate and personal circles of his court boasted a *recherché* connection well practised in all the refinements of a polished aristocracy. A select and cosy party of some twenty assembled, in His Majesty's snuggeries at the close of the *soirée*, to partake of a *petite souper*, and finish the gaieties of the day.

The monarch sat at the head of his well-plenished table, attired in a fashionable suit of the best black cloth. His "breeches of blue, with the hole behind for his tail to come through," had for some time been laid aside, and a well-fitting, modern-made pair of regular unwhisperables adorned his regal extremities. Such is the triumph of modern taste that the caudal appendage of His Majesty was nowhere to be seen: the royal tail was positively invisible—snugly concealed in the folds of the broad cloth, without displaying an extra wrinkle.

His Majesty's horns were cut to the lowest possible point, and a regular use of Grandjean's composition had produced a poetical exuberance of black curly hair, wherein the odious horny stumps were perfectly imbedded and concealed from sight. An aggravator, or love curl, of a delicate roundness, hung low upon the imperial forehead, and covered the indelible bruise made by Luther's inkstand, when, during his captivity in the castle of Wartburg, the bold reformer defied the tempter's power. A close observer could also distinguish the scars on the regal nose, caused by the application of the red hot tongs of St. Dunstan, when the Glastonbury monk resorted to violence, in answer to His Majesty's proposals for a closer acquaintance, but we need scarcely say that any mention of either of these little *fracases* is considered ungentlemanly and personal by His Majesty, who is sure to administer a fiery reproof to the offender. A black satin vest and stock, a well starched collar, and minutely-plaited ruffle, gave His Majesty the appearance of a *bel esprit* lawyer, or a peripatetic professor of phrenology.

The company was composed of individuals of distinction, capable only of the most "gentlemanly vices." John Wilmot, earl of Rochester, sat croupier to His Majesty, over whom he exercised considerable sway; he sang a good song, and drank his two bottles steadily, and his opinions on all matters of taste were paramount in the precincts of purgatory. Jugurtha, the warrior king of Numidia, doomed to endure some few thousand years of scorching for the murder of his cousins, exhibited his black and brawny limbs in the scant attire of his sunny land, and occupied a seat near the English earl—he was a powerful wrestler, and a good hand at sword exercises; especial recommendations among the children of Baal. The first "defensor fidei," fat Harry the Eighth, of England, sat by the side of his royal brother, Nebuchadnezzar, learned in the usages of "all fours," and experienced in salads; and Zenobia Septimia, the resolute queen of Palmyra, who was expiating a strong suspicion of connivance at the deaths of her husband Odenatus and her minister, the celebrated Longinus.* This lady completed the list of the crowned heads in the party—His Majesty's dominions are well supplied with potentates.

Between the two suicides, Cato of Utica, and Apicius, the renowned epicure, one clothed in a simple toga, the other garnished with purple and tissue of gold, sat a bullet-headed, beetle-browed, down-looking fellow, dressed in an untanned sheepskin shirt, fastened round his waist by a string of twisted weeds. That man, despite his poor attire, was the most especial favorite in the court—merit will make its way. He was the antediluvian Erach, who, when engaged as herdsman by Noah, contrived to secrete some half dozen wine skins in the ark, unknown to the patriarch. Upon his restoration to land, in the joy of his heart, he invited Noah to a jollification. The result is well known; the admiral got three sheets in the wind, and Erach established his claims to the kind consideration of His Infernal Majesty as the first promulgator of drunkenness after the purification of the earth.

His Majesty likes a friendly game of chance—a little innocent dabbling with the dice—and accordingly patronised an extensively-whiskered Spaniard, versed in all the mysteries of monte, and the arcana of faro and hazard—crowds of unhappy ghosts in the halls of punishment attested his skill. A fellow in a turban also rejoiced in the sunshine of royalty's smiles—he was a Scotchman, and had made an enormous fortune by twice or thrice changing his religion—His Majesty loves free-thinkers.

Diana of Poitiers, who was mistress both to father and son, and Tarpan, the vestal, who sold her country for gold, were endeavoring to cajole an old man out of a handsome diamond ring that graced his little finger. The withered anatomy, just arrived from the world above, had passed his days in amassing wealth, and his nights in counting it; he suffered his daughter to perish in the streets for the want of a millionth part of his yellow god; his wife died broken-hearted; and his son, driven to desperation by the death of his sister and mother, planned the robbery of his father, and a flight to other lands. The old man caught him at his gold—he denounced his son, and called for help—the young man stabbed him to the heart. Of course, His Majesty invited the industrious old gentleman to his private table, as a mark of personal esteem.

A public defaulter, whose little peccadilloes had ruined a hundred widows and orphans, with our fat friend of the conventicle and his partner, the holy Inquisitor, finished the party, excepting the *amie intime* of His Majesty, who sat upon the right hand of royalty. This was no other than Lady

* See Bayle, versus Gibbon.

Hamilton, (Hygia,) whose deep devotion to the interests of Pandemonium deserved the honor she experienced; although somebody had hinted that her beauty—but, *n'importe!*

Midnight had past, and the guests were somewhat *blasé*. His Majesty took wine with the philosophic felo-de-se, and complimented the Holy Inquisitor upon his new method of illuminating the saloons of the infernal palace. The Dominican professed to be an amateur in blazes, from the midnight mysteries of the fire-stature, to the wide-spread glory of an *auto-da-fé*; he had recently discovered that a well-buttered Dutchman, when dipped in a dish of naphtha, burnt with more intense brilliancy than the old-fashioned ignition of an oil-soaked Spaniard, stuck on a three-pronged fork, and placed in the hands of a Titanic image in the centre of the room. The ascetic's yellow face blushed purple at the praise of his "new light" by the king of fire; and, with a courtier's tact, he bowed to His Majesty's favorite, the lascivious "Queen of Health," and requested the honor of a hob-nob. The Somayer of Caraccioli accepted the challenge, and drained, with a sigh, a pint goblet of the rum in which her immortal Nelson had been embalmed.

"Rochester, sing us a Bacchanalian," said His Infernalness, after a distressing pause.

His Majesty spoke in the English tongue, which had become the fashionable, indeed, the only language used in the realm of purgatory; this regulation was established in consequence of the prevalence of that tongue in almost every part of the globe, the result of the preponderating influence of the Anglo-Saxon race; and also to prevent a recurrence of that indescribable mixture of languages, which, for many centuries, had rendered the lower regions as confused a scene as the tower of Babel on a pay-day.

"Sing us a Bacchanalian," said His Infernalness.

"Not I, I faith," said the licensed favorite. "A song of mine would be thrown away upon ye dullards and dotards as you are. Even the ladies are blinking like a newly plunged defunct, unused to the flare of our Phlegethon. Let Erach sing the diluvial howl, wherewith he was wont to rouse his brother beasts. Juggy, my black prince, smite the gong for some more cigars, and pull Apicius by the nose; he has done naught but sleep since we removed him from that delicious dish of broiled bones. Diney, my pet, shall we lip the crystal together? Parson, ask the Turkish Caledonian to make a long arm, and pass the wine across that specimen of royal obesity, who is too drunk even to boat the vinous. Governor, your port is as fiery as the harbor of Hades. What the devil—beg pardon!—cause these caco-demons, they have left the door open."

A current of sulphurous vapour pushed through the open portal, bearing on its cloudy stream the following exquisite sounds, delivered with a nasal drawl, and a most independent disregard of time and tune.

You're doodle, doodle, dandy,
 Your stalk rum, right slick and handy;
 Indigo pudding, and green peach pie,
 And it takes me to make the fried claims fly!

At the end of the verse, a strange lanky figure appeared in the doorway, and after a moment's survey of the party, stalked into the room, and placed himself before one of the fire-places, removing the dexter and sinister tails of his coat, that his seat of honor might enjoy the grateful warmth. A pair of blue cotton trousers, rather short in the legs—a coat of ancient make and liberal fulness—a broad rimmed straw hat, with long sandy hair streaming from under, small cunning looking eyes of restless brilliancy, high cheek bones, large ears, and an extensive mouth, made up the component parts of this unexpected visitor.

"How d'ya dew, folks," said the stranger, puffing away at a long cigar; "is the boss devil to hum?"

His Majesty looked sulphur and saltpetre at the intruder. "Reptile!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, that rumbled and reverberated in the depths of a pit without a bottom; "who are you, that you dare intrude upon our sacred privacy?"

"Whew," said the stranger, "don't tear your shirt! why, what on airth is the use of your goin' off at half cock in that-away! What *do* you jump for afore your spurred? there aint setch an almighty occasion for you to get your dander so awfully riz, jist as if you was goin' to burst your biler. Seein' that your climate's rather of the warmest, it would only be doin' the civil thing if you jist said, Mister, toe your mark, and take yqr bitters."

"Worm! hence to your appointed place in the yawning gulf! there, in the hottest flame—"

"Waeil, I guess not!" drawled out the man, with imperturbable calmness. "I've got my ticket, mister, from the regular agent, and I don't choose a berth so nigh the engine."

His Majesty frowned at the mouth as he rose from his chair, and there was a strong smell of brimstone. But the lovely relief of the Neapolitan ambassador threw herself into one of her most captivating attitudes (by the way, she was the original inventor and performer of the living statues) and with fascinating endearment, requested "the gentleman in black" not to agitate his guests, or expose his temper, on the evening of his natal day. His Majesty acknowledged the power of the conqueror, and with a burning kiss, promised to accede to her request.

"Take off your hat, my sion!, and stand from before the fire," said Lady Hamilton, in her blindest tone. "You are in the presence of His Majesty, the sovereign of these realms."

"Wae'll, its all right. I dessey, if you say so; but, to hum, where I hail from, we aint been brought up to be afraid of majesties, no how you can fix it. And now, that the boss has cooled off a bit, jist to let him see that I'm not proud, I don't care if I do licker some, for I'm powerful dry, now I tell you. Here, you sir in the sheet, hand us over the old rye." This order was addressed to Cato, who sat behind a decanter of the real *aurum potabile*, a present to His Majesty from his friend Vulcan.

"I've dranked better stuff than that, I swan, at a three center in Bosting, before the striped swine cut up his shines—and now," said he, slapping the king of Numidia on his back, "and now, you nigger, get me some fire for a cigar." The offended potentate dashed his brawny fist into the stranger's bread-basket with a force that drove him the whole length of the saloon, and brought him np on his beam ends, against the black marble wall of the mansion.

"Look here, boss; do you sanctify your niggers in setch didoes? I don't know the latitude of this place, but I guess by the heat its rayther too far south for you to go the abolition ticket: therefore if the nigger is a free nigger, and any feller here can certify that the nigger can plank up if he's cast, I'm darned if I don't streak it to the Squire's, hot foot, and sue the nigger right out—if I don't I wish I may be skinned."

The parson and the gambler hastened to pick him up, and a whisper from the latter cooled the stranger's wrath.

"Why, deu tell! another majesty, eh?—King o' the niggers! Wae'll, my daddy taught me the vally of that old sayin', "When you're at Rome," you know, and if the darkey's good enough for you, I recking he'll dew for me too. So, let's licker again any how. Look here, mister, hand us that there calabash, will you? it seems full of somethin' good, that's a fact."

Rochester handed him an oval drinking vessel, holding about half a gallon; *it was the skull of the first fratricide!* the most valuable and the most ancient of His Majesty's jewels. This precious cup was curiously carved, and rimmed with gold, embossed with sparkling gems; but in the centre of the bone, a spot of living fire outshone the lustre of the rubies, and told the doom of the first born, and the origin of the infernal power over the sons of the earth.

The stranger lifted the bowl to his lip: it was brimming with glorious Madeira (the *fire wine*), and proposed the following sentiment—"May the present moment be the worst in our lives."

"What news do you bring from the world above us?"

"Wae'll, things are kinder dullish; cotting's down some, and *speeshy* powerful short, now I tell you. But I recking you've a right smart chance of learnin' what's goin' on up stairs, for I squirmed off in setch a plaguy hurry, that I fetched this mornin's penny paper along in my pocket."

"A penny paper!" said Rochester, recollecting "the Public Intelligencer," the first paper published in England, the scheme of his brother courtier, Sir Roger L'Estrange.

"A PENNY PAPER! a newspaper for the people, and sold for a penny!" exclaimed the Inquisitor, looking over the journal.—"The ruinous effect of general education! I foresee a moral revolution, if this matter is allowed to proceed. Had we permitted our believers a knowledge of letters, the holy office would not have continued long in existence. May it please your Majesty to cast your royal eyes this way; I grieve to utter the afflicting tidings—*posterity has invented a penny press*, devoted to the spread of knowledge, advocating the cause of the many, and opposed to the prescriptive rights of our choicest friends.

"We are aware of that matter, Sir Dominican, and I confess that at first, the scheme gave us some uneasiness, as threatening destruction to our interest. But we have taken means to counteract the effect for a while; we have sent our clients into the arena, and placed them at the head of various cheap papers of our own advocacy,—this will somewhat disgust the terrenes with the penny press, and advance our tenets meanwhile. We have been strangely linked with the press from its earliest existence," continued His Majesty, with an infernal smile. "When Faust of Mentz disseminated the discovery, made by Koster of Hærlém, the monks foolishly asserted that the printer had formed a covenant with ourself—that we had instructed him in the art of reduplicating copies. The idiots! they were so irate at the printer's interference with their monopoly of manuscripts, which his invention rendered useless, that they forgot in their wrath that we were not the person likely to assist in the circulation of the unmentionable book,—on the contrary, knowing that each creak of the press weakened our influence with mankind, we have been exceedingly severe with every typographical convict assigned to our charge. Besides, *our* Faust, the metaphysician, was a student at Wittenberg on the Elbe, not a tradesman at Mentz upon the Rhine. And it certainly was a great mistake in our friends, the Monks, to imagine that we were originally *the printers' devil*."

Every body laughed at this infernal joke, as in duty bound; and Lady Hamilton playfully tapped the Satanic cheek.

"Why, this is an American paper," said Rochester, to the stranger. "You are a native of the United States, I suppose?"

"The rael grit, by jinks! I was hatched in Washington county, Varmount, and raised all about the green mountings thereaway."

"Your little place is getting on pretty well, considering, is it not?" said the Inquisitor.

"A leetle place! waell, you dew make short metre of the universal Yankee nation, by goah! I kekilate that the United States is about the tallest kind of country the hull world ever did see, and its agoin to be greater than she ever will see! Why, its first chop! it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to pint out the latitude of eny thing like it in all creation; and I reckon the hull thousands o' books in the old Harvard aint got no ancient history of no place, thats not actilly a mere flea bite to our glorious land of liberty, rale complete."

"Sacilegious brawler," said Cato, "insult not the ashes of past ages! The human eye will not again behold the equal of old Rome!"

"Can your newly built cities vie with the glory of the wondrous Tadmor of the Desert, the splendid Palmyra!" said Zenobia, with a sneer.

"Will their fortifications compete with the walls of Troy? Can their commerce rank with that of Carthage?" enquired Tarpeia, who claimed a descent from Æneas.

"Is Babylon nothing? is Tyre nothing? is Jerusalem nothing?" asked Nebuchadnezzar, indignantly, mixing another jug of punch.

"Have you any thing as pretty as Naples, the city of enchantment?" lisped His Majesty's fair friend,

"Or delicious Paris?" sighed the French lady.

"Or, old Rochester?" said the English earl; "with my bluff castle overhanging the rapid stream of the Medway—a charming bit for an artist, parson, I assure you."

"Waell, I'm darned if we can't accommodate the hull on ye," said the Yankee. "Why, folks, we've got a Rome, and a Palmyra, and a Troy, and a Carthage tew, I guess; and a Babylon, and a Tyre, and a Jerusalem, and a Naples, and a Paris, and a spic-and-span new Rochester, by gauly. You thought to fix my flint by calling out your confounded big names, and I'll be swizzled if Uncle Sam aint got the keownterparts on 'em in one state alone,—York state, tew; now, if we can beat all creation, both old *and* new, with one state only, I'd like to make an innquiry what we can't do with twenty-six on 'em, and three tarryterries 'most as big!"

The guests stared at one another with surprise, but no one ventured to contradict the Yankee.

"Does your land revel in the glad beams of the red sun as potently as the brown fields of Numidia?" enquired Jugurtha.

"Or, has it the advantages of the cool mountain breezes of old Scotia?" said the apostate.

"Or, can it boast of the genial clime of Estremadura?" said the Inquisitor.

"Jist whichever you choose to pick out, folks, now, that's a fact; for there's every kinder sorter climate in Uncle Sam's country, if you only know where to dip for it."

"Hark'ee, my friend," said Apicius, with a denti-scalp delicately poised between the right thumb and forefinger, while with the left arm, he lazily lifted himself up from the couch, "how do you exist in that new world? Have you any thing decent in way of *edulia*? Have you the exquisite woodcock, which some call the *attagena* of Ionia? have you the white-breasted turkey of Phrygia, the *gallus Numidica*? have you the mushroom, or *boletus*, which my friend Nere truly called the relish of the gods? do you send to Ravenna for asparagus? to Anglia for the delicate oyster?"

"Waell, I guess not; we grow the hull biling of those fixins you've named, and what don't grow pretty clever, we mannyfactor."

"Have you the luscious *murcna* or lamprey? the Melian crane, or the Ambracian kid?"

"We've shoals of shad, hull rafts of canvass-back ducks, and no end of tarrapins."

"Do your Senators, as in old Rome, present at their feasts dishes of peacocks' tongues and nightingales' brains? do they quaff the old Falernian wine, cooled in golden vases, with rosebuds floating on the vinous sea, gathering and giving odors rare?"

"Why, our senators go the big figger on fried oysters and whiskey punch. There would soon be a pretty considerable muss of a tea party, if you asked any of our folks to sup off setch a stupid matter as nightingals brains! but for eatin' and drinkin' it happifies me to say that we bang' the bush! Look at our venison, and black-fish, and white-fish, and lobsters, and soft crabs, and grouse, and other game—and what in natur' can ekil our mint julap, which grows spontaneously from Maine to Georgia. I never yet saw the feller that did not like a mint julap. Goah, the tears are streakin' down the corners of my mouth now at the very thought!"

"By the great Bacchus, sire, you must import these necessaries for your friends! or, stay, give me a furlough of a month, and let me visit, in a modern shape, this new imperial world, and revel in the joys of its untasted wonders."

"I too," said Cato, "would roam once more on earth, to observe the manner of these modern tribes,—these chosen sons of liberty, whose rapid progress in the rank of nations excites a universal wonder."

"And I—and I—and I—" resounded through the room.

His Majesty who had been toying with the representative of Hygeia, suddenly rose in his place, and bent a diabolical glance upon all who were sober enough to meet his gaze. "Why do you insult my hospitality by desiring impossible things?"

"What is impossible?" responded the saucy Rochester. "It is now a matter of history that individuals of divers nations have been allowed to quit your dominions, and return to the earth; it matters not whether they came voluntarily or no, the fact is still the same. Here are some three or four of your most intimate and personal friends desire a few days holiday; why should you tyrannically deny them the liberty which you have previously granted to strangers? Come, come, your Majesty, no damned nonsense now! I WANT TO GO, for I'm tired of this eternal infernal stewing at home—and a holiday will do me good."

His Majesty smiled at the impudence of his favorite, and of course the whole party then burst into a roar of laughter. When the cachinnation had subsided, His Infernalness said,—“In olden times, when our dominion was not so extensive as it is now, we were compelled to admit the visitations of various terrenes, to our decided disadvantage. That fellow, Orpheus, made a fool of himself—to be sure, he must originally have been rather soft to think of voluntarily coming to hell in the first place, and for the very stupid purpose of fetching back his wife, in the second place. In the third place he was foolish enough to violate our injunctions, and thence was torn to pieces. We don't mean to say that we regret his death, because he has made a capital leader of our quadrille band ever since—but we mention his case to exhibit the dangers of a passage back from our dominions. Ulysses and Æneas, to be sure, behaved very well, but they brought letters of introduction from my relatives: but Pythagoras, who wished to return for a few years for the purpose of establishing his metempsychosis, told some ungentlemanly tales of various of our boarders of good worldly repute. Then again, our friend Hercules, who is, in fact, our nephew, did not do the civil thing in stealing away our pet dog; if he had not returned Cerberus to his post at our gate, we should have given him a thirteenth labor rather harder than the whole of his other twelve. That fellow, Dante, too, was allowed a peep, promising to write our nation's history; but his book did us an injury by frightening people into the narrow path. It was strange that we never could establish a claim to that old blind friend of yours, Rochester,—that severe scoundrel, Milton, who scribbled so many bitter things about us and our connections. But to your request; if we give permission, we cannot accompany you, for the number of arrivals daily exceeds our present means of disposal. There are, too, some individuals in this party, that we dare not trust out of sight—our friend, the renegade, will excuse us. Erach, and our royal brothers, are too drunk to understand the question;—we cannot spare our reverend friends, nor the faro dealer, for we must have our usual game at whist every evening, and we perceive that Queen Zenobia is the only lady possessing enough curiosity to dare the dangers of the subterranean trip. To her, then, and to our lord of Rochester, to our royal brother Jugurtha, to the Roman philosopher, and his Sybaritish countrymen, we grant a fortnight's furlough, reminding them that if they exceed that time, they will be warmly reprimanded for their deficiency.”

“Look here, boss; I guess your friends don't know the travel of the United States, unless they've got me for a guide, they'll be wracked, stock and fluke—now I'll tote them all about, if you'll just pay my expenses and rig me out in a new suit of clothes.”

His Majesty, seeing that it was the general wish to include the Yankee in the party, gave consent, consigning him to the care of the king of Numidia, who was to be responsible for his reappearance in Hades.

“Ere you retire, the respective characters of modern date, which it is necessary for you to assume, must be appointed, and means provided for your trip. We have several friends in the various banks throughout the States, who will gladly cash our check. Farewell, then, for the night. Tomorrow at noon, we shall personally inspect your departure in Charon's boat for New York, by the wet passage of Hell Gate.”

END OF PART FIRST.

FEBRUARY.

The robin now, by hungry want made bold,
Flies the bare fields of grainless, leafless dearth,
For where fat plenty doth unloose his girth;
The wood-owl hoots from his obscure, lone hold;
The cattle moan and tremble in the fold;
The dog, that crouches on the blazing hearth,
Shivers to hear the bellowing winds' wild mirth;
The snows melt gradually; the rains beat cold,

Yet soften the froze soil for furrowing plough;
The faint, love-breathing voice of young-eyed
Spring
Calls to the Nymphs, who stir in their oaks now
At the first woodlark's wilder carolling;
And Culture prunes the old and youngling trees,
Whether excrecent, rude, or maimed by snow or
breeze.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

BY R. S. ELLIOTT, ESQ., OF HARRISBURG, PA.

No. II.

THE invisible narrator continued. Robustus left Rome with contending feelings in his heart: regret at leaving his Lema behind him, and joy at having an opportunity of adding to his stock of that bauble—military glory—for which men of all ranks, in all ages, have sought with an enthusiasm so intense as to put even that of the Alchymist to shame.

Already our hero was the acknowledged superior of the empire as a gladiator. His recent *chef d'œuvre* had capped the climax of his fame in that science, and no farther laurels could be won in it; like the persevering sailor who has toiled to the topmost point of the mast, he could ascend no higher. But another kind of fame was before him, the green avenues to which were open, inviting him to tread therein, and distinguish himself by a bearing in the field equal to his skill and courage in the arena.

The prospect was indeed dazzling; but as the brilliant visage of Sol himself is not without its spots, so also was the path of Robustus partially clouded. He could not leave Rome without bidding farewell, perhaps for ever, to his beloved Lema. Coarse as was the character of his love for the patrician's daughter, *still love it was*, sprung from the same common source with the more refined passions of more cultivated gallants; and he could not abandon her with indifference any more than he could refuse to leave Rome with impunity, under the circumstances in which he was then placed.

Robustus was attached, in the march into Gaul, to that famous body of Cæsar's troops, the TENTH LEGION, with which he declared himself ready to march against the whole German army of Ariovistus, at a time when exaggerated reports by the Gauls concerning the ferocity and prowess of the German barbarians had stricken a panic to the very heart of the Roman army, and promised almost its dismemberment; which was only dissipated by the bold and decided conduct and impressive eloquence of Cæsar; who, at the head of his troops, marched against the enemy, and after some manœuvres, forced the German prince to come to an action, in which he routed his whole army with terrible slaughter, eighty thousand Germans falling, and Ariovistus himself escaping with great difficulty.

Robustus had been promoted to the post of a centurion in the Tenth Legion, and his good behavior soon won distinction. He bore a conspicuous part in the battle with the Belgians at the Axona, showing great address in his plans for intercepting the march of the enemy when in unfavorable situations. In the tremendous slaughter succeeding that engagement, when the enemy were in full flight, each division towards their own home, the position of Robustus forbade his participating, or he would no doubt have performed his full share of that severe but strictly war-like labor.

The next march of our hero, (says the narrator,) was into the country of the Ambiani, who submitted at once on the approach of the Roman Eagles. But the Nervians, against whom the Roman arms were then turned, submitted not so easily. They were a hardy race, and singular in their habits, allowing no resort of merchants to their cities, nor the importation of wines and other articles tending to promote luxury; so that they were entirely unacquainted with the refinements of the age, but were men of warlike spirit. Expecting the march of the Romans, they had placed all their women and such as were unfit to bear arms, in a place of safety, inaccessible by reason of the marshes that surrounded it; and had been joined by several bands of neighboring tribes. Having posted themselves on the bank of the Lambrus, opposite to the side on which the Romans were approaching, they awaited the issue, with their main force concealed in a wood which crowned the top of the gentle ascent from the river, and a few troops of horse only exposed to view.

The Roman camp was laid on the other side of the river, on ground similar to that occupied by the Nervians and their allies. But before the camp was properly occupied or the fortifications prepared, the enemy, encouraged by the reports of some spies, marched to the attack. Then Cæsar displayed the qualities of an able general in a manner sufficient, if he had never fought another battle, to embalm his name in the hearts of his people. Consummate ability was necessary, all the parts of a general being thrown on his hands at once: to erect the standard, which was the signal to fly to arms; to proclaim the battle by the sound of trumpet; to draw off the soldiers from the works; to recall those sent on various errands; to encourage his men and give the word of onset. These duties were performed as only a Cæsar could have performed them.

Running to encourage his men, the Roman general fell in with the Tenth Legion. Exhorting them to exert their wonted bravery, and sustain the assault as became Roman soldiers, he gave the signal to engage. So great was the impetuosity of the Nervians, however, that much confusion prevailed among their invaders, and many soldiers had not time even to put on their armor. The Ninth and Tenth Legions of the Romans were particularly distinguished in the action, and their

determined resistance to the enemy and bravery in returning their attacks, had much influence in turning the fortune of the day. Having driven back the Atrebatians, (the division with which it was their fortune to engage,) they slew great numbers as they attempted to cross the river, and even when the remnant, having reached a place of comparative advantage, attempted resistance, they were again obliged to fly.

Other parts of the field were more hotly contested, and the conflict lasted several hours; but at length the victory was completely gained by the undaunted and persevering valor of the Romans—among whom none had shown more bravery and address than Robustus, who, as mankind pay more veneration at all times to those who are famous for destroying their race than to the benefactors of it, was admirably calculated to be an idol, especially among those who were his companions in turmoil and slaughter. A circumstance occurred during the fight, which, coming to Cæsar's ears, brought our hero at once into the notice of his general. There was in the same legion with Robustus a man named Varenus,* who thirsted to measure himself in war-like conduct with our hero, as Lucullus had to meet him in the arena. He and Robustus were perpetually disputing with one another the pre-eminence in courage. In the heat of the battle, Varenus said to Robustus, "what hinders you now, or what more glorious opportunity would you desire of signalizing your bravery? This, this is the day for deciding the controversy between us." At these words, he rushed amidst the thickest of the Gauls; nor did Robustus decline the challenge; but thinking his honor at stake, followed at some distance. Varenus darted his javelin at the enemy, and transfixing a Gaul who was coming forward to engage him, and who falling dead, the multitude advanced to cover him with their shields, and all poured their darts on Varenus, giving him no time to retire. A javelin pierced his shield and stuck fast in his belt. This accident entangling his right hand, prevented his drawing his sword, and gave the enemy time to surround him. But Robustus flew to his assistance, when immediately the Gauls, quitting Varenus, fancying the dart had despatched him, all turned on Robustus. He met them with his sword drawn, charged them hand to hand, and having laid one dead at his feet, drove the rest back; but, pursuing with too much eagerness, stepped into a hole, and fell down. Varenus in his turn hastened to extricate him, and both together, after having slain a multitude of Gauls, received the applause of their legion at the close of the battle.

That evening Cæsar was in his tent, surrounded by his most trusty followers. It was then he first put on the cloak he wore when Brutus' dagger pierced his heart, "even at the base of Pompey's statue," as the Avon bard has it; the cloak of which Mark Antony said in his lamentation:—

You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii.

If ever Cæsar's heart throbb'd with that love a military commander feels for his followers, it was on this occasion. Never had men borne themselves with more fortitude, courage, and energy. The Ninth and Tenth Legions particularly had attracted his attention, and he had listened with pleasure to the relation of the rivalry of Robustus and Varenus. Ordering them both to his presence:

"Friends," said he, "it is by rewarding merit that your general seeks to attach his men to their duty. I have not been displeas'd to hear of your dispute and exceedingly noble bearing. You shall feel my confidence. You, Varenus, shall have a post near my person; and you, Robustus, I commission to bear this packet to the senate at Rome!"

Never were two individuals better pleas'd with their fortune. Robustus was delighted with the prospect of again, perhaps, meeting his Lema; and Varenus had arriv'd at the summit of his ambition.

Receiving the charge with a profound reverence, Robustus prepar'd to set out on his journey; but those who witness'd the smile with which Cæsar reach'd him the packet, might have seen in it an expression of supreme contempt for the body to which, with the dissimulation of corrupt ambition, he address'd a friendly letter, apprising them of the success of the Roman arms.

To say that Robustus flew on the wings of love would be to use a most common expression; but what other will convey an idea of the haste with which he bore the general's despatch to Rome? We cannot compare his transit to that of the whistling locomotive; for they had none of those engines in that day and generation. Suffice it to say, that the time occupied by the lover, (for as such we must now consider him,) bore about the same proportion to that usually taken for the journey, as the famous letter of Cæsar some years after—"Veni, vidi, vici"—did to the usual length of a military bulletin. Arriv'd at Rome, the commission of his general was at once executed, when the attention of Robustus was turn'd to a meeting with Lema.

The garden of the wealthy and proud patrician was reach'd soon after the shades of evening had descend'd to wrap their sable folds around the last gleams of daylight, and enshroud them in the pall of a counterfeit of death, until Aurora should come tripping from the east again to set them at liberty.

* This anecdote is authentic, but the circumstances occurred at a subsequent battle. The parties were T. Pulvio and L. Varenus.

Robustus stood by the wall, and his heart, which had never changed a throb in the death scenes of the arena or the *mêlée* of the several battles, or even in the still more unnerving presence of his general, almost misgave him. But to retreat were misery, and with a leap like that of the young steed, when he first plays on the green sward of spring, he cleared the wall, and in a stride or two reached the summer-house well known as the favorite resort of Lema. A female form reclined pensively in the arbor, gazing listlessly out at a sparkling fountain whose silver-drops, cast from the beaks of a hundred birds, and the mouths of a hundred serpents and a hundred fishes, sculptured of the finest marble, danced a perpetual holiday of mirth, and were now rendered beautifully transparent by the rays of Luna which fell upon them from the eastern sky, in the calm and stillness of an Italian night.

A rustling in the shrubbery disturbed the thoughtful maid, and, looking round, she espied the intruder. Her first impulse was to scream for assistance, but ere she could articulate a word she knew her lover, and the next moment was in his arms. Soon his story was told; but hope seemed to be as far from them as ever; and after lingering long, perhaps longer than was prudent, they separated, with an understanding that the next night should witness another meeting, but without having formed any plan of consummating their wishes.

But that second meeting never took place, as the lovers had arranged. As Robustus leaped from the garden, the slave who was closing the great gate discovered him, and gave pursuit, in which Robustus was soon overtaken by the superior swiftness of his more agile pursuer. Little did the slave gain by the chase, however, as one blow of Robustus' hand felled him to the earth; but ere he could resume his flight a band of several slaves arrived, and by their numbers overpowering him, conveyed him to the luxurious residence of the patrician.

With an unruffled countenance and unstricken heart the warrior-lover was dragged before the stern father of his lady-love. The patrician was seated on a rich cushion of velvet and gold, dressed in robes that royalty itself might have worn without derogating from its dignity; but he knew not who was the prisoner before him, nor how deep the wounds the act of his punishment would inflict on the heart of his daughter.

"Minion," said Stephano Reuddi, "how camest thou in my garden? How darest thou to tread that forbidden ground?"

"I scorn a falsehood," said the prisoner; "and thou shalt know the truth, proud man; be assured, then, that I am the most perfect gladiator in Rome, and the chosen and trusty messenger of Cæsar!"

"What, Robustus?"

"The same—the lover of thy daughter!"

Darker and darker was the frown that lowered on the brow of the patrician, and sat there as a brooding owl perches on some rough rock that overhangs the mountain's side.

"Did'st thou dare, slave, to meet my daughter in the garden?"

"The heart of a true lover will brave any danger to meet the object of its chaste and holy regard."

"Bind him, menials!" exclaimed Reuddi, in a towering storm of rage—"bind him, and to the dungeon instantly."

"Back, back," said Robustus—"approach at your peril!"

But what could one single and unarmed man do against the odds of the horde of slaves who were now armed to take charge of him? He was powerless, and the domestic lictors were surrounding his symmetrical and muscular limbs with cords, when a sudden change came over the scene.

Seizing a weapon, Robustus violently struggled to regain his liberty. One of the slaves he killed instantly; but the rest, simultaneously drawing their weapons, rushed on him at once, and he was borne to the feet of the patrician, when a sword pierced his light tunic, and penetrating his body, opened a huge passage for the escape of the vital spirit. The blood flowed freely, and Robustus was near his last breath, when the door of the apartment burst open, and Lema rushed in!

Pale were her features, and agonized their expression, but a peculiar fire lighted up her dark, expressive eyes. She stood a moment at the entrance to contemplate the scene, as if she could scarcely realize its horror, when gazing on her father and then on the half-bound and dying lover, the full and dread reality crowded on her mind. But she fainted not, as at the arena. The superabundance of horror nerved her heart, and casting a withering look at the patrician, she sprang, with the bound of the tigress in defence of her young, to the body of Robustus.

The father was horror-stricken and speechless, and would gladly have called back to life the dying man before him.

Robustus knew that his love hung over him, and a faint smile illumined his features as he drew his last breath, with his breast leaning on her own. A shriek from the lips of Lema, when she knew the warrior's heart was still, rang through the palace of the patrician. But her light was gone out, and the world was dark—too dark for her longer to remain in it, the victim of a proud and tyrannical father; and ere the slaves could interfere, she had grasped the sword which had put to death her lover, and plunged it to the heart on which his image was indelibly impressed!

So ended the tragical history of Robustus and Lema, and the narrator was again, according to the very true theory of the *Metempsychosis*, left to wander in search of a bosom in which to instal itself. The farther narration of its adventures is deferred to another number.

FABLES IN RHYME.

FROM THE POLISH OF ARCHBISHOP KRASICKI!

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

THE TALLOW-CANDLE AND THE TORCH.

A TALLOW-CANDLE and a torch
Both in a narrow place
Were lighted, when the first began
To speak, with fancied grace.
"Fear not the dark, my glimmering brother,
My light shall all the darkness smother."

"Fool!" said the torch, "and thinkest thou
That all the world are blind
That thy pretensions will deceive
A sensible mankind?
Or that they do no difference know,
'Twixt my bright light, and thy faint glow!"

THE FOOL AND THE SAGE.

A fool one day a wise man asked
What good there was in learning,
If it improved one's happiness
And aught diminished mourning;
E'er mended coats, or broiled a goose;
In short, what was its aim or use?

At first the sage refused to speak,
But for a long time pressed,
In angry words, yet courteous tones
This answer apt expressed:
"It becomes us, this its chieftest rule,
To give no answer to a fool!"

THE TORTOISE AND THE MOUSE.

A tortoise crawling o'er the plain,
Bearing her shelly house,
Met, 'fore she long had travelled,
A fat and pompous mouse,
Who said "I pity one past telling,
Who hath to carry such a dwelling."

"Reserve your pity, pray my friend,"
The tortoise calm replied,
"And hie you to the palaces
Of man, to bloat your pride;
Though mine is formed of clumsy bone,
And is not handsome—'tis my own."

THE HAUGHTY RAT.

Upon the altar, during mass,
One Sabbath morn there sat,
Surrounded by admiring friends,
A consequential rat.
"For me," said he, "the incense floats,
And peal yon swelling organ-notes."

E'en as he spoke, the incense-cloud,
Borne by the summer-breeze,
Came curling o'er the altar-top,
And made his rat-ship sneeze.
Hearing the sound, a wary cat
Leaped up—adieu! my haughty rat!

THE CAT AND HOUND.

A pussy who in corner sat,
Devouring dainty mice,
Was by a mighty stag-hound asked,
Why lived she not more nice?
Said he, "I eat no mice-like gear,
But seize and slay the stately deer."

The cat replied with modest look,
"I grant my mice are small,
But please my friend to recollect,
That I consume them all;
Preferring for myself a mouse,
To better for my master's house."

SHAKSPEARE'S JEST BOOK.

We have in our possession a singular "lytel buke," of great rarity and value, originally published in the time of King Henry the Eighth, entitled

¶ *Tales, and quicke answers, very merry, and pleasant to rede.*

The only known copy of the original edition is now in the collection of the Marquis of Blandford, who obtained it at the dispersion of the celebrated Roxburghe Club of bibliographers. One modern edition, and that a limited one, was printed in the year 1814, not for public circulation, but merely as a literary curiosity. The editor of this edition, which bore the name we have prefixed to our article, affirms that the work in question was generally known in Shakspeare's time, under the title of "The Hundred Merry Tales;" in reference to the number of stories and jests which it originally contained. He also contends, and with great plausibility, that this little volume is the one from which Benedick, in "Much Ado about Nothing," accused Beatrice of stealing all her "good wit." The analysts of the text of our bard, the paltry minds who arrogated the office of explainers and annotators of the master spirit, affirm that Shakspeare meant Boccaccio's "Decameron," or "Les Cent Nouvelles," when he alluded to the "Hundred Merry Tales."

"They are not sources from whence the lively Beatrice could have derived her sarcastic quips and lively repartees, as they consist principally in amorous stories; many of them, in the latter, terminating tragically. Neither does it appear that either of these works appeared sufficiently early in an English dress. Shakspeare would of course refer to a book of jests then in the hands of every one; and it must be confessed that the present collection was a more probable source for Beatrice to obtain her 'quips and cranks' than either the 'Cent Nouvelles' or the 'Decameron.'"

It is curious that this little volume should have escaped the diligence of the many editors who have presumed to give the world their opinions of the text of Shakspeare—it is a wonderful evidence of its rarity.

In looking through its pages we recognise many an old acquaintance, the originals of various farces and excellent stories, generally reputed as the work of well-known authors. We shall content ourself with copying a few of the "Merye Tales," in the present number of our Magazine, in way of sample, promising to refer again to this pleasant bit of antiquity. Excepting the substitution of the Roman character for the old black letter, we shall present a fac-simile of the quaint language, faulty construction, and mis-spelling of this curious and unique collection of jests, which professes to have been

✻ Printed at London in Fleet Strete in the house of Thomas Berthelet nere to the Cundite, at the sygne of Rucere. ¶ Cum privilegio.

The reader, unaccustomed to antique orthography, will observe that the letters U and V are indifferently used in each other's places; and that y generally fills the place of i, which letter in its turn frequently displaces the simple consonant j.—

¶ *Of mayster Vauasour and Turpin his man.*

¶ **M**AISTER Vauasour sometyme a iudge of Englande hadde a seruauent with hym called Turpin: whiche had done hym seruyce many yeres, wherfore he came vnto his mayster on a tyme, and sayde to hym on this wyse: Syr I haue done you seruice longe, wherfore I pray you gyue me somewhat to helpe me in myn old age. Turpin, quod he, thou sayst trouthe, and hereon I haue thought many a tyme: I wyll tell the, what thou shalt do. Nowe shortly I must ride vp to London, and if thou wilt beare my costes thether: I wyll surely gyne the suche a thing, that shall be worth to the an hundred pounce. I am contente, quod Turpin. So all the waye as he rode Turpin payd his costes, tyll they came to theyr last lodginge: and there after souper he cam to his mayster and sayde: Sir I haue born your costes hitherto, as ye badde me: nowe I pray you let me se, what thyng hit is, that shulde be worthe an hundred pounce to me. Dyd I promise the suche a thinge, quod his maister? ye forsoth, quod Turpin. Shewe me thy wrythinge, quod maister Vauasour. I haue none, sayde Turpin. Than thou arte lyke to haue nothinge sayde his maister. And lerne this at me: whan so euer thou makest a bargayne with a man, loke that thou take a sure wrytyngs, and be well ware howe thou makest a wrytyng to any man. This poynte hath vayed me an hundred pounce in my dayes: and so hit may the. Whan Turpin sawe there was none other remedy, he helde him selfe contente. On the morowe Turpin taryed a lytelle behynde his mayster to reken with the hostes, where they laye: and of her he borrowed so moche money on his maysters skarlet cloke, as drew to all the costes that they spent by the waye. Mayster Vauasour had nat

ryden past ii. myle but that it began to rayne: wherfore he callede for his cloke: his other seruauntes saide, Turpin was behinde and had hit with him. So they houedde* vnder a tre tyll Turpin over toke them. When he was come mayster Vauasour all angerly sayde: Thou knaue, why comest thou nat awcye with my cloke. Syr and please you, quod Turpin, I haue layde hit to gage for your costes al the waye. why knaue, quod his mayster, diddiste thou nat promyse to beare my charges to London. Dyd I quod Turpin? ye, quod his mayster that thou diddest. Let se, shew me your wrytinge therof quod Turpin. wherto his mayster I thinke answered but lytell.

¶ *Of the fryer that brayde in his sermon.*

¶ A FRYER that preached to the people on a tyme, wold otherwhyle crie out a loude (as the maner of some fooles is) whiche brayenge dyd so moue a woman that stode herynge his sermone, that she wepte. He parceyuyng that, thought in his mynde her conscience being prycked with his wordes, had caused her to wepe. wherfore whan his sermon was done, he called the woman to hym, and asked what was the cause of her wepyng, and whether his wordes moued her to wepe or nat. Forsooth mayster (sayde she) I am a poure wydowe: and whan myne husbunde dyed, he lefte me but one asse, whiche gotte parte of my lyuyng, the which asse the wolues haue slayne: and nowe when I hard your hyghe voyce, I remembered my asse, for so he was wonte to braye bothe nyghte and daye. And this good mayster caused me to wepe. Thus the lewde brayer, rather than preacher, confuted with his folysshenes, wente his waye: which thinkyng for his brayenge lyke an asse to be reputed for the beste preacher, deserued well to here hym selfe to be compared to an asse.

* For truely one to suppose hym selfe wyse
Is vnto folysshenes the very fyrste gryce.†

¶ *Of hym that profered his daughter in mariage.*

¶ THERE was a man vpon a tyme, whiche profered his daughter to a yonge man in mariage, the which yonge manne refuse her, sayenge, that she was to yonge to be maryed. I wys, quod her foolyshe father she is more able than ye wene. For she hath borne iii. children by our parys she clerke.

Lo by this tale ye se, that foles can nat telle what and whan to speake, therefore it were best for them to kepe always silence.

The next selection will remind the reader of Caleb Balderstone's manœuvres, in "the Bride of Lammermuir." It is not saying too much, when we surmise that Sir Walter, a member of the Roxburge club, had seen the little book before us, and borrowed the incident "for the nonce."

¶ *Howe a chaplain of Louen deceyued an vsurer.*

¶ IN the towne of Louen was a chaplayne called Antonye, of whose merye sayenges and doynges is moche talkyng. As he mette on a daye one or two of his acqueyntaunce, he desyred them home with him to dyner: but meate had he none, nor money. There was no remedy, but to make a shefte. Forth he goth, and in to an vsurers kytchynne, with whome he was famylier: and priuelye vnder his gowne he caryed oute the potte with meate, that was sod for the vsurers dyner. whan he came home, he putte oute the meate, and made the pot to be scoured bryght, and sente a boye with the same pot to the vsurer to borowe ij. grottes theron: and bade the boye take a byll of his hande, that suche a brasse potte he deluyered hym. The boye did as he was hydde: and with the money that he hadde of the vsurer, he bought wine for theyr dyner. whan the vsurer should go to dyner, the potte and meate was gone, wherfore he all to chydde his mayde. She said there came no bodye of all the daye, but syr Antony. They asked him: and he sayde he hed none. At length they sayde in erneste, he and no man els had the pot. By my fayth (quod he) I borrowed suche a potte vpon a tyme, but I sente hit home agayne: and so called witnes to them, and sayde: Lo howe peryllous it is to deale with men nowe dayes withoute wrytyng: They wolde lay thefte to my charge, and if I had no wrythinge of the vsurers hande. And so he shewed oute the wrytinge. And whan they vnderstode the disceyte. there was good laughyng.

¶ *Of Demosthenes and Phocion.*

¶ DEMOSTHENES sayde to Phocion: If the Atheniens falle ones in a madnes, they woll slee the. To whom he answered: ye surely, if they waxe madde they woll slee me, but an they waxe ones wyse, they woll slee the. For Demosthenes spake moche to the peoples pleasure, and spake thynges rather deliytable than holsome.

* Houedde, hovered, flocked.

† Gryce, step.

THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS RODMAN.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PASSAGE ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF NORTH AMERICA EVER ACHIEVED BY CIVILIZED MAN.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the death of my father, and both sisters, I took no farther interest in our plantation at the Point, and sold it, at a complete sacrifice, to M. Junôt. I had often thought of trapping up the Missouri, and resolved now to go on an expedition up that river, and try to procure peltries, which I was sure of being able to sell at *Petite Côte* to the private agents of the Northwest Fur Company. I believed that much more property might be acquired in this way, with a little enterprise and courage, than I could make by any other means. I had always been fond, too, of hunting and trapping, although I had never made a business of either, and I had a great desire to explore some portion of our western country, about which Pierre Junôt had often spoken to me. He was the eldest son of the neighbor who bought me out, and was a man of strange manners and somewhat eccentric turn of mind, but still one of the best-hearted fellows in the world, and certainly as courageous a man as ever drew breath, although of no great bodily strength. He was of Canadian descent, and having gone, once or twice, on short excursions for the Fur Company, in which he had acted as *voyageur*, was fond of calling himself one, and of talking about his trips. My father had been very fond of Pierre, and I thought a good deal of him myself; he was a great favorite, too, with my younger sister, Jane, and I believe they would have been married had it been God's will to have spared her.

When Pierre discovered that I had not entirely made up my mind what course to pursue after my father's death, he urged me to fit out a small expedition for the river, in which he would accompany me; and he had no difficulty in bringing me over to his wishes. We agreed to push up the Missouri as long as we found it possible, hunting and trapping as we went, and not to return until we had secured as many peltries as would be a fortune for us both. His father made no objection, and gave him about three hundred dollars; when we proceeded to *Petite Côte* for the purpose of getting our equipments, and raising as many men as we could for the voyage.

*Petite Côte** is a small place on the north bank of the Missouri, about twenty miles from its junction with the Mississippi. It lies at the foot of a range of low hills, and upon a sort of ledge, high enough above the river to be out of reach of the June freshets. There are not more than five or six houses, and these of wood, in the upper part of the place; but, nearer to the east, there is a chapel and twelve or fifteen good dwellings, running parallel with the river. There are about a hundred inhabitants, mostly Creoles of Canadian descent. They are extremely indolent, and make no attempt at cultivating the country around them, which is a rich soil; except now and then when a little is done in the way of gardening. They live principally by hunting, and trading with the Indians for peltries, which they sell again to the North-West Company's agents. We expected to meet with no difficulty here in getting recruits for our journey, or equipments, but were disappointed in both particulars; for the place was too poor in every respect to furnish all that we wanted, so as to render our voyage safe and efficient.

We designed to pass through the heart of a country infested with Indian tribes, of whom we knew nothing except by vague report, and whom we had every reason to believe ferocious and treacherous. It was therefore particularly necessary that we should go well provided with arms and ammunition, as well as in some force as regards numbers; and if our voyage was to be a source of profit, we must take with us canoes of sufficient capacity to bring home what peltries we might collect. It was the middle of March when we first reached *Petite Côte*, and we did not succeed in getting ready until the last of May. We had to send twice down the river to the Point for men and supplies, and neither could be obtained except at great cost. We should have failed at last in getting many things absolutely requisite, if it had not so happened that Pierre met with a party on its return from a trip up the Mississippi, and engaged six of its best men, besides a canoe or piroque; purchasing, at the same time, most of the surplus stores and ammunition.

This seasonable aid enabled us to get fairly ready for the voyage before the first of June. On the third of this month (1791) we bid adieu to our friends at *Petite Côte*, and started on our expedition. Our party consisted in all of fifteen persons. Of these, five were Canadians from *Petite Côte*, and had all been on short excursions up the river. They were good boatmen, and excellent companions, as far as singing French songs went, and drinking, at which they were pre-eminent; although, in truth, it was a rare thing to see any of them so far the worse for liquor, as to be incapable of attending to duty. They were always in a good humor, and always ready to work; but as hunters I did not think them worth much, and as fighting men I soon discovered they were not to be depended

* Now St. Charles—Eds. G. M.

upon. There were two of these five Canadians who engaged to act as interpreters for the first five or six hundred miles up the river (should we proceed so far) and then we hoped to procure an Indian occasionally to interpret, should it be necessary; but we had resolved to avoid, as far as possible, any meetings with the Indians, and rather to trap ourselves, than run the great risk of trading, with so small a party as we numbered. It was our policy to proceed with the greatest caution, and expose ourselves to notice only when we could not avoid it.

The six men whom Pierre had engaged from aboard the return Mississippi boat were as different a set from the Canadians as could well be imagined. Five of them were brothers, by the name of Greely (John, Robert, Meredith, Frank, and Poindexter) and bolder or finer looking persons it would have been difficult to find. John Greely was the eldest and stoutest of the five, and had the reputation of being the strongest man, as well as best shot in Kentucky—from which State they all came. He was full six feet in height, and of most extraordinary breadth across the shoulders, with large strongly-knit limbs. Like most men of great physical strength, he was exceedingly good-tempered, and on this account was greatly beloved by us all. The other four brothers were all strong well-built men, too, although not to be compared with John. Poindexter was as tall, but very gaunt, and of a singularly fierce appearance; but, like his elder brother, he was of peaceable demeanor. All of them were experienced hunters and capital shots. They had gladly accepted Pierre's offer to go with us, and we made an arrangement with them which ensured them an equal share with Pierre and myself in the profits of the enterprise—that is to say, we divided the proceeds into three parts; one of which was to be mine, one Pierre's, and one shared among the five brothers.

The sixth man whom we enlisted from the return boat was, also, a good recruit. His name was Alexander Wormley, a Virginian, and a very strange character. He had originally been a preacher of the gospel, and had afterwards fancied himself a prophet, going about the country with a long beard and hair, and in his bare feet, haranguing every one he met. This hallucination was now diverted into another channel, and he thought of nothing else than of finding gold mines in some of the fastnesses of the country. Upon this subject he was as entirely mad as any man could well be; but upon all others was remarkably sensible and even acute. He was a good boatman and a good hunter, and as brave a fellow as ever stepped, besides being of great bodily strength and swiftness of foot. I counted much upon this recruit, on account of his enthusiastic character, and in the end I was not deceived, as will appear.

Our other two recruits were a negro belonging to Pierre Junôt, named Toby, and a stranger whom we had picked up in the woods near Mills' Point, and who joined our expedition upon the instant as soon as we mentioned our design. His name was Andrew Thornton, also a Virginian, and I believe of excellent family, belonging to the Thorntons of the northern part of the State. He had been from Virginia about three years; during the whole of which time he had been rambling about the western country, with no other companion than a large dog of the Newfoundland species. He had collected no peltries, and did not seem to have any object in view, more than the gratification of a roving and adventurous propensity. He frequently amused us, when sitting around our camp fires at night, with the relation of his adventures and hardships in the wilderness—recounting them with a strait-forward earnestness which left us no room to doubt their truth; although indeed, many of them had a marvellous air. Experience afterwards taught us that the dangers and difficulties of the solitary hunter can scarcely be exaggerated, and that the real task is to depict them to the hearer in sufficiently distinct colors. I took a great liking to Thornton, from the first hour in which I saw him.

I have only said a few words respecting Toby; but he was not the least important personage of our party. He had been in old M. Junôt's family for a great number of years, and had proved himself a faithful negro. He was rather too old to accompany such an expedition as ours; but Pierre was not willing to leave him. He was an able-bodied man, however, and still capable of enduring great fatigue. Pierre himself was probably the feeblest of our whole company, as regards bodily strength, but he possessed great sagacity, and a courage which nothing could daunt. His manners were sometimes extravagant and boisterous, which led him to get into frequent quarrels, and had once or twice seriously endangered the success of our expedition; but he was a true friend, and in that one point I considered him invaluable.

I have now given a brief account of all our party, as it was when we left *Petite Côte*.^{*} To carry ourselves and accoutrements, as well as to bring home what peltries might be obtained, we had two large boats. The smallest of these was a piroque made of birch bark, sewed together with the fibres of the roots of the spruce tree, the seams payed with pine resin, and the whole so light that six men could carry it with ease. It was twenty feet long, and could be rowed with from four to twelve oars;

^{*} Mr. Rodman has not given any description of himself; and the account of his party is by no means complete without a portrait of its leader. "He was about twenty-five years of age," says Mr. James Rodman in a memorandum now before us, "when he started up the river. He was a remarkably vigorous and active man, but short in stature, not being more than five feet three or four inches high—strongly built, with legs somewhat bowed. His physiognomy was of a Jewish cast, his lips thin, and his complexion saturnine."—Eds. G. M.

drawing about eighteen inches water when loaded to the gunwale, and, when empty, not more than ten. The other was a keel-boat which we had made at *Petite Côte* (the canoe having been purchased by Pierre from the Mississippi party.) It was thirty feet long, and, when loaded to the gunwale, drew two feet water. It had a deck for twenty feet of its length forward, forming a cuddy-cabin, with a strong door, and of sufficient dimensions to contain our whole party with close crowding, as the boat was very broad. This part of it was bullet-proof, being wadded with oakum between two coatings of oak-plank; and in several positions we had small holes bored, through which we could have fired upon an enemy in case of attack, as well as observe their movements; these holes, at the same time, gave us air and light, when we closed the door; and we had secure plugs to fit them when necessary. The remaining ten feet of the length was open, and here we could use as many as six oars—but our main dependance was upon poles which we employed by walking along the deck. We had also a short mast, easily shipped and unshipped, which was stepped about seven feet from the bow, and upon which we set a large square sail when the wind was fair, taking in mast and all when it was ahead.

In a division made in the bow, under deck, we deposited ten kegs of good powder, and as much lead as we considered proportionate, one tenth ready moulded in rifle bullets. We had also stowed away here, a small brass cannon and carriage, dismounted and taken to pieces, so as to lie in little compass, thinking that such a means of defence might possibly come into play at some period of our expedition. This cannon was one of three which had been brought down the Missouri by the Spaniards two years previously, and lost overboard from a piroque, some miles above *Petite Côte*. A sand-bar had so far altered the channel at the place where the canoe capsized, that an Indian discovered one of the guns, and procured assistance to carry it down to the settlement, where he sold it for a gallon of whiskey. The people at *Petite Côte* then went up and procured the other two. They were very small guns, but of good metal, and beautiful workmanship, being carved and ornamented with serpents like some of the French field pieces. Fifty iron balls were found with the guns, and these we procured. I mention the way in which we obtained this cannon, because it performed an important part in some of our operations, as will be found hereafter. Besides it, we had fifteen spare rifles, boxed up, and deposited forward with the other heavy goods. We put the weight here, to sink our bows well in the water, which is the best method, on account of the snags and sawyers in the river.

In the way of other arms we were sufficiently provided; each man having a stout hatchet, and knife, besides his ordinary rifle and ammunition. Each boat was provided with a camp kettle, three large axes, a towing-line, two oil-cloths to cover the goods when necessary, and two large sponges for bailing. The piroque had also a small mast and sail, (which I omitted to mention,) and carried a quantity of gum, birch-bark and watape, to make repairs with. She, also, had in charge all the Indian goods which we had thought necessary to bring with us, and which we purchased from the Mississippi boat. It was not our design to trade with the Indians; but these goods were offered us at a low rate, and we thought it better to take them, as they might prove of service. They consisted of silk and cotton handkerchiefs; thread, lines and twine; hats, shoes, and hose; small cutlery and ironmongery; calicoes and printed cottons; Manchester goods; twist and carrot tobacco; milled blankets; and glass toys, beads, etc., etc. All these were done up in small packages, three of which were a man's load. The provisions were also put up so as to be easily handled; and a part was deposited in each boat. We had, altogether, two hundred weight of pork, six hundred weight of buisicuit, and six hundred weight of pemmican. This we had made at *Petite Côte*, by the Canadians, who told us that it was used by the Northwest Fur Company in all their long voyages, when it is feared that game may not prove abundant. It is manufactured in a singular manner. The lean parts of the flesh of the larger animals is cut into thin slices, and placed on a wooden grate over a slow fire, or exposed to the sun, (as ours was) or sometimes to the frost. When it is sufficiently dried in this way, it is pounded between two heavy stones, and will then keep for years. If, however, much of it is kept together, it ferments upon the breaking up of the frost in the spring, and, if not well exposed to the air, soon decays. The inside fat, with that of the rump, is melted down and mixed, in a boiling state, with the pounded meat, half and half; it is then squeezed into bags, and is ready to eat without any farther cooking, being very palatable without salt, or vegetables. The best pemmican is made with the addition of marrow and dried berries, and is a capital article of food.* Our whiskey was in carboys, of five gallons each, and we had twenty of these, a hundred gallons in all.

* The *pemmican* here described by Mr. Rodman is altogether new to us, and is very different from that with which our readers have no doubt been familiarised in the journals of Parry, Ross, Back, and other northern voyagers. This, if we remember, was prepared by long continued boiling of the lean meat (carefully excluding fat) until the soup was reduced to a very small proportion of its original bulk, and assumed a pulpy consistency. To this residue, many spices and much salt were added, and great nutriment was supposed to be contained in little bulk. The positive experience of an American surgeon, however, who had an opportunity of witnessing, and experimenting upon, the digestive process through an open wound in the stomach of a patient, has demonstrated that *bulk* is, in itself, an essential in this process, and that consequently the condensation of the nutritive property of food, involves, in a great measure, a paradox.—Ens. G. M.

When every thing was well on board, with our whole company, including Thornton's cog, we found that there was but little room to spare, except in the big cabin, which we wished to preserve free of goods, as a sleeping place in bad weather; we had nothing in here except arms and ammunition, with some beaver-traps and a carpet of bear-skins. Our crowded state suggested an expedient which ought to have been adopted at all events; that of detaching four hunters from the party, to course along the river banks, and keep us in game, as well as to act in capacity of scouts, to warn us of the approach of Indians. With this object we procured two good horses, giving one of them in charge of Robert and Meredith Greely, who were to keep upon the south bank; and the other in charge of Frank and Poindexter (Greely) who were to course along the north side. By means of the horses they could bring in what game was shot.

This arrangement relieved our boats very considerably, lessening our number to eleven. In the small boat were two of the men from *Petite Côte*, with Toby and Pierre Junôt. In the large one were the Prophet (as we called him) or Alexander Wormley, John Greely, Andrew Thornton, three of the *Petite Côte* men, and myself, with Thornton's dog.

Our mode of proceeding was sometimes with oars, but not generally; we most frequently pulled ourselves along by the limbs of trees on shore; or, where the ground permitted it, we used a tow-line, which is the easiest way; some of us being on shore to haul, while some remained on board, to set the boat off shore with poles. Very often we poled altogether. In this method, (which is a good one when the bottom is not too muddy, or full of quicksands, and when the depth of water is not too great) the Canadians are very expert, as well as at rowing. They use long, stiff, and light poles, pointed with iron; with these they proceed to the bow of the boat, an equal number of men at each side; the face is then turned to the stern, and the pole inserted in the river, reaching the bottom; a firm hold being thus taken, the boatmen apply the heads of the poles to the shoulder, which is protected by a cushion, and, pushing in this manner, while they walk along the gunwale, the boat is urged forward with great force. There is no necessity for any steersman, while using the pole; for the poles direct the vessel with wonderful accuracy.

In these various modes of getting along, now and then varied with the necessity of wading, and dragging our vessels by hand, in rapid currents, or through shallow water, we commenced our eventful voyage up the Missouri river. The skins which were considered as the leading objects of the expedition were to be obtained, principally, by hunting and trapping, as privately as possible, and without direct trade with the Indians, whom we had long learned to know as, in the main, a treacherous race, not to be dealt with safely in so small a party as ours. The furs usually collected by previous adventurers upon our contemplated route, included beaver, otter, marten, lynx, mink, musquah, bear, fox, kit-fox, wolverine, racoon, fisher, wolf, buffalo, deer, and elk; but we proposed to confine ourselves to the more costly kinds.

The morning on which we set out from *Petite Côte* was one of the most inspiring, and delicious; and nothing could exceed the hilarity of our whole party. The summer had hardly yet commenced, and the wind, which blew a strong breeze against us, at first starting, had all the voluptuous softness of spring. The sun shone clearly, but with no great heat. The ice had disappeared from the river, and the current, which was pretty full, concealed all those marshy, and ragged alluvia which disfigure the borders of the Missouri at low water. It had now the most majestic appearance, washing up among the willows and cotton-wood on one side, and rushing, with a bold volume, by the sharp cliffs on the other. As I looked up the stream (which here stretched away to the westward, until the waters apparently met the sky in the great distance) and reflected on the immensity of territory through which those waters had probably passed, a territory as yet altogether unknown to white people, and perhaps abounding in the magnificent works of God, I felt an excitement of soul such as I had never before experienced, and secretly resolved that it should be no slight obstacle which should prevent my pushing up this noble river farther than any previous adventurer had done. At that moment I seemed possessed of an energy more than human; and my animal spirits rose to so high a degree that I could with difficulty content myself in the narrow limits of the boat. I longed to be with the Greelys on the bank, that I might give full vent to the feelings which inspired me, by leaping and running in the prairie. In these feelings Thornton participated strongly, evincing a deep interest in our expedition, and an admiration of the beautiful scenery around us, which rendered him from that moment a particular favorite with myself. I never, at any period of my life, felt so keenly as I then did, the want of some friend to whom I could converse freely, and without danger of being misunderstood. The sudden loss of all my relatives by death, had saddened, but not depressed my spirits, which appeared to seek relief in a contemplation of the wild scenes of Nature; and these scenes and the reflections which they encouraged, could not, I found, be thoroughly enjoyed, without the society of some one person of reciprocal sentiments. Thornton was precisely the kind of individual to whom I could unburthen my full heart, and unburthen it of all its extravagant emotion, without fear of incurring a shadow of ridicule, and even in the certainty of finding a listener as impassioned as myself. I never, before or since, met with any one who so fully entered into my own notions respecting natural scenery; and this circumstance alone was sufficient to bind him to me in a firm friendship. We were as intimate, during our whole expedition, as brothers could possibly be, and I took no steps without consulting him. Pierre and myself were also friends, but there was not the tie of reciprocal

thought between us—that strongest of all mortal bonds. His nature, although sensitive, was too volatile, to comprehend all the devotional fervor of my own.

The incidents of the first day of our voyage had nothing remarkable in them; except that we had some difficulty in forcing our way, towards nightfall, by the mouth of a large cave on the south side of the river. This cave had a very dismal appearance as we passed it, being situated at the foot of a lofty bluff, full two hundred feet high, and jutting somewhat over the stream. We could not distinctly perceive the depth of the cavern, but it was about sixteen or seventeen feet high, and at least fifty in width.* The current ran past it with great velocity, and, as from the nature of the cliff, we could not tow, it required the utmost exertion to make our way by it; which we at length effected by getting all of us, with the exception of one man, into the large boat. This one remained in the piroque, and anchored it below the cave. By uniting our force, then, in rowing, we brought the large boat up beyond the difficult pass, paying out a line to the piroque as we proceeded, and by this line hauling it up after us, when we had fairly ascended. We passed, during the day, Bonhomme, and Osage Femme Rivers, with two small creeks, and several islands of little extent. We made about twenty-five miles, notwithstanding the head wind, and encamped at night on the north bank, and at the foot of a rapid called *Diablo*.

June the fourth. Early this morning, Frank and Poindexter Greely came into our camp with a fat buck, upon which we all breakfasted in high glee, and afterwards pushed on with spirit. At the *Diablo* rapid, the current sets with much force against some rocks which jut out from the south, and render the navigation difficult. A short distance above this we met with several quicksand bars, which put us to trouble; the banks of the river here fall in continually, and, in the process of time, must greatly alter the bed. At eight o'clock we had a fine fresh wind from the eastward, and, with its assistance, made rapid progress, so that by night we had gone perhaps thirty miles, or more. We passed, on the north, the river Du Bois, a creek called Charité,† and several small islands. The river was rising fast as we came to, at night, under a group of cotton-wood trees, there being no ground near at hand upon which we were disposed to encamp. It was beautiful weather, and I felt too much excited to sleep; so, asking Thornton to accompany me, I took a stroll into the country, and did not return until nearly daylight. The rest of our crew occupied the cabin, for the first time, and found it quite roomy enough for five or six more persons. They had been disturbed, in the night, by a strange noise overhead, on deck, the origin of which they had not been able to ascertain; as, when some of the party rushed out to see, the disturber had disappeared. From the account given of the noise, I concluded that it must have proceeded from an Indian dog, who had scented our fresh provisions (the buck of yesterday) and was endeavoring to make off with a portion. In this view I felt perfectly satisfied; but the occurrence suggested the great risk we ran in not posting a regular watch at night, and it was agreed to do so for the future.

Having thus given, in Mr. Rodman's own words, the incidents of the two first days of the voyage, we forbear to follow him minutely in his passage up the Missouri to the mouth of the Platte, at which he arrived on the tenth of August. The character of the river throughout this extent is so well known, and has been so frequently described, that any farther account of it is unnecessary; and the Journal takes note of little else, at this portion of the tour, than the natural features of the country—together with the ordinary boating and hunting occurrences. The party made three several halts for the purpose of trapping, but met with no great success; and finally concluded to push farther into the heart of the country, before making any regular attempts at collecting peltries.

* The cave here mentioned is that called the "Tavern" by the traders and boatmen. Some grotesque images are painted on the cliffs, and commanded, at one period, great respect from the Indians. In speaking of this cavern, Captain Lewis says that it is a hundred and twenty feet wide, twenty feet high, and forty deep, and that the bluffs overhanging it are nearly three hundred feet high. We wish to call attention to the circumstance that, in every point, Mr. R.'s account falls short of Captain Lewis's. With all his evident enthusiasm, our traveller is never prone to the exaggeration of facts. In a great variety of instances like the present, it will be found that his statements respecting quantity (in the full sense of the term) always fall within the truth, as this truth is since ascertained. We regard this as a remarkable trait in his mind; and it is assuredly one which should entitle his observations to the highest credit, when they concern regions about which we know nothing beyond these observations. In all points which relate to effects, on the contrary, Mr. Rodman's peculiar temperament leads him into excess. For example, he speaks of the cavern now in question, as of a dismal appearance, and the coloring of his narrative respecting it is derived principally from the sombre hue of his own spirit, at the time of passing the rock. It will be as well to bear these distinctions in mind, as we read his journal. His facts are never heightened; his impressions from these facts must have, to ordinary perceptions, a tone of exaggeration. Yet there is no falsity in this exaggeration, except in view of a general sentiment upon the thing seen and described. As regards his own mind, the apparent gaudiness of color is the absolute and only true tint.—ENS. G. M.

† *La Charette ? Du Bois* is no doubt *Wood river*.—ENS. G. M.

Only two events, of moment, are recorded, for the two months which we omit. One of these was the death of a Canadian, Jacques Lauzanne, by the bite of a rattle-snake; the other was the encountering a Spanish commission sent to intercept and turn the party back, by order of the commandant of the province. The officer in charge of the detachment, however, was so much interested in the expedition, and took so great a fancy to Mr. Rodman, that our travellers were permitted to proceed. Many small bodies of Osage and Kansas Indians hovered occasionally about the boats, but evinced nothing of hostility. We leave the voyagers for the present, therefore, at the mouth of the river Platte, on the tenth of August, 1791—their number having been reduced to fourteen.

THE YOUNG YEAR.

BY JOHN S. DWOLLE.

Nor for the gifts thy sparing hand bestows—
Not for the smiles thy ductile cheeks disclose—
Nor for the hopes thy flattering lips betray—
(All, but the visioned semblances of truth!)

I sing of thee, bright youth!
I would not bid thy nimble pinions stay;
Nor cease, though irksome, thine imperious sway:
Thy garb of mingled misery and crime,
Offspring of Time!

Were robbed, alas! of many a lovelier hue,
Since good, as well as ill, were ended too!
I would not bid thee stay thy wild career!
Though sorrow come obedient to thy call,
Still, life is dear!

It hath a thousand ties! It is not all
One sad, unvarying, spirit-wounding, sphere:
It hath its changes, and its calms, like those
Which nature knows,
When the rough tempest lulls, and seeks repose.

Yes, life is dear! even in its stormiest hours—
Who would not live, e'en though to live were vain!
Oh! who would die, (death is not strewed with
flowers!)

And seek perchance unutterable pain!
Ev'n death's own chosen, see! they linger here,
Choosing earth's bitterness—its galling chain
Of linked-up toil and anguish—as in fear;
Seeking, yet shunning, that eternal clime,
Whose mighty wings o'ershadow human time.
Still, thou canst bring us little here but wo!
The heartless, hopeless, reckless, idiot-throng,
They of the wine-cup, of the feast, the song,
The revel, and the dance—

They may look moveless on thy changing brow:
They may not quail beneath thy thrilling glance,
Nor heed thy warning tone:

Spring's maiden blush, and summer's rosy prime,
Autumn's rich breath, and winter's hoary clime—
No seasons differ to the heedless eye!
Well! well! pass on!

They who will live like brutes, so let them die.

But there are more for whom thou hast no frown!
The gay, light, laugh of childhood, mocks thy
power:

Thou canst not cast thy chilling shadow down
Upon its golden moments, for its hour
Of sinless merriment though brief, is one
Voluptuously happy! Like the sun,
It is all brightness! Dimless, glorious all—
Care cannot mar, nor grief its beauty pall!

Yet thou'rt an eloquent monitor! Thy birth
The dreamy past now vividly recalls!
Its prurient hopes, its triumphs, and its mirth,
Love's rosy hours and joyous festivals—
They steal upon the memory as falls
The timid twilight o'er the quiet earth,
So dimly, yet so pleasingly! Alas!
That aught unlovely should its limning blight;
But lo! upon the retrospective glass,
What hideous objects meet our quivering sight!
What ill-spent moments—murdered talents, pass!
What sins innumerable—black as night!
Till sick and sad, the humbled spirit mourns,
And from the faithful picture, shuddering turns.

Oh! thou'rt a treacherous visiter to man!
Thy futile promises how fair they seem!
Thou hast for all some mighty scene began,
Of glory, love, of honor! And we deem
(Though now deceived, and cheated, o'er and o'er,)
Each new creation perfect as before!
Aye! thou art treacherous. Thy face was joy—
Thy birth-day smiles the brightest thou hast worn,
And the fond heart leapt glad, when thou wast
born—

Say! most inconstant boy,
Is my heart lighter?
Are my hopes brighter?

Are any happier than they were that morn?
Few, ah! how few! But hast thou scathed none?
Crushed passions—broken pledges—are around,
Disease, misfortune, penury's sad moan—
Are not these poisoning attributes thine own?
Thou'rt not too merciful, alas! to wound:
Well, thou art young; thou hast a brave career;
Thou mayst improve, perchance, then: yet I fear
That they who deemed themselves in thee so blest
Will find thee little better than the rest!

Philadelphia, January 14, 1840.

THE LEARNED DUNCE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I went some time since, in company with an intimate friend, to a *soirée*, held some distance from Paris, at the house of a mutual friend lately married. When we entered, three ladies were in the act of executing a trio. The husband introduced us to his wife, a pretty looking personage, to whom I expressed my regret that I had not been able to pay my respects earlier.

"I must scold your husband for keeping you so secluded from the world," said I.

"It is true, monsieur, that we lead a very retired life; but I love solitude, for indeed the gay world hath but little charms for me."

I looked at my friend, who said, in a low tone, "This is a woman of genius."

"If I mistake not, we have missed some very fine music."

"You have, indeed, gentlemen; you have missed an exquisite trio of Beethoven's. Oh, what a genius was Beethoven! What soul! How mystical is his harmony! How his modulations seem to embody themselves with each other, and to plunge the soul into strange reveries."

My friend looked at me with astonishment.

"This woman is indeed a genius," said I, in a low tone.

"No! Germany has not produced Beethoven's equal," continued the lady.

"Madame forgets Mozart and Weber."

"Were they German composers?"

I was stupefied. How! she knows Beethoven, and ———

A very animated discussion carried on between two amateur painters at this moment attracted the attention of the lady to another subject. They were speaking of arabesques.

"Arabesques or *moresques*," said the lady; "I admire those ornaments of sculpture, painting, and of architecture formed of foliage of leaves, of figures of animals, of plants, or of imaginary beings. Have you remarked, gentlemen, that in the houses of the Mahometans, the *moresques* never contain the figures of animals?"

"But ———"

"It is true, gentlemen, for the law of Mahomet expressly forbids the employment of images, beasts, or of animated beings in arabesques."

My surprise was extreme. My friend stared with wonder, and it was with great difficulty that we could disguise our thoughts; but some one asked just at the moment her opinion of *frescoes*.

"*Frescoes*! what are they! Are they the ancients?"

I was dumb with surprise. How could this melange of education and ignorance be accounted for? Did she do it wilfully! Was it from some feminine malice, to serve some private purpose of her own?

The conversation then took an historical turn. They spoke of the ancient Greeks and Athenians. Some one named *Aspasia*.

"*Few women*," she said, "could boast of exercising such influence over a people. Courtesan and philosopher, she numbered among her pupils and lovers, Socrates and Alcibiades. Such was the power she had over the heart of Pericles, that he repudiated his wife to espouse the fair Milanese."

Myself and friend again looked at each other with astonishment.

"Yes," replied I, "she was a woman with talents of the first order. Then her popularity, her eloquence. All the youth of Athens came to the classes of *Aspasia*, when she delivered the harangues of *Demosthenes*."

"*Demosthenes*!" cried the lady, "who was she?"

Music now broke up the conversation, my friend and I not knowing what to think of the accomplishments and ridiculous mistakes of our fair hostess. What was the meaning of this familiarity with certain names, and her entire ignorance of certain others. The enigma had something *piquante* about it, and I reflected upon it during the remainder of the evening.

The next day my friend entered my apartment, and cried, "The problem is solved;" I have just returned from our friend's house; he has bought a pocket *Cyclopaedia*, which his wife is committing to memory, and it is extremely natural for her to commence at the commencement; she has studied A, as *Arabesques*, *Aspasia*, and the others; but of course as yet she knows nothing of *Demosthenes*, nor *Frescoes*, nor *Mozart*, nor *Weber*, for the wife of our friend is receiving her education in alphabetical order."

This was the truth.

Some days after I again visited the female scholar; the discourse turned upon politics. She harangued with much energy upon the talents of *Danton*, the revolutionist. It appeared she had arrived at the letter D.

NOTE.—We think from what we have seen of the above named Dictionary, that in about fifteen years from this time the fair scholar will be able to discourse upon the merits of *Zoology*, and of the talents of *Zoroaster*.

PETER PENDULUM,

THE BUSINESS MAN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

My name is Pendulum—Peter Pendulum. I am a business man. I am a methodical man. Method is the thing, after all. But there are no people I more heartily despise than your eccentric folk who prate about method without understanding it; attending strictly to its letter, and violating its spirit. These fellows are always doing the most out-of-the-way things in what they call an orderly manner. Now here—I conceive it—is a positive paradox. True method appertains to the ordinary and the obvious alone, and cannot be applied to the *outré*. What definite like can a body attach to such expressions as “a methodical Jack o’Dandy,” or “a systematical Will o’ the Wisp?”

My notions upon this head might not have been so clear as they are, nor should I have been so well to do in the world as I am, but for a fortunate accident which happened to me when I was a very little boy. A good-hearted old Irish nurse (whom I shall not forget in my will) took me up one day by the heels, when I was making more noise than was necessary, and, swinging me round two or three times, d——d my eyes for “a skreeking little spalpeen,” and then knocked my head into a cocked hat against the bed-post. This, I say, decided my fate, and made my fortune. A tremendous bump got up at once on my sinciput, and turned out to be as pretty an organ of *order* as one shall see on a summer’s day. Hence that positive appetite for system and regularity which has made me the distinguished man of business that I am.

If there is any thing on earth I hate, it is a genius. Your geniuses are all arrant asses—the greater the genius the greater the ass—and to this rule there is no exception whatever. Especially, you cannot make a man of business out of a genius, any more than money out of a Jew, or the best nutmegs out of pine-knots. The creatures are always going off at a tangent into some fantastic employment, or ridiculous speculation, entirely at variance with the “fitness of things,” and having no business whatever to be considered as a business at all. Thus you may tell these characters immediately by the nature of their occupations. If ever you perceive a man setting up as a merchant, or a manufacturer; or going into the cotton or tobacco trade, or any of those eccentric pursuits; or getting to be a dry-goods dealer, or soap-boiler, or something of that kind; or pretending to be a lawyer, or a blacksmith, or a physician—any thing out of the usual way—if ever, in short, you see a conceited fellow running heels-over-head into the patent-blackening, or linen-draping, or dog-meat hie, you may set him down at once as a genius, and then, according to the rule-of-three, he’s an ass.

Now my name is Peter Pendulum, and I am not in any respect a genius, but a regular business man. My Day-Book and Ledger would evince this in a minute. They are well kept, though I say it myself; and in my general habits of accuracy and punctuality, I am not to be beat by a clock. Moreover, my occupations have been always made to chime in with the ordinary habitudes of my fellow men. Not that I feel in the least indebted, upon this score, to my exceedingly weak-minded parents, who, beyond doubt, would have made an arrant genius of me at last, if my guardian angel had not come, in good time, to the rescue. In biography the truth is every thing, and in auto-biography it is especially so—yet I scarcely hope to be believed when I state, however solemnly, that my poor father put me, when I was about fifteen years of age, into the counting-house of what he ridiculously termed “a respectable hardware and commission merchant, doing a capital bit of business!” A capital bit of fiddlestick! However, the consequence of this folly was, that, in two or three days, I had to be sent home to my button-headed family in a high state of fever, and with a most violent and dangerous pain in the sinciput, all round about my big organ of order. It was nearly a gone case with me then—just touch-and-go for six weeks—the physicians giving me up, and all that sort of thing. But although I suffered much, I was a thankful boy in the main. I was saved from being a “respectable hardware and commission merchant, doing a capital bit of business,” and I felt grateful to the protuberance which had been the means of my salvation, as well as to the kind-hearted Irish female who had originally put these means within my reach. I shall remember that fine old nurse in my will.

The most of boys run away from home at ten or twelve years of age, but I waited till I was sixteen. I don’t know that I should have even gone just then, if I had not happened to hear old Mrs. Pendulum talking about setting me up on my own hook in the grocery way. The *grocery* way!—only think of that! I resolved to be off forthwith, and try and establish myself in some *decent* occupation, without dancing attendance any longer upon the caprices of these eccentric old people, and running the risk of being made a genius of in the end. In this project I succeeded perfectly

well at the first effort, and, by the time I was fairly eighteen, found myself doing an extensive and profitable business in the Tailors' Walking-Advertisement line.

I was enabled to discharge the onerous duties of this profession only by that rigid adherence to system which formed the leading feature of my mind. A scrupulous *method* characterized my actions, as well as my accounts. In my case, it was method—not money—which made the man; at least all of him that was not made by the tailor whom I served. At nine, every morning, I called upon that individual for the clothes of the day. Ten o'clock found me in some fashionable promenade, or other place of public amusement. The precise regularity with which I turned my handsome person about, so as to bring successively into view every portion of the suit upon my back, was the admiration of all the knowing men in the trade. Noon never passed without my bringing home a customer to the house of my employers, Messieurs Cut and Comeagain. I say this proudly, but with tears in my eyes—for the firm proved themselves the basest of ingrates. The little account about which we quarrelled and finally parted, cannot, in any item, be thought overcharged, by gentlemen really conversant with the nature of the business. Upon this point, however, I feel a degree of proud satisfaction in permitting the reader to judge for himself. My bill ran thus:

Messieurs Cut and Comeagain, Merchant Tailors,

To Peter Pendulum, Walking Advertisement, Dns.

July	10.	To promenade, as usual, and customer brought home,	- - - -	\$00	25
	11.	To do. do. do.	- - - -		25
	12.	To one lie, second class, damaged black cloth sold for invisible green,	- -		25
	13.	To one lie, first class, extra quality and size, recommending milled sattinett as broadcloth,	- - - -		75
	20.	To purchasing bran new paper shirt collar, or dickey, to set off gray Petersham,	-		2
Aug.	15.	To wearing double-padded bob-tail frock, (thermometer 206 in the shade,)	-		25
	16.	To standing on one leg three hours, to show off new-touch strapped pants, at 12½ cts. per leg, per hour,	- - - -		37½
	17.	To promenade, as usual, and large customer brought home, (fat man,)	- -		50
	18.	To do. do. (medium size,)	- - - -		25
	19.	To do. do. (small man and bad pay,)	- - - -		6½
					\$2 96½

The item chiefly disputed in this bill was the very moderate charge of two pennies for the dickey. Upon my word of honor, this *was not* an unreasonable price for that dickey. It was one of the cleanest and prettiest little dickeries I ever saw; and I have good reason to believe that it effected the sale of three Petershams. The elder partner of the firm, however, would allow only one penny of the charge, and took it upon himself to show in what manner four of the same sized conveniences could be got out of a sheet of foolscap. But it is needless to say that I stood upon the principle of the thing. Business is business, and should be done in a business way. There was no *system* whatever in swindling me out of a penny—a clear fraud of fifty per cent.—no *method* in any respect. My organ of order revolted. So, thanks to that kind old Irish lady, (whom I shall be sure to remember in my will,) I left, at once, the employment of Messieurs Cut and Comeagain, and set up in the Eye-Sore line by myself—one of the most lucrative, respectable, and independent of the ordinary occupations.

My strict integrity, economy, and rigorous business habits, here again came into play. I found myself driving a flourishing trade, and soon became a marked man upon 'Change. The truth is, I never dabbled in flashy matters, but jogged on in the good old sober routine of the calling—a calling in which I should no doubt have remained to the present hour, but for a little accident which happened to me in the prosecution of one of the usual business operations of the profession. Whenever a rich old hunk, or prodigal heir, or bankrupt corporation, gets into the notion of putting up a palace, there is no such thing in the world as stopping either of them, and this every intelligent person knows. The fact in question is indeed the basis of the Eye-Sore trade. As soon, therefore, as a building-project is fairly afoot by one of these parties, we merchants secure a nice corner of the lot in contemplation, or a prime little situation just adjoining, or right in front. This done, we wait until the palace is half-way up, and then we pay some tasty architect to run us up an ornamental mud hovel right against it, or a Down-East or Dutch Pagoda, or any ingenious little bit of fancy work, either Esquimau, Kickapoo, or Hottentot. Of course, we can't afford to take these structures down under a bonus of five hundred per cent. upon the prime cost of our lot and plaster. *Can we?* I ask the question. I ask it of business men. It would be irrational to suppose that *we can*. And yet there was a rascally corporation which asked me to do this very thing—this *very thing!* I did not reply to their absurd proposition, of course; but I felt it a duty to go that same night and lamp-black the whole of their palace. For this, the unreasonable villains clapped me in jail; and the gentlemen of the Eye-Sore trade could not well avoid cutting my connexion when I came out.

The Assault and Battery business, into which I was now forced to adventure for a livelihood, was one somewhat illy adapted to the delicate nature of my constitution; but I went to work in it with a good heart, and found my account, here as heretofore, in those stern habits of methodical accuracy which had been thumped into me by that delightful old nurse—I would indeed be the basest of men not to remember her well in my will. By observing, as I say, the strictest system in all my dealings, and keeping a well-regulated set of books, I was enabled to get over many serious difficulties, and, in the end, to establish myself very decently in the profession. The truth is, that few individuals in my line did a snugger little business than I. I will just copy out a page or so of my Day-Book; and this will save me the necessity of blowing my own trumpet—a contemptible practice, of which no high-minded man will be guilty. Now, the Day-Book is a thing that don't lie.

“Jan. 1.—New Year's day. Met Snap in the street, groggy. Mem—he'll do. Met Gruff shortly afterwards, blind drunk. Mem—he'll answer, too. Entered both gentlemen in my Ledger, and opened a running account with each.

Jan. 2.—Saw Snap at the Exchange, and went up and trod on his toe. Doubled his fist, and knocked me down. Good!—got up again. Some trifling difficulty with Bag, my attorney. I want the damages at a thousand, but he says that for so simple a knock-down we can't lay them at more than five hundred. Mem—must get rid of Bag—no *system* at all.

Jan. 3.—Went to the theatre, to look for Gruff. Saw him sitting in a side box, in the second tier, between a fat lady and a lean one. Quizzed the whole set through an opera-glass till I saw the fat lady blush and whisper to G. Went round then into the box, and put my nose within reach of his hand. Wouldn't pull it—no go. Wiped it, and tried again—no go. Sat down then, and winked at the lean lady, when I had the high satisfaction of finding him lift me up by the nape of the neck, and fling me over into the pit. Neck dislocated, and right leg capitally splintered. Went home in high glee, drank a bottle of champagne, and booked the young man for five thousand. Bag says it 'll do.

Feb. 15.—Compromised the case of Mr. Snap. Amount entered in Journal—fifty cents—which see.

Feb. 16.—Cast by that villain Gruff, who made me a present of five dollars. Costs of suit, four dollars and twenty-five cents. Nett profit—see Journal—seventy-five cents.”

Now, here is a clear gain, in a very brief period, of no less than one dollar and twenty-five cents—this in the mere cases of Snap and Gruff; and I solemnly assure the reader that these extracts are taken at random from my Day-Book.

It's an old saying, and a true one, however, that money is nothing in comparison with health. I found the exactions of the profession somewhat too much for my delicate state of body; and, discovering at last that I was knocked out of all shape, so that I didn't know very well what to make of the matter, and my friends, when they met me in the street, couldn't tell that I was Peter Pendulum at all, it occurred to me that the best expedient I could adopt was to alter my line of business. I am now, therefore, in the Mud-Dabbling way, and have been so for some years.

The worst of this occupation is that too many people take a fancy to it, and the competition is, in consequence, excessive. Every ignoramus of a fellow who finds that he hasn't brains in sufficient quantity to make his way as a walking-advertiser, or an eye-sore prig, or a salt and batter man, thinks, of course, that he'll answer very well as a dabbler of mud. But there never was entertained a more erroneous idea than that it requires no brains to mud-dabble. Especially, there is nothing to be made in this way without *method*. I do only a retail business myself, but my old habits of *system* carry me swimmingly along. I selected my street crossing, in the first place, with great deliberation, and I never put down a broom in any part of the town *but that*. I take care, too, to have a nice little puddle at hand, which I can get at in a minute. By these means I have now got to be well known as a man to be trusted; and this is one-half the battle, let me tell you, in trade. Nobody ever fails to pitch *me* a copper, and gets over *my* crossing with a clean pair of pantaloons. And, as my business habits in this respect are sufficiently understood, I never meet with any attempt at imposition. I wouldn't put up with it, if I did. Never imposing upon any one myself, I suffer no one to play the possum with me. The frauds of the banks I can't, of course, help. Their infamous suspension has put me to ruinous inconvenience. These, however, are not individuals, but corporations; and corporations, it is very well known, have neither posteriors to be kicked, nor souls to be damned.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

ODO TENET MOLUM, MADIDAM MAPPAM TENET ANNA.

In an old book now before us, the above line is said to have cost the inventor “muche foolishhe labyre,” for it is a perfect verse, and every word is the very same both backward and forward.

SOME FARTHER CHAPTERS

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THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER II.

THROUGH the succeeding night we were all securely bound, with two guards to watch us; and they did their duty well, for they did not sleep one wink during the whole night. The anguish we suffered both physically and mentally was of the severest kind. The cords which passed over our limbs were drawn so firmly that they were buried in the flesh, and caused the most exquisite pain, while the bitterness of a death at the stake haunted us all night; of course we could not sleep.

We were bound near each other, and Girty kept his keen eyes on me constantly, which almost aaked me in their gaze if I could not slip my cords, but that was impossible. Various times he tried to loosen his hands by biting the buffalo thongs with his teeth, but their hardness prevented it, and the Indians' eyes were upon us if we moved, and a violent stroke across the head with a club was our reward.

After a night which appeared almost of a week's duration, the gray twilight began to render things visible, and the Indians awoke. They built a fire and cooked and ate their breakfasts before us without offering us a bite, and then, unloosening our feet, they prepared to start. So far, it was an utter impossibility to escape, but we had not yet given up all hope, for after a while they might relax some of their vigilance.

We were taken in a southwest direction, and travelled till noon, with two warriors constantly at the side of each of us. Then we again stopped, and our captors cooked their dinners, and in their mercy gave us each a mouthful of venison, which was probably burnt too much for their tastes. Thus we travelled till we reached the Ohio river, about twenty miles below Cincinnati, where they began to prepare rafts to cross. The river had swollen with recent rains till it had in many places overflowed its banks, and now looked terrific, and I own I felt some disagreeable sensations in crossing such a mad looking river upon a frail raft, with both my hands tied behind me; but as there was no alternative, we prepared to cross it without the least apparent symptom of fear. We now began to suspect that we were to be carried over in Kentucky, to some friendly tribe of Indians, where we were to be burnt for their amusement, and we determined that evening to make our escape or lose our lives in striving for it, for the next morning we were to be carried over the waters, where escape would be difficult.

I labored under more anxiety during a part of the subsequent night than I ever did in the same space of time in my life. I lay upon my back listening to the deep voice of the waters, as they whirled and splashed against the bank, and ever and anon a part of the perpendicular bank would give way, and fall with a heavy splash into the river, which caused all other sensations but those of agreeableness, for the night was damp and cold, and we all know what an unwelcome sound water has to one who is suffering from cold.

There was a presentiment within me which appeared to whisper that all could not end well—that our time had at length—after our many vicissitudes and narrow escapes—arrived; and that we now were destined to be burnt at the stake. This was the first time I ever permitted myself to become down-hearted; for if one wishes to escape from dangers, a light heart and a bold spirit must be within him. Our hands and feet were tied securely with thongs as solid as iron bars, and Girty's hands, in especial, were tied till the hard thongs penetrated the flesh; without a knife it would be an utter impossibility to get free. One of the guards sat very near Girty, who could easily have reached his knife had he slept, but the fellow's eyes were widely extended—he scarcely winked.

Morning slowly came; still we were bound, and there was no help for us. During the night I tried ineffectually to gnaw the thongs, but their hardness broke my teeth—it was an utter impossibility, and I gave it up in despair. With the first red streaks of morning the Indians were up, and busily striving to get some small ponies upon the rafts, but the beasts gave such evident proofs that they possessed nothing of an amphibious nature about them, that with all the beating they received, they could not be forced to venture nearer than ten feet of the water. At length the Indians' patience gave out, and they threw the ponies upon their backs, by entangling their feet with slipnooses, and then by main force dragged them on the rafts. This business occupied the whole morning, during which time we were as busily occupied striving to loosen the thongs which bound us; for at times the

whole of the savages' attention was completely drawn towards the horses. Girty at one period succeeded in unloosening one hand, but a fellow espied him before he could free the other, and with a loud yell, sprang upon him, and rebound it, drawing the knots with all the force he could summon.

Having made all their arrangements, we launched our frail rafts, and started for the Kentucky shore, and after passing through a variety of imminent perils, we landed safely, and by the time the horses were landed the sun began to descend. The Indians prepared to cook their suppers. They gave us about enough to barely support existence, and we swallowed it whole, like half-famished wolves. During the whole night we were closely watched, so that our slightest movement was known, and after a period apparently of a week's duration, the second morning of our captivity arrived. We started with the first appearance of the sun; the travelling was difficult, for hills of flinty rocks continually met our view, and instead of the fertile land of the Ohio we gazed upon a sterile soil, composed of sand and flintstones. The trees were few and stunted, and the game was very scarce; not even the feathered tribe appeared with their songs about us, but all around us had the aspect of an arid desert, compared with the beautiful and luxuriant bottom we had left. Our masters whipped us ahead rapidly, but hunger and ill-treatment had made us stubborn; and knowing, or at least fearing, that we were marching to execution, we took every opportunity of injuring our enemies.

The reader will pardon me for singing the praise of one to whom much praise is due, for if any pioneer of the west merited praise, it was undoubtedly Thomas Girty, many of whose deeds I have passed over—deeds which might be of thrilling interest, but the space allotted me will not permit of their being recounted. Passing over the flinty stones became so troublesome that at length Girty sat upon a log, and declared he would not go a step farther. The Indians tried force, but found their prisoner too stubborn to be moved; they then resorted to persuasion, but with as little success; with a thundering exclamation of anger, a large Indian drew out his ramrod, and commenced laying it over Girty's shoulders with all his might; Girty's eyes shot fire, and springing from the log, he jumped about four feet high, and kicked the fellow so severely in the breast as to deprive him of breath. A relative of the unfortunate fellow now commenced a furious fist fight upon Girty, which he retaliated by kicking with his feet; this game highly pleased the Indians, who laughed and yelled to see the sport, particularly as Girty had the best of the fight. At length another Indian sprang up, and drew his knife, but the others drew him back and held him, while they continued hallooing for the white man. The Indian soon got tired of this sport, and drew off his forces, after being rather discomfited in the scuffle. The fellow never forgave Girty for this, but with the inveteracy of an Indian enemy, persecuted him as long as he could, and voted for our deaths.

About four o'clock we arrived at the outskirts of an Indian village, where a loud whooping commenced, and was answered from the town, when we were soon surrounded with a hundred men, women, and children, who greeted us with a thousand malignant looks, plentifully mingled with blows from every quarter. The treatment we here received was severe to what we had before received, which was mildness comparatively. After beating us till we were sore all over, we were led to their council house, which was very large and covered with long strips of bark. Here about fifty savages sat to condemn us—I will not say judge us—for when the question was put—"should we be burned," they were all in the affirmative, as their voting proved.

Contrary to the usual custom, we were not stripped nor blacked, but with our clothes on, we were led to an Indian lodge, and bound more firmly than ever, which caused exquisite pain. For awhile we were left alone, and then we tried with all the force of desperation to loosen the cords, but it could not be effected, they were too hard, and too firmly tied.

"There is but one chance for us," said Girty, "which is to wait patiently till we are to be led out to execution; as soon as we are unbound we will kill the persons who come for us, make our escape and trust to our heels and luck for the rest; and, above all, don't be down-hearted."

This plan, although so desperate, seemed the only one, and we finally agreed to adopt it, unless one of us should chance to free his hands, when he might free the other's.

Three Indians now came in, and after spitting in our faces, to show their utter detestation of us—a thing which needed no such proof—they built up a fire, for the evening was chilly, and took their seats near it. After talking in a rapid manner, two went away; and the remaining fellow, who was a very large and fat Indian, prepared to spend the evening with us.

It is said that corpulency contributes in a great measure to render us good natured; whether the theory be true or not I do not pretend to say, but it proved true in the case of our guard, who was a very merry individual, and shook his fat sides continually, apparently at nothing, unless it was at our distress. He had picked up a smattering of our language somewhere among the whites, and spoke with sufficient fluency to be understood by us, with the assistance of our smattering of his own language.

"Pale face smell fire in morning—very good—cold day," and the fellow shook his sides at what he probably thought was a good joke.

"If you don't cease that, I'll kick your jaw off," said Girty, with a scowl sufficiently ominous to give the fellow an idea of what he said, even if he did not understand the words.

"Kick!" said the Indian, "kick! in morning, kick all round the post." And he laughed again.

immoderately. Thus till midnight, the fellow continually laughed at what he conceived to be witty remarks, when he began to grow drowsy, and gave evident signs, by his nods, that he was about enjoying a nap, despite the trust imposed upon him. Contrary to the usual custom of Indian guards, he soon fell into a deep sleep, and snored loud enough to drown all the noise we could make.

We tried every way in our power, but could not get the solid knots loose—they would not give the eighth of an inch, and for the first time in his life, I presume, Girty began to despair. And well he might, for we had tried every plan that could possibly be tried, but our greatest exertions were utterly futile, for the dried thongs with which we were tied were perfectly impervious to our teeth. I have been placed in many situations which would try man's strength of nerves, but never before felt the sensations which at that moment came upon me.

"And it was really true that we were to be burnt!" as this thought was presented to my mind, a sensation of horror stole upon me; I had anticipated, through our captivity, nothing worse than the trouble and danger of escaping, but every attempt was frustrated, and we had to wait like an animal for death. Girty's proposition appeared to me of no force—it could not be effected, for we might be unbound in the presence of twenty Indians, and striving to escape them by main force would be madness. But when we least expect it, there is a Providence watching over our destinies, against which man cannot combat.

EARL MARCH AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY F. F. COOKE, ESQ., WINCHESTER, VA.

EARL March had a winsome daughter,
A maiden fair to see;
Her cheeks they were tinged with coral,
Her neck was of ivory.
This child of a haughty noble
Loved one of low degree;
But the high ne'er wed the lowly,
And her lover crossed the sea.

It was an eve in April
Earl March looked on his child,
Her cheeks were wan and sunken,
Her eyes were dim and wild.
The old Earl bowed:—over his forehead
His right hand idly went,
And he played with his silken girdle
As in moodiness he leant.

'Twas an eve towards June's sweet ending,
The shades of the sun were long;
To her terrace paced lady Ellen,
In the midst of her damsel throng.
Her sire had sent in April
To her lover, beyond the main,
A letter of courteous kindness
Much urging him back again.

"Now cheer thee—cheer thee, daughter,"
Quoth the knight, "the hour is nigh."
And then, upspoke a damsel,
"His coming I descry."
Right gleesome were the damsels,
The love-lorn lady smiled,
'Twas the first for many a summer,
And the old Earl kissed his child.

Along the tasselled forest,
Over the heath away,
A cavalier came bravely
In the light of the setting day.
His plumes were rich and lofty,
His cap was of golden sheen,
And he came on his bounding courser
Like a lover true, I ween.

"Now cheer thee—Ellen—Ellen—
Cheer thee, my daughter pale;
Yon youth, on the fleet-foot courser,
Will cure thy weary ail."
He came—his tall plumes rustled
At the sick girl's very feet,
But he passed her by unheeding,
And spurred his courser fleet.

Then a change came o'er the lady—
A change most sad to see—
The big veins swole like serpents
On her neck of ivory.
"He knows me not," she muttered,
And meekly bowed her head,
"Could he—could he—forget me?"—
Word never more she said.

Toll—toll the bell, Earl March!
Thy kindness came too late;
Young Ellen, thy winsome daughter
Is a cold and pulseless weight.
Oh little hath the myrtle
With human hearts to do,
And who so plucks love's flower,
Will pluck but bitter rue.

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE GLORY.

BY E. HOWARD, ESQ., ENGLAND.

[We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following amusing extract from a novel by the author of *Rattlin the Reefer*, entitled "JACK ASHORE," not yet published either in England or America. We have perused a goodly portion of the work, and have no hesitation in declaring that we expect it will prove to be the most entertaining nautical tale of the season.—Eds. G. M.]

The *Glory* was, in '96, one of our old ninety-eights, with her three decks, over which was her quarter-deck, over which was her poop, upon which she had a top-gallant-poop; so that her stern had the appearance of the gable-end of a lofty house run to seed; for all these decks that we have mentioned diminished in width as they gained in height. Much and very elaborate was the carver's work upon this lofty stern, and many were the stories that it hinted at, if it did not exactly tell. But the unanimity of these wooden allegories was wonderful; the twelve apostles were very sociably intermixed with nine not very decent muses; and there were the three fire-proof Jews, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, very merry in the flames of the furnace, at the mouth of which old Neptune sat quite composedly with his shouldered trident, the prongs of which had transfixed a very goodly fish; indeed, it seemed as if the old gentleman, seeing that the roast had failed, was very desirous of trying his hand at a fry, or a toast at least. If we were to attempt to describe the cornucopias, the targes and weapons, the baskets of fruits and flowers, and the images of other things that the plastic artist fancied existed, we should be so long occupied with the *Old Glory's* stern, that we should never get ahead; and the figure-head was the pride and the wonder of the navy. It was a grand family group, and each figure being a good deal larger than life, it formed, as a whole, a very imposing affair. It consisted of an Adamite Fame, with a long trumpet in one hand and a wreath of laurel in the other, crowning a very matronly dressed Britannia, with a huge grim lion at her feet. On the right of this lady was an old man *in naturalibus*, very hirsute, and with his lower extremities immersed in sedges. His right arm encircled something closely resembling a Smyrna fig-jar, out of which rushed a wooden stream of water. Whom this venerable old man was meant to represent, it was never satisfactorily decided. Some said he was *Old Ocean* himself, and Neptune's own father, whilst others maintained that he was only *Father Thames*. However, he looked very dignified with his copper nose; for having lost his wooden one by a discharge of grape (this grape has always been inimical to the human nose) in lord Howe's action, he was fitted with a copper substitute, and it was as goodly a nasality as ever yet was gathered in the promontory of noses.

These three figures, Britannia, Fame, and the dubious old man, occupied the front row, for the lion was, though couchant, a little advanced; but behind these, *Graces*, and hand-maidens, and little boys and girls, blended together in most amicable confusion.

In a word, this figure-head was so large and so cumbersome, that it was as much the annoyance as it was the pride of the crew of the *Glory*; for the group occupied so much room in the space circumscribed by the head-rails, that there was barely room enough left to wash a shirt in the middle watch, or to decide a point of honor pugilistically between any two jolly tars who might happen to have some little affair of the sort upon their fists.

Captain *Firebrass* was in the very act of holding a council of condemnation upon the renowned group that we have taken so much trouble to describe. In this jury of destruction he was assisted by his first lieutenant, the master, the boatswain, and the carpenter. They said all manner of scandalous things about the ladies and gentlemen who occupied a station so prominent. The first lieutenant had vilified it as a matter of taste; Britannia herself was not half so handsome as *Molly Tearaway*, of the *Halfway-houses*; the *Graces* were mere trollops, and no decent Jack would pick the best of them up in *High-street*, unless he had just come off a long cruise; and as to *Madam Fame*, she was a disgrace to the sex; to say nothing of the false nose of the old man with the fig-jar.

The master was rather favorable to the company than otherwise, seeing that he did not think the undressed ladies quite so ugly as the first lieutenant wished to make them appear. Comparisons were odious; but, as a married man, he had some right to speak on these matters; this, however, he would say, that if *Mrs. Trestletree*, the good lady his wife, had but half so quiet a tongue in her head as the worst of them, all he could say was, that perhaps he might not be so anxious to go foreign. The little boys and girls, and some of the ladies, were stark-naked, it was true; but a dab of paint, or a few feet of half-inch, and that would be remedied; besides, he must confess, that, being a family man, he had no objection to the children, and as they neither asked for bread and butter, nor cried, besides getting their faces washed for nothing whenever there was any thing of a head sea, which made them very cleanly, he thought that they might remain a little longer where they were—unless the captain wished them removed.

The boatswain confessed that they ran him pretty rigs with the running rigging. Though their faces were so fair, something was always getting foul among them;—in fact, cleanly as Mr. Trestle-tree said they were, they were always fouling the sheets—the fore-staysail and jib-sheets especially. Yet, after all, he bore them no enmity, and he should be sorry to see them condemned without a hearing. What the good boatswain meant by his last observation was never fully explained.

The carpenter was for their destruction wholly and totally. They always required more paint than they were worth, and were continually losing their features and their members. When these losses were replaced, they never gave satisfaction. It took more time to make a little finger for Fame than to make a new main-topmast; then she was continually losing the head of her trumpet; and the children were always in want of something. The only difficulty with the carpenter was how to occupy the space when the group should be removed.

Circumstances, too lengthy in their detail to admit of a statement here, induce the captain to preserve the figure-head of the Glory. The author proceeds:—Now we must confess that this glorious group of the Old Glory had been hitherto shamefully neglected, the amendment of the copper-nose notwithstanding. They were just then painted universally of a dirty lead color. Many parts of their precious bodies that had been united by means of iron, or copper clamps, had become rusty, and now appeared as so many open and unsightly wounds. The surface of their skins was by no means smooth, and their interesting hands and faces were chapped in a manner that defied all the healing powers of goose-grease. The story of King Log and the Frogs had been repeated upon them. At first, the jolly tars had treated them with respect and even reverence, but familiarity, that breeding mother of contempt, had at length put them to very vile uses indeed. Sometimes, when a fore-topman had scoured his trousers, he would, without the least remorse, hang them over Fame's trumpet to dry; whilst you would see half a dozen pairs of well-worn worsted stockings dangling round the immortal wreath with which she was crowning Britannia.

Britannia, the empress of the seas, was not more worthily used. Many a child's napkin was hung over her redoubtable arm when the ship was in port, and the seamen's wives and children were on board; and, like Hocuba, she sometimes wore a dishclout over her diadem. When Jack was merry, he would clap a pipe into any of the immortal mouths that happened to be nearest, and the prongs of Old Ocean's trident offered a very convenient means to plat sinnet by. Sometimes you would see them dressed in jackets and trousers, with straw-hats placed jauntily on their heads, and sometimes they were outrageously gay in all the red, blue, and scarlet finery with which the Lucretias that may be found on the Point of Portsmouth are so ambitious to decorate their chaste persons.

All these indignities were put upon these worthies only when the ship was in ordinary, or before eight bells in the morning, at sea. These contumelies, like insults and neglects inflicted upon humanity, left their marks behind. The figures were not what they used to be, and had the carver seen them in their state of dilapidation, if he had been a carver of the least feeling, he would have been terribly cut up—that's all.

All this, as it should be, was going to be speedily reformed.

Britannia, Fame, and the Water-god, had been neglected much more than it could have been thought possible, and, upon a close inspection, were found to be not presentable in any decent company of gods and goddesses of any decent mythology. Captain Firebrass, as he contemplated their very filthy state, looked remarkably grave, and it was supposed that he sighed once or twice in a manner the most affecting. There may be some doubt as to this; but it is very certain, that as he handled the copper-nose of Old Ocean, he shook his head thrice, in a manner so rueful, that you might have supposed that he was in some state of concern for the well-doing of his own.

But Firebrass was not, on an emergency of this nature, a man to consume his energies and waste his time in idle regrets. He ordered a sentry to be placed immediately over these now cherished objects of his affection, not only as a sort of honorable body-guard, but to prevent the least indignity being offered to them, either by day or by night. The next thing done, was the immediate repair of the greater dilapidations; and when all the skill that he could command on board was exhausted, the fiery skipper went to Portsmouth and engaged the best sculptors of whom the place could boast, and, in the course of two days, the whole company, not excepting the lion, were again in a state of pristine youth and beauty, the ugly old man with the urn particularly.

Then came sculpture's sister art, painting, to crown the whole. "To the life, the very life," was the captain's continual cry. Such carnations! Sir Thomas Lawrence was a young man then; but he might have profited by them! This operation captain Firebrass watched with the most intense anxiety and solicitude, spending whole hours under the bows in his gig.

"A little more red to Fame's larboard cheek, if you please, Mr. Varnish! Very well, that will do for the present. Britannia's starboard cat-head might be a blush more rosy, and place me a dimple right amidships on the lady's chin. Give those little boys' sterns a touch more of color, if you please, and, for variety's sake, give the brat nearest the lion a carrotty poll."

Thus he passed the live-long day in making the figure-head of the Glory the most resplendent assemblage of every striking and glaring color that the paint-pot could produce.

When finished, it was the admiration of the fleet, and the fame thereof travelled on shore. Gilding had not been spared, for wherever a patch of gold leaf could be stuck on, there would two patches be found. The fame thereof, as we have just stated, reached the shore, and virtuosi tailors, and contemplative butchers and shoe-makers, made parties of pleasure to come off in wherries to regard this stupendous and happy effort of art. It is true, that the very serious part of the civil community at Portsmouth eschewed this exhibition, and forbade it to their wives and daughters, on account, as they averred, of its indecency and prodigality; but, as this tended only the more violently to excite the female curiosity of the place, there was not one of the sex, between seven and seventy, belonging either to Portsmouth, Gosport, Portsea, or the Halfway-houses, who could not have given a minute description of all the parts of this extraordinary sculpture.

THE JOURNAL OF AN ACTRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SAM SLICK.

A new work by the author of Sam Slick, is shortly to be published by Messrs. Lea and Blanchard, and we have been favored with a perusal of a considerable portion of the proof sheets, and can promise our readers a rich variety of character and fun. The letters are supposed to be written by every possible grade of passenger; and Judge Haliburton has touched off the peculiarities of the different writers with infinite humor and raciness. We present the opening article to our readers some weeks in advance of the publication of the work. The implication of the subject must readily be perceived.

22d March. Every actress that visits America, plays her part in a Journal: why shouldn't poor little me? How I loathe that word actress! it is heartless, made up, artificial, imitative, a thing without a soul; but such is life. We call a fool a natural, the more fools we for doing so. My Journal shall at least be mine own—not the utterance of the thoughts of others.

Bonneted—band-boxed—packed up—and packed off. Steamed down the river (what an unpoetical word is that steam!) in a small crazy craft, to where our most (read spacious for gracious) queen of the seas, the Great Western, lay to receive us. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery on the river. Prodigious walls of carboniferous lime rock (what a beautiful Bridgewater-treatise-word that carboniferous is! how Greenough and Buckland and geological-like it sounds! had it been manufactured at Birmingham it would have been carbony,) rise in precipitous boldness and majestic grandeur, to a height of three hundred feet above the water-mark; after which, the country, gradually laying aside its armor and emerging from its battlements, assumes the more pleasing and gentle forms of sloping hills, verdant glades, and arable fields. 'Tis the estate surrounding the keep, the watch-tower, and the castle; the warrior within—the peasant and shepherd without.

Came on board—a crowd—a mob—how I hate them—descended into the—what—Gracious Heavens, into the saloon!—must we carry with us the very phraseology of the house!—Shall Drury persecute me here!—Shall the vision of the theatre be always present! oh spare me. I see the spectres of the real saloon of that vile house rise up before me—the gentlemen blackguards—the lady courtizans. I rushed into my cabin, coffeed, wine, and went to bed sobbing.

23d. Bedded all day—that word saloon has haunted me ever since—rose in the evening—petticoated, shawled, gloved, and went and took a last look on dear old England, the land of “the brave and free”—oh that word last—the last look, last sigh, last farewell, how it sinks into the heart, how it speaks of death, of disembodied spirits—of the yawning grave. It lets down the strings; it untunes the mind.

24th. Furious gale—the spirit of the great deep is unchained, and is^d raging in furious strides over the world of waters. The mountains rise up to impede him, and the valleys yawn at his feet to receive him. The ocean heaves beneath his footsteps, and the clouds fly in terror from his presence, the lightning gleams with demoniac flashes to illumine his terrific visage, and the thunder is the intonation of his voice. Sheeted, blanketed, and quilted, I remain enveloped in the drapery of my bed, my thoughts looking back into the past, and timidly adventuring to look into the future, for some green spot (oh that dreadful theatre, I had nearly written Green Room) to pitch its tent upon, to stretch itself out by the cool fountain and—luxuriate.

25th. The tempest is past, but we heave and pitch and roll like a drunken thing, growling, yawning, creaking. The paroxysm is past, but the palpitations have not subsided: the fit is over, but the muscular contractions still continue. 'Tis the heaving chest, the convulsed breath, the palpitations that remain after the storm of the passions has passed away.

26th. Rose, toileted and went on deck; what a lovely sight! The sea lay like a mirror, reflecting the heavens on its smooth and polished surface. Light clouds far away in the horizon look like the snow-capt summits of the everlasting hills, placed there to confine this sea of molten glass within its own dominions, while distant vessels with their spiral masts and silver drapery rise from its surface, like spirits of the deep, come to look upon and woo the gentle Zephyrs. Sea-nymphs spreading their wings and disporting on their liquid meadows after their recent terror and affright. They seem like ideal beings—thoughts traversing the mind—shadows or rather bright lights—emanations perhaps, rather than self-existences—immaterialities—essences—spirits in the moonlight.—Wrote journal—mended a pair of silk stockings, hemmed a pocket handkerchief, night-capped and went to bed—to dream—to idealize—to build aerial castles, to get the hysterics, and to sleep.

27th. Altered my petticoats, added two inches for Boston puritans and Philadelphia quakers, took off two for the fashionables of New York, three for Baltimore, and made kilts of them for New Orleans.

28th. General T.—says he is glad I did not marry before I left England, for Vestris doing so was taken as a quiz on the starched Yankees. Mem. wont marry on board, and if I take a republican may the devil take me without salt, as the Marquis of W— says. I wish I were a man, an Englishman though, for men choose, women are chosen—to select is better than to be selected, which is bazaar-like. What's the price of that pretty bawtle? Ah, I like it, send it home, play with it, get tired, throw it aside, no harm in that, to be scorned is nothing, it is pleasant to scorn back again, but to be supplanted, ah, there is the rub. I have a head-ache; the billow for my pillow, I will be a child again and be rocked to sleep.

29th. A shout on deck, all hands rushed up; what a strange perversion of terms is this. It is a waterspout: how awful! The thirsty cloud stooping to invigorate itself with a draught of the sea; opening its huge mouth and drinking, yet not even deigning to wait for it, but gulping as it goes—we fire into it and it vanishes, its watery load is returned, and 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, it leaves no wreck behind.' It is one of 'the wonders of the great deep.' That rude shock has dispelled it. Thus is it in life. The sensitive mind releases its grasp of the ideal, when it comes in contact with grossness. It shrinks within itself. It retreats in terror. Yet what a wonderful sight it is! how nearly were we engulfed, swallowed up, and carried into the sky to be broken to pieces in our fall, as the sea-mew feeds on the shell-fish by dashing it to pieces on a rock. Oh that vile American! he too has imitated the scene: he has broken my train of thought by his literal and grovelling remark. "Well I vow, female, what an everlastin' noise it lets off its water with!" I wonder if they hiss in America: surely not, for if they did such fellows as this would learn better manners—wrote journal—frenchified my frock to please the New Yorkers—unbooted—unstayed, and snuggled up like a kitten in bed.

30th. Sat on the deck, sad and musing. Dropt some picces of paper overboard—wondered whether they went. Will they wander many days on the water, and then sink? Thought of my journal; it would be like them, a little scrap on the great sea of literature, floating its brief day; and then, alas! sinking to rise no more. Saturated, its light pages will float no longer, but be consigned, like them, to an early grave; but I have had my day, which is more than every 'female,' as the Americans call us, has had; and who knows but my book may be as well received? Bah! how I loathe that theatrical expression! as popular—that, too, smells of the shop; ah! I have it—as much the ton—howsoever.

31st. Potted on deck all day, with General T. and my brother. The former talked of the prairies, till I dreamed all night of the fat bulls of Bashan, and the buffaloes of the plain.

1st April. General T. advises me not to take my servant to the table, as it is said Mrs. Matthews did at Saratoga; for so far from these republicans liking equality, they are the most aristocratic people in the world. What a puzzle is man! Poor dear Lord Czar, with all his radical notions, is the proudest "of his order" of any peer of the realm. Indeed, pride is the root of all democracy. Show me a tory, and I will show you a rational lover of freedom; show me a radical, and I will show you a tyrant. If the Americans boast so much of their equality, as to exclude from their vocabulary the word 'servant,' and substitute that of 'help,' why should they object to those 'helps,' helping them to eat their dinners? It passes the understanding of poor little me—how I wish some one would explain all things to me!

2d. My brother was so-so, to-day, after dinner; but wine makes him brilliant and witty—and why should I be ashamed to note it? It was the sons, and not the sisters of Noah (merry old soul) that walked backwards and covered him, when he was too oblivious with the juice of the grape, to recollect such vulgar things as clothes. Read, Italianed—stitched a new chemise.

3d. How this glorious steamer wallops, and gallops, and flounders along! she goes it like mad. Its motion is unlike that of any living thing I know; puffing like a porpoise, breasting the waves like a sea-horse, and at times skimming the surface like a bird. It possesses the joint powers of the tenants of the air, land, and water, and is superior to them all. All night we had a glorious, splendid, silvery moon. The stars were bright, though feeble, hiding their diminished heads before their queen, enthroned in all her majesty. What an assemblage of the heavenly hosts!—how grand—how sublime! It is a chaste beauty is the moon, beautiful, but cold; inspiring respect, admiration,

and so on, but not love—not breathing of passion. Tead, suppered, champagned, tidied myself for bed, and, I fear, snored.

4th. How I hate the saloon! I will join the Yankees, and spit upon it. How vulgar are all these gaudy decorations of a steamer! Why should we pander to the bad taste of a mob for filthy lucre—why not lead instead of following—dictate, instead of submitting? Are we, too, become democratic; and must the voice of the majority rule? Oh for an hour of that dear little villa of Lord B.'s! what taste, what fitness of things to purposes, what refinement, what delicacy—oh, for a snuff of its classic air—for half a yard of its Parnassian sky! How he would be annihilated by a voyage in this boat—howsoever.

5th. A dies non, as the new Judge used to call it when non se ipse.

6th and 7th. Ditto, as the shop-keepers say.

8th and 9th. The same as yesterday, as the doctors say.

10th and 11th. No better, as the bulletins say.

12th and 13th. As well as can be expected, as the nurses say.

14th. I was asked to-day if ever I had been in love—I know not—what is Love! The attraction of two ethereal spirits—sympathy—but these spirits are only seen through mortal coil. The worm feeds and battens where love has revelled. Can we love what corruption claims as its own? Do we not mistake natural impulses for this divine feeling? What a pity Love clogs his wings with sweets, becomes sated—tired—sour. Platonic love is nearer perfection—it has more reason and less passion, more sentiment and less grossness. To love is to worship—with my body I thee worship—but that is not love, it is desire—with my soul I thee worship—but that is idolatry. If we worship with neither body nor soul, what is love? Lips! can it reside in them! the breath may be bad—the teeth unsound—the skin erysipelatous. Bah! Love a leper! What is Love then? It is a phantom of the mind—an hallucination—an ignis fatuus, Will-of-the-Wisp. Touch it, and it dissolves—embrace it, and a shadow fills your arms—speak, and it vanishes. Alas, Love is not! Howsoever—went to bed—wept for vexation like a child, and when wearied with sobbing, slept.

15th. Land ahead—a strange land too—yes, though they speak English, a foreign land—the domain of the rebellious son who mutinied and fought his parent. Can, I ask myself, can a blessing attend such an unnatural attempt—*nous verrons*. The pilot is on board: what are the first questions! the price of cotton and tobacco. They are traders—are the Yankees: and I hate trade, its contracted notions and petty details. I think I see Lord B. turn in scorn from the colloquy, his fine aristocratic face expressive of intellectual contempt at such sordid calculations. Would that he were here, that we might retire to the cabin and have a reading of Shakspeare together, drink at the inspired fount, and philosophise on men and things; but alas, he is gone where all must go! and I have gone where none would wish to go! Poor little me! Thus endeth the last day of the steamer.

ALBUM LYRICS.

BY P. B. ELDER, COLUMBIA.

GENTLE birds are round thee singing
Gladsome notes of praise;
Beauteous flowers are gaily springing
Where thy footstep strays;
Yet thy brow is marked with sadness,
And thy bright eyes move
With a glance unmixed with gladness—
Say—can it be Love?

Friends are near thee—joys are round thee—
Life is one bright dream;
Home and all its spells have bound thee,
Like some ice-bound stream;
Yet thou seemest still to ponder
On some hidden care,
And thy thoughts will flit and wander—
Is it Love!—beware!

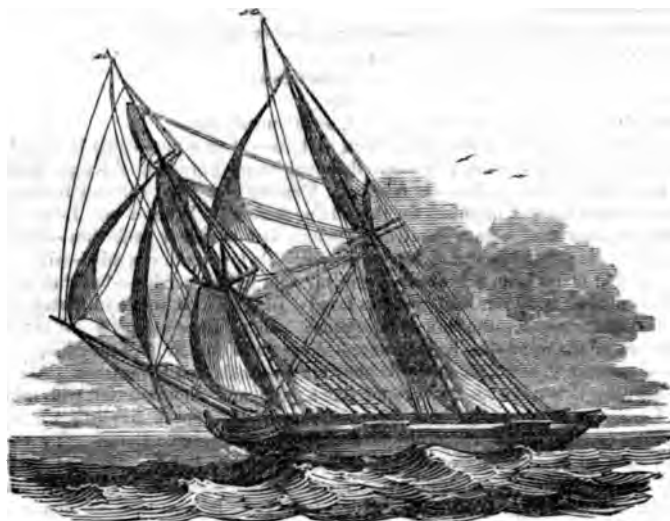
No—thy life as yet is young—
All a sweet and blissful season—
Care around *thy* heart be flung!
Oh, the *very thought* were treason!
No fair lady, I could never,
Stranger tho' I am to thee,
Speak one word to blight or sever
Life's and Love's linked mystery!

May Life's joys at all times bless thee—
May Love's blessings round thee cling—
Friends to gladden and caress thee
Round thy heart their influence fling;
Then should Care disturb thy pleasure?
Then can Hope's sweet charms to thee
Lose their bright and joyous measure?—
Life's and Love's linked mystery!

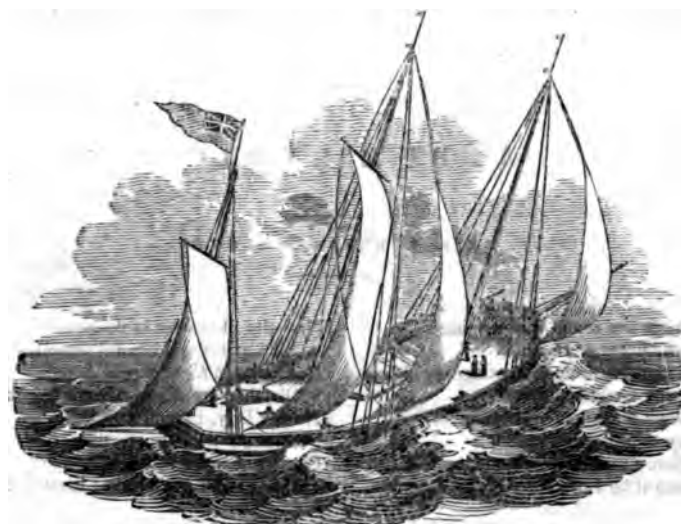
FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

SAILING.



A TOP-SAIL SCHOONER, WITH STAY-SAIL AND FLYING-JIB.



A LUGGER.

THE excellence of the American schooners, or clippers, has long been acknowledged by every nautical nation in the globe. The Baltimore ship-builders are famous for the superiority of the mould and the fast sailing qualities of the schooners constructed in their yards. During the late war, several of these vessels were fitted out as privateers, and annoyed the British frigates by their extraordinary speed; many valuable prizes were frequently secured within sight of the enemy's fleet.

The ease with which schooners are managed in all weathers, and repaired after damage from gale or gun, rendered them a favorite craft with the piratical navigators of the Gulf. The vessels employed in the slave trade were and are chiefly of the schooner rig, and very generally of Baltimore build. Several of the latter class have been known to exceed three hundred tons burden.

The schooner may be considered the national rig of the minor vessels of America. The revenue cutters, pilot boats, coasters, hay craft, and packet boats, are entirely of the schooner class; in fact, the schooner, both on the American and the English coast, has almost superseded the smaller sized but heavily rigged brigs and clumsy sloops that used to glide so lazily with the tide to their appointed harbors and stations.

Many handsome pleasure boats of this rig are to be met with in our waters; and in the Royal Yacht Club in England, there are a good number of vessels of this class; but from the reasons stated in the article on "Cutters," the sloop rig appears to be the favorite with the British amateurs.

THE LUGGER.

This inconvenient craft is now a stranger in the bays and along the coast of the United States, but mention is made of it in the early days of the colonists. Luggers were formerly supposed to be the fastest sailing vessels in the list of European craft, and the French and English smugglers and fishermen continue their use to this day. A lugger has three masts, with a running bowsprit; the lug sails are quadrilaterally shaped, and bent upon a yard, which hangs obliquely to the mast at one third of its length. This kind of sail is exclusively used in the *barca longa*, navigated by the Spaniards on the Mediterranean. The smugglers that run across the English Channel, have two sets of lugs—large ones, which require dipping every time you tack, to which top sails are sometimes, though but rarely, added—and small working lugs and stay-sails which do not require dipping, the tack coming to the foot of the mast. The latter are generally used (as depicted above), except in making long reaches, as across the Channel, etc.

Luggers formerly appeared among the vessels of the Yacht Club; but with one solitary exception in the catalogue of the hundred and nine vessels belonging to the Royal Yacht Club, there are now-a-days no fancy specimens of the craft.

A Yawl is an open boat, of large size, with two or more moveable masts, and small lug sails. They are in frequent use upon the coast of England, and serve either as row or sail boats, according to the weather.

CHILDHOOD SCENES.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS, LATE EDITOR OF THE BALTIMORE MUSEUM.

DEAR mountain-home, thou'rt not forgotten!
I think of thee, with rapture, still;
On the mind's canvas, brightly painted,
As ravine, streamlet, grove and hill—
As memory's eye oft scans the view,
I seem to be a child anew.

Who can forget gay childhood's scenery?—
The brooks, the fruit-trees, and each field
Whose fences we have climbed 'mid brambles
That pierce us whilst they treasures yield—
Teaching that pain is linked with pleasures,
Oft as the price of earthly treasures.

I see that babbling brook's green margin
O'er which I chased the butterfly—
Whose bosom bore those mimic schooners
Which seem, this moment, floating by
Amid loud shoutings. O, how stay
Remembrances of childhood's day!

O, in that streamlet's child-like waters
I found all that the heart might cheer:
There dwelt those little hungry minnows

I angled from its waters clear.
Time changes motives less than mood:—
More grave our anglings, now, for food.

O, how glow those clustering cherries
Hanging, like Eden's fruitage, there;
How laugh those robins and wood-peckers
As, rogue-like, spoilage off they bear
To gaping callow not yet free
From nest of sticks, or hollow tree.

How sweet to dwell on childhood's hours,
With all its stores of bliss displayed!
Felt not their *value* then; but now
The pomp of riches and parade
Some would, I ween, exchange with pleasure:
How lightly children treat their treasure.

'Tis thus—theo' wiser to look forward—
Men, o'er the past, are wont to brood;
Oft blissful moments we experience
When reigns the retrospective mood;
Yet who, with all things weighed, can say
He grieves that childhood's past away!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Where Hudson's Wave, Ida; a Scena. Written and Dedicated to John W. Francis, M. D., by George P. Morris—the Music composed by Joseph Philip Knight.

This last composition of General Morris is fully equal to any thing which has proceeded from his pen; and in saying this we intend to express a very high degree of praise. We predict for it universal popularity, in the strictest sense of the term—as well as that more valuable popularity which arises from the known opinions of those who are the best competent to judge. The simplicity, strength, and grace of "Ida" have rarely been equalled.

A Monograph of The Limniades, and other Fresh Water Univalve Shells of N. America. By S. Stehman Haldeman, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, etc., etc. J. Dobson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Haldeman proposes to publish by subscription and in periodical numbers, a work with the above title; the design may be stated, without technicality, as that of describing and figuring all the Fresh Water Univalve shells of this country. The specimen received by us is in uniformity with the Unionidae of Conrad, and the Helices of Binney. It is beautifully printed, and the engraving and coloring are capitally done. The terms are one dollar per number.

There can be no doubt that a good illustrated description of our Fresh Water Univalves is a desideratum—but we are not sure that Mr. Haldeman is altogether upon the right track. In calling his genus the *Lymniades* he is, no doubt, endeavoring to preserve uniformity with Messieurs Conrad and Binney, but we think, as these gentlemen are neither of them in accordance with the best usage in their terminations, it would have been better not to have followed them. The motto from Deshayes, too—*Le seul moyen d'améliorer la nomenclature est de la fixer par la restitution, aux especes, des premiers noms qu'elles ont reçues*—involves a proposition far more easily dreamed of than executed. Nevertheless Mr. Haldeman cannot give us accurate descriptions and delineations of the branch of Malacology in question, without accomplishing a good work—however he may differ from our own notions in regard to that ever-vexed and ever-vexing question of classification.

Voices of the Night. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. John Owen, Cambridge.

THE little book which Professor Longfellow has entitled "The Voices of the Night," includes not only some poems thus styled, but others composed during the collegiate life of the writer, as well as about twenty brief translations. Of the latter we shall say nothing. So very much of all that is essential to the lyre—so many of its more spiritual attributes and properties—lie *beyond* the scope of translation—so trivial, comparatively, are those mere graces which lie *within* it—that the critic will be pardoned for declining to admit versions, of however high merit as such, into his estimate of the *poetical* character of his author. Neither should any author, of mature age, desire to have this poetical character estimated by the productions of his mind at immaturity. We shall, therefore, confine our observations to the "Voices of the Night."

In looking over a file of newspapers, not long ago, our attention was arrested by the opening lines of a few stanzas, headed "Hymn to the Night." We read them again and again, and although some blemishes were readily discoverable, we bore them away in memory, with the firm belief that a poet of high genius had at length arisen amongst us, and with the resolve so to express our opinion at the first opportunity which should offer. The perusal of the entire volume now presented to the public by the writer of this "Hymn to the Night," has not, indeed, greatly modified our impressions in regard to that particular poem—not greatly, even, in regard to the genius of the poet—but very greatly in respect to his capacity for the ultimate achievement of any well-founded monument—any enduring reputation. Our general conclusion is one similar to that which "Hyperion" induced, and which we stated, of late, in a concise notice of that book. The author has, in one or two points, ability; and, in these one or two points, that ability regards the very loftiest qualities of the poetical soul. His imagination, for example, is vivid—and in saying this, how much do we say! But he appears to us singularly deficient in all those important faculties which give artificial power, and without which never was immortality effected. He has no combining or binding force. He has absolutely nothing of unity. His brief pieces (to whose brevity he has been led by an instinct of the deficiencies we now note) abound in high thoughts either positively insulated, or showing these same deficiencies by the *recherché* spirit of their connexion. And thus his productions are

scintillations from the brightest poetical truth, rather than this brightest truth in itself. By truth, here, we mean that perfection which is the result only of the strictest proportion and adaptation in all the poetical requisites—these requisites being considered as each existing in the highest degree of beauty and strength.

It is by no means our design to speak of the volume before us in detail. There would be no object in such critical supererogation. The spirit of Professor Longfellow is as well determined from the shortest of these "Voices of the Night," (which are altogether his best pieces) as from all that he has written combined. We look upon the "Besieged City" as his finest poem. There is a certainty of purpose about it which we do not discover elsewhere; and in it, the writer's idiosyncratic excellences, which are those of expression, chiefly, and of a fitful (unsteady) imagination, are the most strikingly displayed. The "Hymn to the Night," however, will be the greatest favorite with the public, from the fact that these idiosyncratic beauties are there more evident and more glowing.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! O Cretes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night.

No poem ever opened with a beauty more august. The five first stanzas are nearly perfect—by which we mean that they are nearly free from fault, while embodying a supreme excellence. Had we seen nothing from the pen of the poet but these five verses, we should have formed the most exaggerated conception of his powers. Had he written always thus, we should have been tempted to speak of him not only as our finest poet, but as one of the noblest poets of all time. Yet even these five stanzas have their defects—defects inherent in the mind of the writer, and thence ineradicable—absolutely so. An intellect which apprehends, with full sensitiveness, the peculiar loveliness of the spirit of the *unique*—of unity—will find, in perusal here, that his fancy, in the poet's guidance, wavers disagreeably between two ideas which would have been merged by the skilful artist in one. We mean the two ideas of the absolute and of the personified Night. Even in the first stanza this difficulty occurs—enfleebing all. The words—

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls—

convey us to a palace tenanted by the sable-drapered, by the corporate Night. But the lines

I saw her sable-skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls—

refer us, by the single epithet *celestial*, to the natural and absolute quality or condition, to the incorporate darkness. Had the poet merely written "azure" or "heavenly" in place of *marble*, this conflict of thought would not have occurred, and the passage would have derived that force, from unity, which it does not at present possess. The personification, which is its main beauty, would have remained, at the same time, inviolate. A similar good effect could be produced by changing *celestial* for some word inducing the mind to receive the Night in her personified character—changing it for any term applicable to an earthly habitation.

Precisely the same fault is found in the second stanza, where the "from above" lifts the thought to the absolute night—the subsequent lines bringing it down immediately to the prosopopeia. The third stanza is in good keeping—the fourth slightly in fault as before. The fifth is correct. The sixth is again in error—and has, moreover, the great defect of not being readily intelligible. It is not every reader who will here understand the poet as invoking Peace to descend *through*, or by means of,

The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night.

The words used are, of course, strictly grammatical; and, as the lines stand, no preposition could have been employed—Peace is invoked to descend the Night—as we say descend the stair, or ladder—but, then, the entire form of the stanza should have been altered, so as to obviate even the possibility of a misapprehension. Upon our first perusal we understood the passage as containing a double invocation—to Peace and to Night. But in regard to this single and brief poem, as a whole, (or rather when we consider it not as a whole, and view it through its parts) its richly ideal beauties would more than redeem a thousand imperfections such as we point out; and we point them out at all merely as some instance of the completion of the prevalent deficiencies of the writer.

The gross affectations which disfigure "Hyperion" in many passages, are not at all observable in this Hymn, (whose poetic simplicity is not the least of its high merits) but are woefully abundant in most of the other pieces. What can be more preposterous than such inversion as this, in the mouth of a poet of the nineteenth century?—

*Spoke full well, in language quaint and olden
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine
When he called &c.*

The titles of Professor Longfellow's books, moreover, answer no good purpose in the world. Such things as "Outre Mer," "Hyperion," "Psalms of Life" and "Voices of the Night," only lessen the perpetrator in the opinion of all reasonable men; and there was no necessity, whatever, for any "Prelude" by way of commencement to the volume now reviewed.

But we have to adduce against the poet a charge of much more serious character. One of his latest and most popular pieces runs thus—

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rocks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray!

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their heads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heathes,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,
Loveth her ever soft voice
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice, gentle and low,
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies,
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
Vex not his ghost!

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

How! how! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie Eleyson!
Christie Eleyson!

This piece, with many defects, has undoubtedly more beauties, and these beauties are of a high order—but in a volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson, of England, we meet with the following:

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing :
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly, and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year you must not die,
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move ;
 He will not see the dawn of day.
 He hath no other life above—
 He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
 And the New Year will take 'em away.
 Old year, you must not go,
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;
 A jollier year we shall not see.
 But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.
 Old year, you shall not die ;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
 But all his merry quips are o'er.
 To see him die, across the waste,
 His son and heir doth ride post haste,
 But he'll be dead before.
 Every one for his own ;
 The night is starry and cold, my friend,
 And the new year blithe and bold, my friend,
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! Over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro :
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
 'Tis nearly one o'clock.
 Shake hands before you die ;
 Old year we'll dearly rue for you,
 What is it we can do for you ?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin—
 Alack ! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
 Step from the corpse and let him in
 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.

We have no idea of commenting, at any length, upon this plagiarism ; which is too palpable to be mistaken ; and which belongs to the most barbarous class of literary robbery ; that class in which, while the words of the wronged author are avoided, his most intangible, and therefore his least defensible and least reclaimable property, is parloined. Here, with the exception of lapses, which, however, speak volumes, (such for instance as the use of the capitalized " Old Year," the general peculiarity of the rhythm, and the absence of rhyme at the end of each stanza,) there is nothing of a visible or palpable nature by which the source of the American poem can be established. But then nearly all that is valuable in the piece of Tennyson, is the first conception of personifying the Old Year as a dying old man, with the singularly wild and fantastic manner in which that conception is carried out. Of this conception and of this manner he is robbed. Could he peruse to-day the " Midnight Mass" of Professor Longfellow, would he peruse it with mere indignation or of grief?

Diary in America, First and Second Parts. By Captain Marryatt. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart, and T. K. and G. P. Collins.

We refrained from noticing the first series of this extraordinary work on account of its incompleteness, and resolved to abide the appearance of the "subsequent commentaries" which the gentlemanly writer promised as a necessary pendant to his immature statements, before we gave an opinion of the book which, according to his own words, "has given him more trouble than any work he ever wrote." In the first series, Captain Marryatt states that his object in visiting the United States, was to ascertain the effects of a democratic form of government upon a people which, with its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English. As the first series did not contain one paragraph of application, although some dozens of stale anecdotes and impossible adventures were introduced, we concluded to wait for the publication of the second series or moral of the story before we attacked it with our critical scalpel. But, alas, there is as little application or purpose in the second part as in the first—we have but a second edition of the same imperfect design, the same species of vituperation, and the same revival of antique but not venerable jokes, with which the Captain stains his pages and interlards his conversation. The Captain does not or rather cannot depict the beauties or the faults of our democratic institutions—the effects of which upon the Anglo-Saxon race he promised but failed to exhibit. Paul Pry, the tiresome eaves-dropping, ignorant and impudent meddler, visited his friend Witherton to ask him about a double tooth with which he had

been bothered; the officious fool remained some time in idle and offensive chatter, and after he had taken his departure, discovered that he had never asked Mr. Witherton about the tooth after all. Captain Marryatt, in the management of his democratic effects, has closely followed Mr. Paul Pry and the double tooth.

Serious criticism upon the trashy works before us is beneath even the very little dignity wherewith we clothe our editorial selves. The author's capacity for national strictures may be estimated from the fact that he seriously declares, while discoursing of the American game of ten-pins, "that he was very fond of frequenting their alleys, not only for the exercise, but, because, among the various ways of estimating character, he had made up his mind that there was none more likely to be correct than the estimate formed by the manner in which people roll the ball, especially the ladies!" To prove his impartiality, let us revert to the announcement made in his answer to the Edinburgh Reviewers that his great object in writing his book was to do serious injury to the cause of democracy! We have also a word or two to say respecting his fitness of judgment on *Education, Religion, Society, Public Opinion, Patriotism*, and other ad captandum names which he has selected as titles to various portions of his work.

Captain Marryatt's progress through the United States was to him a passage of mortification and disgrace—to the lovers of literature, and to the hospitable who delight in the exercise of civilities, to the worthies of every clime, his presence was a blight and his departure a relief. When his arrival at New York was first announced, a highly respectable muster of Philadelphia citizens resolved to extend the honors of the city of brotherly love to the renowned author of "Peter Simple," and forwarded him an invitation to a public dinner, with a request that he would name his own time. The secretary received an answer that he, the Captain, would be in Philadelphia in a few days, when the desired particulars might be arranged. He did make his promised visit, but the proffered dinner never took place—the gallant captain had not been in Philadelphia three days before incontrovertible statements of his positive vulgarity and blackguardism, both in public and private, were so rife, that it was impossible to muster even a quartette committee to carry the complimentary dinner into execution. And yet this man pretends to write strictures upon the social qualities of the citizens of the United States!

Captain Marryatt states that he had not been three weeks in this country before he decided upon accepting no more invitations, *charily as they were made*. Ah, captain, were the grapes sour? In three weeks the social circles of the Atlantic cities were acquainted with your universal practice of profanity and smut; but from our own experience we can affirm that you did not refuse a single invitation in the city of Philadelphia for some time after the expiration of the period which you assign, however charily the invites were made—nor can we point out an individual case wherein the most wearisome disgust did not attend your presence.

In the first part of the former series, the captain states that he was invited to dine with the Mayor and Corporation of New York. This is a misstatement; the civic dignitaries *refused* to extend their hospitalities to the rowdy Englishman, despite his earnest exertions to the contrary, and his presence at the dinner in question arose from the well-known good nature of a certain literary general in New York, who took the uninvited captain with him as one of his *aid-de-camps*. We should like to detail the real facts of some other portions of Marryatt's residence in the northern metropolis—of his interference with the domestic arrangements of a friend, while enjoying that friend's hospitality—and of his sneaking out of the country without returning an answer to a hostile message, the result of his discovered rascality. But other interests supervene, and the captain must be content as it is.

Having developed his pretensions to criticise the Religion, Education, and Social Relations of our be-diaried and over-journalized country, we intend to advance a position respecting the Patriotism of this king-loving Englishman, who fabricates so many volumes of balderdash to induce his countrymen to despise democracy, and who journeyed so many thousand leagues to observe the effects of the said democracy on the government of the people. In answer to this tirade, we assert that Captain Marryatt visited the United States for the express and avowed purpose of securing the copyright of his works, and we defy his American publisher to contradict our assertion; the book-making portion of the speculation was a natural result, and the captain relied upon it as a means of paying his expenses. As soon as he arrived at New York, he consulted the Chancellor of that State as to the power of holding possession of copyright; and with a view to obtain that power, he rented a house, No. 30, Vesey street, New York; declared himself a citizen of the despised democratic land, and in that character, sued for an injunction on Messrs. Cooley and Bang, who had issued what he termed a pirated edition of his novel of Snarley-Yow. For this impudent assumption of civic rights in the United States, he has just been compelled to pay about eighty pounds sterling in England. Journeying onward to Philadelphia, he repeated his avowal of citizenship; and actually obtained from Mr. Hopkinson, the Clerk of the County Court of Pennsylvania, a printed form of declaration of intention to naturalize, wherein the declarer abjures all allegiance to every European power, especially the sovereign of the land of his birth. The honest captain, who was so eager to sell his patriotism for the filthy lucre which he expected to derive from the sale of his works, did not complete his venal act. He found that citizenship must be combined with length of residence to ensure a power of copyright; and he therefore suddenly blazed afresh with patriotic fire, and joined the troops

of his monarch in their strong holds in Canada, from whence he fulminated paper thunderbolts against the people whose civic privileges he had vainly endeavored to assume. A few hundred dollars a year extra would have changed this rebel monarchist and despiser of democracy into a naturalized citizen, and have made a sharer in, if not a defender of, our republican institutions.

In reference to the actual merit of the two series, we have but a word to say. The chapter upon "Emigration" is the best written portion of the book; and the history of the Florida War, and the accounts of the destruction of the Ben Sherrod, the Home, and the Moselle steam packets, are the most entertaining. A considerable, nay, the largest portion of the matter is but a reprint from other works of various natures and merit; we wish the voracious captain had attended to the advice contained in the old epigram—

The stolen part is much the best,
Take courage, Frank, and steal the rest.

The Spitfire, a Novel, by the author of The Arethusa. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

A lively, pleasant, chit-chatty sort of a book, and pretty good as nautical novels go. There is a sufficiency of sentimental pirates, lovely and ill-used ladies, sailor's yarns, shipwrecks, and cross old gentlemen to satisfy the severest Aristarchus of the most fashionable circulating library. We rather object to the moral bearing of the whole affair, although we dissent *in toto* from the "poetical justice" so universally awarded to all villains in the fifth acts of plays, and the last chapters of romances—we know too much of life to countenance the impossibilities put forth by the play-wrights and novelists of this and every age—villains do not always, nor even generally, meet with punishment and shame in reality, and we should have been pleased if Captain Chamier had courageously departed from this common-place fiction and uncommon reality, and exhibited the success of an impudent rogue over the tactics of a modest and virtuous man, if such-a-one is to be found in the world. But the objection which we have alluded to is to the author's attempt at investing the character of a pirate and a cut-throat with the attributes of a hero and a deserving man—of endeavoring to excite the sympathies of the reader in behalf of this common ruffian—and finally, marrying him to an amiable warm-hearted girl. All this is against nature, and beneath the skill of the weaver of fiction.

The Philosophy of Human Life. Being an Investigation of the Great Elements of Life: the Power that acts—the Will that directs the Action—and the Accountability or Sanctions that influence the Formation of Volitions. Together with Reflections adapted to the Physical, Political, Popular, Moral, and Religious Natures of Man. By Amos Dean, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Albany Medical College. Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb, Boston.

Such is the long title of what we cannot help considering a very powerfully conceived and well digested—a very remarkable and original work. But with this brief and general commendation we must, in a great measure, content ourselves; for the very character of the book lies in its luminous and closely logical *order*—to disturb which by way of *instancing* its merit, would be but an illogical way of proceeding. This publication should be studied by all who have at heart the subject of which it treats. Mr. Dean rejects some portions of the phrenological doctrines of Combe, but bases his work, as a whole, upon the positions of that extraordinary mind.

Pictures of Early Life; or, Sketches of Youth. By Mrs. Emma C. Embury. Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb, Boston.

"From the midst of a peaceful and happy home," says Mrs. Embury in her preface, "a home gladdened by the voices of joyous childhood, I send forth these pictures of early struggles, temptations, and errors." And very exquisitely painted pictures they are; leaving upon the mind of the reader not only distinct and vivid images of many a scene of the sorrows and triumphs of youth, but a deep and irresistible conviction of the kind heart and beautiful enthusiasm of the artist.

The U. S. Military Magazine, and Record of all The Volunteers. Huddy and Duval, Phila.

The last number of this work is very entertaining, and does great credit to the publishers. By way of frontispiece we are presented with a capital lithographed portrait of General William Henry

Harrison, which is accompanied by a good biographical sketch of that distinguished individual. The other embellishments are, also, well done—the first being a representation of the General, with his staff, at the Battle of the Thames—the second of an officer and two soldiers of the Cleveland Grays, of Cleveland, Ohio. Altogether the Military Magazine appears to be well conducted, and we understand that it receives a very extensive support, especially from the numerous volunteer companies of the Union.

Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; Illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year. By the Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D., Ruthwell, Scotland. With Important Additions and Some Modifications to adapt it to American Readers, By F. W. P. Greenwood. In Four Volumes. Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb, Boston.

This work of Dr. Duncan's has been adopted into "The School Library," by the Massachusetts Board of Education, after a careful examination and correction. The defects which were incidental to the plan of the book itself, have not, of course, been remedied—the defects of cursoriness, incompleteness and inequality to which all compendiums are liable, and especially those which take in so vast a range of subject as the "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons." But absolute errors have been in a great measure corrected by the American editor, and some alterations have been made by the addition of notes, and the occasional introduction (we learn) of passages into the text, with a view of adapting the whole to the place which it is now intended to occupy, as a book of instruction and entertainment for American families and schools.

The general plan of the work is methodical. Each volume is devoted to a separate season, and is divided into as many chapters, as that season has days. This arrangement is well suited to the wants of a school-teacher. The ultimate design of the author is to show that the visible objects of Nature are the work of the hand of the Deity, "the intimations of his presence and agency, the proofs of his wisdom, and, especially, the manifestations of his goodness." To establish his argument, Dr. Duncan has compiled, from a great variety of sources, whatever he supposed tended to strengthen it, combining all with much original observation of his own. The variety of the publication is certainly very great, and it might be regarded as an excellent work, upon the whole; even if we looked only to the multitude of its observations, and its consequent capacity of suggestion. The mind which carefully peruses these four volumes will not fail of being stimulated to farther and more extended research. But "The Philosophy of the Seasons" is, in other respects, a capital book. Its great comprehensiveness, its general accuracy, its ingenious and luminous arrangement render it especially well adapted for the educational purposes for which it is designed. Its mechanical execution is exceedingly good, and does high credit to the taste of the publishers, Messieurs Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb. We shall speak farther of these volumes in our March number.

The Fright, by Ellen Pickering, author of "Nan Darrell," "The Square," "The Heiress," "The Prince and the Pedlar," etc. etc. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Miss Pickering has acquired a very enviable reputation among all lovers of light literature, and she may be considered as a highly popular writer. Her style is excellent in its way—simple, unartificial, and direct. She never instructs, but always interests, and frequently excites. There is much of a fine romance in all that she indites. We expressed our opinion of "Nan Darrell" not very long ago—it is an entertaining book well worth reading. "The Fright" is quite as good, and perhaps better.

New Historical Work.—We are happy to announce that Messrs. Carey and Hart are about to give the reading world an opportunity of enjoying the wondrous beauties of M. Thiers' celebrated work, *The History of the French Revolution*, translated from the original text by the classic Frederic Schöberl, with original notes and tables of reference. This valuable and standard book is to be published in three large octavo volumes, with illustrations. M. Thiers is busily employed upon his new work, *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, for which the firm of Messieurs Dubouché, and Co., of Paris, are to give him the sum of five hundred thousand francs.





UNDERCLIFF, THE GEM OF THE HUDSON, THE SEAT OF GENERAL MORRIS.

Engraved for Burgess & Co.

REVISED

NEW MAGAZINE

FOR THE

MONTH OF

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1850

Vol. 1

No. 1

The following is a list of the contents of this issue, which is the first of the new series. It contains a variety of original articles, including a history of the United States, a description of the new machinery, and a review of the new literature. The articles are written by some of the most distinguished authors of the day, and are of a high quality. The magazine is published monthly, and is sold at a price of one dollar per volume. It is a valuable addition to the library of every student of literature and history.

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UNDERCLIFF, UPON THE HUDSON,
THE SEAT OF GENERAL MORRIS.

BY H. J. FINN, ESQ.

THE pen of the poet and the pencil of the artist have so frequently united to record the grandeur and sublimity of the Hudson, and with such graphic fidelity, that little of interest remains unsaid or unsketched. But when every point of its bold and beautiful scenery might be made the subject of a picture, and every incident of its past history the theme of a poem, it requires no great research to discover new and prominent objects of attraction. Perhaps there is no portion of this beautiful river which partakes more of the picturesque, or combines more of the wild and wonderful, than the vicinity of the present View; and when time shall touch the history of the present with the wand of tradition, and past events shall live in the memory of the future as legends, romance will never revel in a more bewitching region. Fiction shall then fling its imaginative veil over the things we have seen—covering, but not concealing them—and, in the plenitude of poetic genius, people the drama of futurity with a thousand exquisite creations, clothed in the venerated garb of antiquity.

UNDERCLIFF, the mansion of GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS, which forms the principal object in the engraving, is situated upon an elevated plateau, rising from the eastern shore of the river; and the selection of such a commanding and beautiful position at once decides the taste of its intellectual proprietor. In the rear of the villa, cultivation has placed her fruit and forest trees with a profuse hand, and fertilized the fields with a variety of vegetable products. The extent of the grounds is abruptly terminated by the base of a rocky mountain, that rises nearly perpendicular to its summit, and affords in winter a secure shelter from the bleak blasts of the north. In front, a circle of greenward is refreshed by a fountain in the centre, gushing from a Grecian vase, and encircled by ornamental shrubbery; from thence a gravelled walk winds down a gentle declivity to a second plateau, and again descends to the entrance of the carriage road, which leads upwards along the left slope of the hill, through a noble forest, the growth of many years, until suddenly emerging from its sombre shades, the visiter beholds the mansion before him in the bright blaze of day. A few openings in the wood afford an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the water, sparkling with reflected light; and the immediate transition from shadow to sunshine is peculiarly pleasing.

Although the sunny prospects from the villa, of the giant mountains in their eternal verdure—the noble stream, when frequent gusts ruffle its surface into a thousand waves—the cluster of white cottages collected into the distant village, are glorious; it is only by the lovely light of the moon, when nature is in repose, that their magic influence is fully felt. We were fortunate in having an opportunity to contemplate the scene at such an hour: the moon had risen from a mass of clouds which formed a line across the sky so level that fancy saw her ascending from the dark sea, and her silvery light lay softened on the landscape; silence was over all, save where the dipping of a distant oar was echoed from the deep shadows of the rocks. Sometimes the white sail of a sloop would steal into sight from the deep gloom, like some shrouded spirit gliding from the confines of a giant's cavern, and recalled the expressive lines by Moore:—

The stream is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its face each vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.

In the view of Undercliff, the artist has been peculiarly happy in producing an effect at once brilliant and chaste. The broken foreground is agreeably relieved by the sparkling transparency of the water: the receding figures on the shore are judiciously introduced to mark the perspective. The projecting bluff in the middle distance is thrown into shadow, and stands out in fine contrast from the light horizon, while the lights upon the solitary rock, the entrance gate, the mansion, and the vessels, produce the effect of a setting sun; and the whole subject is treated with masterly skill. We only regret that art has not power to convey the kindly hospitalities hourly exercised in the interior of the mansion.

To enumerate the matchless and minute beauties of Undercliff, would occupy more space than the limits of our descriptive pages will permit. Its superiority, however, may be summed up in one expressive sentence, to which it is justly entitled, and which has been conceded to it by common consent—"The Gem of the Hudson River." To the belles-lettres reader the "Gem" will acquire additional value by reflecting the light of literature; it is the home of that fine poet, and graceful prose writer, General Morris. Many of the most beautiful of this gentleman's lyric effusions have been written among the fairy beauties of Undercliff, and under the inspiration of that true poetic feeling which such enchanting scenes are so likely to elicit. The following lines, addressed by General Morris to his youngest daughter, Ida, are a fitting appendage to a description of the birth place of the subject of the poet's song:—

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands

Winds thro' the hills afar,

Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands

Crowned with a single star!

And there, amid the billowy swells

Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capt earth,

My fair and gentle Ida dwells,

A nymph of mountain birth—

My fair and gentle dwells

A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives—

The diamonds of the showers—

Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves—

The sisterhood of flowers—

Morn's early beam—eve's balmy breeze—

Her purity define;

But Ida's dearer far than these

To this fond breast of mine—

But Ida's dearer far than these

To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills; the shades

Of night are on my brow!

Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades,

My soul is with you now!

I bless the star-crowned highlands where

My Ida's footsteps roam;

Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear—

To bear me to my home!

Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear—

To bear me to my home!

FLORENCE VANE.

BY P. P. COOKE, ESQ., WINCHESTER, VA.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,

Florence Vane:

My life's bright dream, and early,

Hath come again;

I renew in my fond vision

My heart's dear pain,

My hopes, and thy derision,

Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary—

The ruin old,

Where thou didst hark my story

At even told—

That spot—the hues Elysian

Of sky and plain—

I treasure in my vision,

Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses

In their prime;

Thy voice excelled the closes

Of sweetest rhyme;

Thy heart was as a river

Without a main.

Would I had loved thee never,

Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest, wonder!

Thy glorious clay

Lyeth the green sod under—

Alas the day!

And it boots not to remember

Thy disdain—

To quicken love's pale ember,

Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley

By young graves weep,

The pansies love to dally

Where maidens sleep;

May their bloom, in beauty vying,

Never wane

Where thine earthly part is lying,

Florence Vane!

THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS RODMAN.

BRING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PASSAGE ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF NORTH AMERICA EVER ACHIEVED BY CIVILIZED MAN.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING reached the mouth of the river Platte, our voyagers encamped for three days, during which they were busily occupied in drying and airing their goods and provisions, making new oars and poles, and repairing the birch canoe, which had sustained material injury. The hunters brought in an abundance of game, with which the boats were loaded to repletion. Deer was had for the asking, and turkeys and fat grouse were met with in great plenty. The party, moreover, regaled on several species of fish, and, at a short distance from the river banks, found an exquisite kind of wild grape. No Indians had been seen for better than a fortnight, as this was the hunting season, and they were doubtless engaged in the prairies, taking buffalo. After perfectly recruiting, the voyagers broke up their encampment, and pushed on up the Missouri. We resume the words of the Journal.

August 14. We started with a delightful breeze from the S. E., and kept along by the Southern shore, taking advantage of the eddy, and going at a great rate, notwithstanding the current, which, in the middle, was unusually full and strong. At noon, we stopped to examine some remarkable mounds on the south-western shore, at a spot where the ground seems to have sunk considerably to an extent of three hundred acres, or more. A large pond is in the vicinity, and appears to have drained the low tract. This is covered with mounds of various sizes, and shapes, all formed of sand and mud, the highest being nearest the river. I could not make up my mind whether these hillocks were of natural or artificial construction. I should have supposed them made by the Indians, but for the general appearance of the soil, which had apparently been subjected to the violent action of water.* We staid at this spot the rest of the day, having made altogether twenty miles.

August 15. To-day we had a heavy, disagreeable head wind, and made only fifteen miles, with great labor; encamping at night beneath a bluff on the north shore, this being the first bluff on that side which we had seen since leaving the Nodaway river. In the night it came on to rain in torrents, and the Greelys brought in their horses, and ensconced themselves in the cabin. Robert swam the river with his horse from the South shore, and then took the canoe across for Meredith. He appeared to think nothing of either of these feats, although the night was one of the darkest and most boisterous I ever saw, and the river was much swollen. We all sat in the cabin very comfortably, for the weather was quite cool, and were kept awake for a long time by the anecdotes of Thornton, who told story after story of his adventures with the Indians on the Mississippi. His huge dog appeared to listen with profound attention to every word that was said. Whenever any particularly incredible circumstance was related, Thornton would gravely refer to him as a witness. "Nep," he would say, "don't you remember that time?"—or "Nep can swear to the truth of that—can't you, Nep?"—when the animal would roll up his eyes immediately, loll out his monstrous tongue, and wag his great head up and down, as much as to say—"Oh it's every bit as true as the Bible." Although we all knew that this trick had been taught the dog, yet for our lives we could not forbear shouting with laughter, whenever Thornton would appeal to him.

August 16. Early this morning passed an island, and a creek about fifteen yards wide, and, at a farther distance of twelve miles, a large island in the middle of the river. We had now, generally, high prairie, and timbered hills on the north, with low ground on the south, covered with cotton-wood. The river was excessively crooked, but not so rapid as before we passed the Platte. Altogether there is less timber than formerly; what there is, is mostly elm, cotton-wood, hickory, and walnut, with some oak. Had a strong wind nearly all day, and by means of the eddy and this, we made twenty-five miles before night. Our encampment was on the south, upon a large plain, covered with high grass, and bearing a great number of plum-trees and currant-bushes. In our rear was a steep woody ridge, ascending which we found another prairie extending back for about a mile, and stopped again by a similar woody ridge, followed by another vast prairie, going off into the distance as far as the eye can reach. From the cliffs just above us we had one of the most beautiful prospects in the world.†

August 17. We remained at the encampment all day, and occupied ourselves in various employments. Getting Thornton, with his dog, to accompany me, I strolled to some distance to the

* These mounds are now well understood to indicate the position of the ancient village of the Ottoes, who were once a very powerful tribe. Being reduced by continual hostilities, they sought protection of the Pawnees, and migrated to the south of the Platte, about thirty miles from its mouth.—*Ens. G. M.*

† The Council Bluffs.—*Ens. G. M.*

southward, and was enchanted with the voluptuous beauty of the country. The prairies exceeded in beauty any thing told in the tales of the Arabian Nights. On the edges of the creeks there was a wild mass of flowers which looked more like Art than Nature, so profusely and fantastically were their vivid colors blended together. Their rich odor was almost oppressive. Every now and then we came to a kind of green island of trees, placed amid an ocean of purple, blue, orange, and crimson blossoms, all waving to and fro in the wind. These islands consisted of the most majestic forest oaks, and, beneath them, the grass resembled a robe of the softest green velvet, while up their huge stems there clambered, generally, a profusion of grape vines, laden with delicious ripe fruit. The Missouri, in the distance, presented the most majestic appearance; and many of the real islands with which it was studded were entirely covered with plum bushes, or other shrubbery, except where crossed in various directions by narrow, mazy paths, like the alleys in an English flower-garden; and in these alleys we could always see either elks or antelopes, who had no doubt made them. We returned, at sun-set, to the encampment, delighted with our excursion. The night was warm, and we were excessively annoyed by mosquitoes.

August 18. To-day passed through a narrow part of the river, not more than two hundred yards wide, with a rapid channel, much obstructed with logs and drift wood. Ran the large boat on a sawyer, and half filled her with water before we could extricate her from the difficulty. We were obliged to halt, in consequence, and overhaul our things. Some of the biscuit was injured, but none of the powder. Remained all day—having only made five miles.

August 19. We started early this morning and made great headway. The weather was cool and cloudy, and at noon we had a drenching shower. Passed a creek on the south, the mouth of which is nearly concealed by a large sand-island of singular appearance. Went about fifteen miles beyond this. The highlands now recede from the river, and are probably from ten to twenty miles apart. On the north is a good deal of fine timber, but on the south very little. Near the river are beautiful prairies, and along the banks we procured four or five different species of grape, all of good flavor and quite ripe; one is a large purple grape of excellent quality. The hunters came into camp, at night, from both sides of the river, and brought us more game than we well knew what to do with—grouse, turkeys, two deer, an antelope, and a quantity of yellow birds with black-striped wings—these latter proved delicious eating. We made about twenty miles during the day.

August 20. The river, this morning, was full of sand-bars and other obstructions; but we proceeded with spirit, and reached the mouth of a pretty large creek, before night, at a distance of twenty miles from our last encampment. The creek comes in from the north, and has a large island opposite its mouth. Here we made our camp, with the resolution of remaining four or five days to trap beaver, as we saw great signs of them in the neighborhood. This island was one of the most fairy-looking situations in the world, and filled my mind with the most delightful and novel emotions. The whole scenery rather resembled what I had dreamed of when a boy, than an actual reality. The banks sloped down very gradually into the water, and were carpeted with a short soft grass of a brilliant green hue, which was visible under the surface of the stream for some distance from the shore; especially on the north side, where the clear creek fell into the river. All round the island, which was probably about twenty acres in extent, was a complete fringe of cotton-wood; the trunks loaded with grape vines in full fruit, and so closely-interlocking with each other, that we could scarcely get a glimpse of the river between the leaves. Within this circle the grass was somewhat higher, and of a coarser texture, with a pale yellow or white streak down the middle of each blade, and giving out a remarkably delicious perfume, resembling that of the Vanilla bean, but much stronger, so that the whole atmosphere was loaded with it. The common English sweet grass is no doubt of the same genus, but greatly inferior in beauty, and fragrance. Interspersed among it in every direction, were myriads of the most brilliant flowers, in full bloom, and most of them of fine odor—blue, pure white, bright yellow, purple, crimson, gaudy scarlet, and some with streaked leaves like tulips. Little knots of cherry trees and plum bushes grew in various directions about, and there were many narrow winding paths which circled the island, and which had been made by elk or antelopes. Nearly in the centre, was a spring of sweet and clear water, which bubbled up from among a cluster of steep rocks, covered from head to foot with moss and flowering vines. The whole bore a wonderful resemblance to an artificial flower garden, but was infinitely more beautiful—looking rather like some of those scenes of enchantment which we read of in old books. We were all in extacy with the spot, and prepared our camp in the highest glee, amid its wilderness of sweets.

[The party remained here a week, during which time, the neighboring country to the north was explored in many directions, and some peltries obtained, especially upon the creek mentioned. The weather was fine, and the enjoyment of the voyagers suffered no alloy, in their terrestrial Paradise. Mr. Rodman, however, omitted no necessary precautions, and sentries were regularly posted every night, when all hands assembled at camp, and made merry. Such feasting and drinking were never before known; the Canadians proving themselves the very best fellows in the world at a song, or over a flagon. They did nothing but eat, and cook, and dance, and shout French carols at the top of their voice. During the day they were chiefly entrusted with the charge of the encampment, while the steadier members of the party were absent upon hunting or trapping expeditions. In one of these Mr. Rodman enjoyed an excellent opportunity of observing the habits of the beaver; and his

account of this singular animal is highly interesting—the more so as it differs materially, in some points, from the ordinary descriptions.

He was attended, as usual, by Thornton and his dog, and had traced up a small creek to its source in the highlands about ten miles from the river. The party came at length to a place where a large swamp had been made by the beavers, in damming up the creek. A thick grove of willows occupied one extremity of the swamp, some of them overhanging the water at a spot where several of the animals were observed. Our adventurers crept stealthily round to these willows, and making Neptune lie down at a little distance, succeeded in climbing, unobserved, into a large and thick tree, where they could look immediately down upon all that was going on.

The beavers were repairing a portion of their dam, and every step of their progress was distinctly seen. One by one the architects were perceived to approach the edge of the swamp, each with a small branch in his mouth. With this he proceeded to the dam, and placed it carefully, and longitudinally, on the part which had given way. Having done this, he dived immediately, and in a few seconds re-appeared above the surface with a quantity of stiff mud, which he first squeezed so as to drain it of its moisture in a great degree, and then applied with its feet and tail (using the latter as a trowel) to the branch which he had just laid upon the breach. He then made off among the trees, and was quickly succeeded by another of the community, who went through precisely the same operation.

In this way the damage sustained by the dam was in a fair way of being soon repaired. Messieurs Rodman and Thornton observed the progress of the work for more than two hours, and bear testimony to the exquisite skill of the artisans. But as soon as a beaver left the edge of the swamp in search of a branch, he was lost sight of among the willows, much to the chagrin of the observers, who were anxious to watch his further operations. By clambering a little higher up in the tree, however, they discovered every thing. A small sycamore had been felled, apparently, and was now nearly denuded of all its fine branches, a few beavers still nibbling off some that remained, and proceeding with them to the dam. In the mean time a great number of the animals surrounded a much older and larger tree, which they were busily occupied in cutting down. There were as many as fifty or sixty of the creatures around the trunk, of which number six or seven would work at once, leaving off one by one, as each became weary; a fresh one stepping in to the vacated place. When our travellers first observed the sycamore, it had been already cut through to a great extent, but only on the side nearest the swamp, upon the edge of which it grew. The incision was nearly a foot wide, and as cleanly made as if done with an axe; and the ground at the bottom of the tree was covered with fine longitudinal slips, like straws, which had been nibbled out, and not eaten; as it appears that these animals only use the bark for food. When at work some sat upon the hind legs, in the posture so common with squirrels, and gnawed at the wood; their fore feet resting upon the edge of the cut, and their heads thrust far into the aperture. Two of them, however, were entirely within the incision; lying at length, and working with great eagerness for a short time, when they were relieved by their companions.

Although the position of our voyagers was any thing but comfortable, so great was their curiosity to witness the felling of the sycamore, that they resolutely maintained their post until sunset, an interval of eight hours from the time of ascending. Their chief embarrassment was on Neptune's account, who could with difficulty be kept from plunging in the swamp after the plasterers who were repairing the dam. The noise he made had several times disturbed the nibblers at the tree, who would every now and then start, as if all actuated by one mind, and listen attentively for many minutes. As evening approached, however, the dog gave over his freaks, and lay quiet; while the beavers went on uninterruptedly with their labor.

Just as the sun began to set, a sudden commotion was observed among the wood-cutters, who all started from the tree, and flew round to the side which was untouched. In an instant afterwards it was seen to settle down gradually on the gnawed side, till the lips of the incision met; but still it did not fall, being sustained partially by the unsundered bark. This was now attacked with zeal by as many nibblers as could find room to work at it, and very quickly severed; when the huge tree, to which the proper inclination had already been so ingeniously given, fell with a tremendous crash, and spread a great portion of its topmost branches over the surface of the swamp. This matter accomplished, the whole community seemed to think a holiday was deserved, and, ceasing work at once, began to chase each other about in the water, diving, and slapping the surface with their tails.

The account here given of the method employed by the beaver in its wood-cutting operations, is more circumstantial than any we have yet seen, and seems to be conclusive in regard to the question of *design* on the animal's part. The intention of making the tree fall towards the water appears here to be obvious. Captain Bonneville, it will be remembered, discredits the alleged sagacity of the animal in this respect, and thinks it has no farther aim than to get the tree down, without any subtle calculation in respect to its mode of descent. This attribute, he thinks, has been ascribed to it from the circumstance that trees in general, which grow near the margin of water, either lean bodily towards the stream, or stretch their most ponderous limbs in that direction, in search of the light, space, and air, which are there usually found. The beaver, he says, attacks, of course, those trees which are nearest at hand; and on the banks of the stream or pond, and these, when cut through,

naturally preponderate towards the water. This suggestion is well-timed; but by no means conclusive against the design of the beaver; whose sagacity, at best, is far beneath that which is positively ascertained in respect to many classes of inferior animals—ininitely below that of the lion-ant, of the bee, and of the corraliferi. The probability is that, were two trees offered to the choice of the beaver, one of which preponderated to the water, and the other did not, he would, in felling the first, omit, as unnecessary, the precautions just described, but observe them in felling the second.

In a subsequent portion of the Journal other particulars are given respecting the habits of the singular animal in question, and of the mode of trapping it employed by the party, and we give them here for the sake of continuity. The principal food of the beavers is bark, and of this they put by regularly a large store for winter provision, selecting the proper kind with care and deliberation. A whole tribe, consisting sometimes of two or three hundred, will set out together upon a foraging expedition, and pass through groves of trees all apparently similar, until a particular one suits their fancy. This they cut down, and, breaking off its most tender branches, divide them into short slips of equal length and divest these slips of their bark, which they carry to the nearest stream leading to their village, thence floating it home. Occasionally the slips are stored away for the winter without being stripped of the bark; and, in this event, they are careful to remove the refuse wood from their dwellings, as soon as they have eaten the rind, taking the sticks to some distance. During the spring of the year the males are never found with the tribe at home, but always by themselves, either singly, or in parties of two or three, when they appear to lose their usual habits of sagacity, and fall an easy prey to the arts of the trapper. In summer they return home, and busy themselves, with the females, in making provision for winter. They are described as exceedingly ferocious animals when irritated.

Now and then they may be caught upon shore; especially the males in spring, who are then fond of roving to some distance from the water in search of food. When thus caught, they are easily killed with a blow from a stick; but the most certain and efficacious mode of taking them is by means of the trap. This is simply constructed to catch the foot of the animal. The trapper places it usually in some position near the shore, and just below the surface of the water, fastening it by a small chain to a pole stuck in the mud. In the mouth of the machine is placed one end of a small branch; the other end rising above the surface, and well soaked in the liquid bait whose odor is found to be attractive to the beaver. As soon as the animal scents it, he rubs his nose against the twig, and, in so doing, steps upon the trap, springs it, and is caught. The trap is made very light, for the convenience of portage, and the prey would easily swim off with it but for its being fastened to the pole by a chain—no other species of fastening could resist his teeth. The experienced trapper readily detects the presence of beaver in any pond or stream; discovering them by a thousand appearances which would afford no indication to the unpractised observer.

Many of the identical wood-cutters whom the two voyagers had watched so narrowly from the tree-top, fell afterwards a victim to trap, and their fine furs became a prey to the spoilers, who made sad havoc in the lodge at the swamp. Other waters in the neighborhood also afforded the travellers much sport; and they long remembered the island at the creek's mouth, by the name of Beaver Island, in consequence. They left this little Paradise in high spirits on the twenty-seventh of the month, and, pursuing their hitherto somewhat uneventful voyage up the river, arrived, by the first of September, without any incident of note, at the mouth of a large river on the south, to which they gave the name of Currant River, from some berries abounding upon its margin, but which was, beyond doubt, the Quicourre. The principal objects of which the Journal takes notice in this interval, are the numerous herds of buffalo which darkened the prairies in every direction, and the remains of a fortification on the south shore of the river, nearly opposite the upper extremity of what has been since called Bonhomme Island. Of these remains a minute description is given, which tallies in every important particular with that of Captains Lewis and Clarke. The travellers had passed the Little Sioux, Floyd's, the Great Sioux, White-Stone, and Jacques rivers on the North; with Wandansenne creek, and White-Paint river on the south, but at neither of these streams did they stop to trap for any long period. They had also passed the great village of the Omahas, of which the Journal takes no notice whatever. This village, at the time, consisted of full three hundred houses, and was inhabited by a numerous and powerful tribe; but it is not immediately upon the banks of the Missouri, and the boats probably went by it during the night—for the party had begun to adopt this mode of progress, through fear of the Sioux. We resume the narrative of Mr. Rodman, with the second of September.]

September 2. We had now reached a part of the river where, according to all report, a great deal of danger was to be apprehended from the Indians, and we became extremely cautious in our movements. This was the region inhabited by the Sioux, a warlike and ferocious tribe, who had, upon several occasions, evinced hostility to the whites, and were known to be constantly at war with all the neighboring tribes. The Canadians had many incidents to relate respecting their savage propensities, and I had much apprehension lest these cowardly creatures should take an opportunity of deserting, and retracing their way to the Mississippi. To lessen the chances of this, I removed one of them from the piroque, and supplied his place by Poindexter Greely. All the Greelys came in from the shore, turning loose the horses. Our arrangement was now as follows:—In the piroque,

Poindexter Greely, Pierre Junôt, Toby, and one Canadian—in the large boat, myself; Thornton; Wormley; John, Frank, Robert, and Meredith Greely; and three Canadians, with the dog. We set sail about dusk, and, having a brisk wind from the south, made good head-way, although, as night came on, we were greatly embarrassed by the shoals. We continued our course without interruption, however, until a short time before day-break, when we ran into the mouth of a creek, and concealed the boats among the underwood.

September 3 and 4. During both of these days it rained and blew with excessive violence, so that we did not leave our retreat at all. The weather depressed our spirits very much, and the narratives of the Canadians about the terrible Sioux did not serve to raise them. We all congregated in the cabin of the large boat, and held a council in regard to our future movements. The Greelys were for a bold push through the dangerous country, maintaining that the stories of the voyageurs were mere exaggerations, and that the Sioux would only be a little troublesome, without proceeding to hostility. Wormley and Thornton, however, as well as Pierre (all of whom had much experience in the Indian character) thought that our present policy was the best, although it would necessarily detain us much longer on our voyage than would otherwise be the case. My own opinion coincided with theirs—in our present course we might escape any collision with the Sioux—and I did not regard the delay as a matter of consequence.

September 5. We set off at night, and proceeded for about ten miles, when the day began to appear, and we hid the boats as before, in a narrow creek, which was well adapted to the purpose, as its mouth was almost blocked up by a thickly-wooded island. It again came on to rain furiously, and we were all drenched to the skin before we could arrange matters for turning in, in the cabin. Our spirits were much depressed by the bad weather, and the Canadians especially were in a miserable state of dejection. We had now come to a narrow part of the river where the current was strong, and the cliffs on both sides overhung the water, and were thickly wooded with lynn, oak, black-walnut, ash, and chesnut. Through such a gorge we knew it would be exceedingly difficult to pass without observation, even at night, and our apprehensions of attack were greatly increased. We resolved not to re-commence our journey until late, and then to proceed with the most stealthy caution. In the meantime we posted a sentry on shore, and one in the piroque, while the rest of us busied ourselves in overhauling the arms and ammunition, and preparing for the worst.

About ten o'clock we were getting ready to start, when the dog gave a low growl, which made us all fly to our rifles; but the cause of the disturbance proved to be a single Indian of the Ponca tribe, who came up frankly to our sentry on shore, and extended his hand. We brought him on board, and gave him whiskey, when he became very communicative, and told us that his tribe, who lived some miles lower down the river, had been watching our movements for several days past, but that the Poncas were friends and would not molest the whites, and would trade with us upon our return. They had sent him now to caution the whites against the Sioux, who were great robbers, and who were lying in wait for the party at a bend of the river, twenty miles farther up. There were three hands of them, he said, and it was their intention to kill us all, in revenge for an insult sustained by one of their chiefs, many years previously, at the hands of a French trapper.

S A B B A T H M O R N I N G .

BY J. D****, WELLSBURG, VA.

Oh, 'tis an hour when holy love
Might smile amidst earth's scenes of wo;
The heavens are all in peace above,
And all seems hush'd and calm below.
A soothing influence to the breast,
Refreshing as the dews of even,
Lulls each disturbing care to rest,
And steals the thoughts from earth to heaven.

The bell from every tall church tower
Sends forth upon the stilly air
Its music notes, to tell the hour
Has come for bended knee and prayer.

And as each sound that floated wide
Dies in the quietness profound,
Scarce seems a zephyr's sigh to chide
The sacred spell that breathes around.

Blest day, the Christian wanderer mourns,
Who in time's shadowy pathway strays,
When eve with chilling damps returns
To dim thy sun's departing rays;
But soon he on the dark sea's sand
With worn and weary feet shall stand,
And hail the bright inheritance
Of the eternal Sabbath land.

THE BROTHERS.

AN INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
Marched forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay—
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding way.

Byron.

AN English artist of celebrity related the following little incident in my presence, some half dozen years ago. The vivacity of his manner imbued the simple matter with an effect which cannot be given upon paper, although it was that effect which induced me immediately to enter the narrative in the pages of my common-place book. I now present to the reader a verbatim copy of my notation, retaining even the pronominal "I" of the original. The anecdote is positively a matter of fact, and the surviving brother is now one of Britain's most illustrious peers.

THE sudden return of Bonaparte from Elba materially interfered with the extent of my continental tour. France was for the present "a sealed book" to an Englishman, and Belgium had become any thing but a pleasant residence for a quiet son of the palette. It was known, or said to be known, that the outlawed emperor was advancing through Hainault with seventy or eighty thousand men; countless regiments of English, Dutch, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops were daily arriving in the good city of Brussels; and it was reasonable to suppose that the broad fields of Brabant were likely once more to be the prize ring of the European potentates. Thousands of English fashionables, driven from Paris by the arrival of Napoleon, congregated in the metropolis of Flanders; French officers attached to the Bourbon cause, many of them penniless from the haste with which they crossed the boundaries of their native land, to which they had but just returned after a tedious and degrading exile; the officers of the English and German legions; the officials of the Flemish government; the great men of the whole Flemish nation; and, independent of the usual mob of camp followers, a crowd of sight-loving English and idlers who had positively crossed the sea for the purpose of witnessing the campaign. The Flemish landlords were keenly aware of their advantageous position, and absolutely quadrupled their usual prices; nevertheless the Hotel de Bellevue, in the Place Royale, was compelled to have a guard stationed at its doors, to prevent the irruption of the multitude of lodging seekers, who would not otherwise be gainsaid.

My pockets were unable to stand the siege made upon them by the leeches of Brussels, and I resolved to start for home; although I wished to see the fun, which was in preparation, as the players say, and speedily to be produced. I was induced to quit a week earlier than I should otherwise have done, by the earnest solicitation of a hard-faced Frenchman, a special courier in the service of the gouty Lewis; this fellow had been employed for some weeks in travelling between England and the seat of war, and now, with the prospect of a few days' idleness, was unable to find a place wherein he could work off his long arrears of sleep. He offered to pay the whole of my bill at my lodging, the Hotel de Suède, in the lower town, if I would give up my little room to his sole use. I took his offer and his cash, sent my passport to be *viséd*, and secured a seat in the diligence to Malines (Mechlin), where I intended to remain a day or two, and gloat over the beauties of Vandyck's Cathedral altar piece of The Crucifixion, and the various pictures by Rubens which decorate the churches of St. John and Notre Dame.

Having deposited my portmanteau with the *conducteur*, I jumped into the *coupée* of the diligence, and, being the first comer, I secured the most comfortable seat of the three, to which, in fact, I was entitled by the number of my ticket. In a few minutes, however, I was requested by the *conducteur* to resign my seat, in consequence of the whole of the *coupée* having been secured by a gentleman and his lady, who were going through to Antwerp; I exhibited my ticket, and compelled the official to acknowledge my priority of claim and the error of the office clerk.

"Why should I give up my right to a seat because two passengers wish most aristocratically to secure the whole *coupée*?"

"Monsieur is in bad health, and Madame has her *fille de chambre*, whom she wishes to retain by her side."

"Very well. Obtain me a seat in the *rotonde* or the *interieur*, and I will resign my number to the lady."

A young and beautiful Englishwoman, who, with others of the passengers, had been listening to my dispute with the *conducteur*, announced herself as the lady in question, and with many thanks for my consideration, insisted upon my keeping my seat, as she intended placing her maid in the *rotonde*. The extreme debility of her brother, and the possibility of an unpleasant companion, had induced them to secure the whole of the *coupée*, but she was not so preposterous as to permit any gentleman to suffer inconvenience on her account, especially when he possessed a prior claim to the seat, and his politeness insured them the certainty of an agreeable companion.

I was somewhat doubtful at first whether this florid compliment was not meant sarcastically, and, for a moment, I meditated a flight to the outside of the diligence; but the quiet lady-like air of the speaker evinced her sincerity, and her delicate beauty determined me to remain in her society, and prove myself, if possible, the agreeable companion she had thought fit to denominate me.

The brother was in such a weak state as to require the help of a couple of stout fellows to lift him into his seat. He was fearfully emaciated, but the hectic of consumption did not illumine his cheek, nor the fire of fever light his almost glazed and sunken eye. He was suffering from atrophy; it seemed wonderful that a human being could be so perfectly attenuated, and yet live. His sister supplied the place of wife and mother; a more patient and attentive nurse the most nervous invalid could not desire, and his weak and hollow voice grew potent in the utterance of her praise.

I soon ascertained that he was the eldest son of a nobleman distinguished for his high tory bearing, and had been travelling during the past year in the South of France and Italy, in search of that blessing which alone renders life endurable; but he became daily worse, and less able to sustain the fatigue of locomotion. The war movements of Europe's sovereigns compelled him to leave the city of Brussels, where he had purposed spending the summer—he was now on his way back to his paternal halls—to die. The difficulties attendant on procuring a private conveyance were insurmountable in his case—the distance to Antwerp was short, and the diligence afforded an easy and a ready means of travel.

We threaded our devious way through the crowded streets of Brussels, amidst troops of horse, private carriages, baggage and ammunition waggons, and tumbrils, battalions of foot soldiers, heavy artillery, country vehicles heavily laden with storage and commissariat stores, sutlers' carts, couriers, and aid-de-camps. As the troops arrived, they were sent to their several cantonments; but the city had been a scene of continual bustle and noise for many days, and seemed to have attained the height of confusion at the moment of our departure. The Life Guards, the choicest specimen of English cavalry, had just arrived, and were drawn up in parade order in the Park, surrounded by thousands of the citizens, who gazed with wonder upon those noble fellows, the perfection of discipline and warlike bearing. It was their maiden campaign; the dandified appearance of their juvenile officers, the degrading nature of their avocations in London, where they were compelled to fill the unsoldier-like duties of household troops, such as escorting the members of the Royal Family to and from London and Windsor, guarding state prisoners, and quelling cockney out-breaks, had brought them into much disrepute with the Londoners, who predicted the total discomfiture in battle of these "holiday soldiers," "butterfly troopers," and "Piccadilly butchers," as they were called in reference to the riots consequent upon Burdett's removal to the Tower of London, when one of the mob was killed by the cavalry guard. But how nobly did the Life Guards earn a title to their spurs at the eventful field of Waterloo! in their charge upon the cuirassiers of Napoleon, the warlike pets of the *grand capitaine* turned tail and galloped discomfited across the field. It is a well known fact that one of the Life Guards, named Shaw, killed nine of the enemy with his own hand. When the English infantry beheld the gallant nature of the Life Guards' charge upon the dreaded cuirassiers, the shouts of wonder and joy that burst from their many thousands of throats rose above the roar of the artillery. But I am not going to detail the well-known events of this wondrous battle—I have made this out-of-the-way turning from my story just to prove that it is possible to be well dressed, to be, in fact, something of a dandy, and yet possess the courage of a man.

In due time we passed the *Porte Guillaume*, and entered the beautiful avenue of trees called the *Allée Verte*, extending itself, like the Long Walk at Windsor, up to the purlieus of the royal residence. My fellow passenger, the invalid, had felt a little excited by the bustle of the city and the stirring sounds of the various regimental bands; he knew by name many of the officers of the English troops, and felt more than a common interest in the probable issue of the approaching struggle. As we entered the *Allée Verte*, the Duke of Brunswick's regiment passed us in marching order. Each soldier was dressed in black, with skull and cross-bones insignia in the front of his hat, which was surmounted by a black plume; the colors of the regiment were of black silk, and the officers, including the gallant duke himself, were in deep mourning, with black sashes and feathers, and crape was affixed to the hilts of their swords.

"Ah!" said the invalid, sinking back into his seat, "a fatal omen! the Brunswick black band! I cannot bear to look upon it—for it tells of death and foul revenge." It was in vain that we endeavored to rally him from his weak and superstitious feeling; he affirmed that the Duke of Brunswick, in resolving to keep his soldiers in mourning till the death of his father was avenged, was actuated by unholy motives; by personal vengeance, and not by patriotic zeal, and that the duke's own and immediate fall would prove the truth of the remark. He anticipated personal evil, also

from meeting the black band in the height of his excitement, at the moment when he had felt more relief from his withering malady than he had experienced during any other day in the past year—he knew it was a weakness, but he expected present misfortune, if not death.

We proceeded in silence for some little distance, till the sudden stopping of the diligence, and the sound of martial music again roused our attention. A battalion of newly-arrived English soldiers had made a partial halt in the centre of the *Allée*, awaiting the route to their cantonment which had not arrived from the major-general of the division. After a short delay, the diligence was allowed to proceed—as the heavy vehicle was rolling gently past the extended lines of infantry, we gazed into many hundred faces of our countrymen who were about to dare the dangers of the battle field. I was calmly guessing how many of the robust forms and merry faces before me were to be sacrificed on the altar of glory, and whether death meant to decimate them merely, or to mow down the majority in the plenitude of his power, and leave but a meagre skeleton of their well-filled ranks, when I was startled by the abrupt exclamation of our lady passenger, who had been also viewing the troops.

“Good God! there's Albert!”

The loudness of the remark drew the attention of a small knot of officers who had congregated together under one of the spreading trees of the *Allée*. A handsome young man, carrying the colors of his country, uttered a cry of surprise, bounded to the side of the diligence, and commanded it to stop.

“Mary! my own Mary! my dear sister—and Harry, too.”

“You, here!” gasped the invalid, as he staggered from his seat to the window, and threw himself across my knees to seize his brother's outstretched hand. “You, *here*, Albert—in the army?”

“Why not? I've left Oxford—with the honors too, old fellow. My country wanted me, and here I am. Why, Harry! dear Harry, how ill you do look!”

“Our mother, Albert—we have not received letters from England lately—our mother's health”—inquired the sister.

“She is dead, Mary. She died two months since.”

“Dead! oh, why, *why* were we not informed?”

“We have written many times, to your last direction, Poste Restant, Strasburg.”

“We intended to pass the summer there, or in its vicinity. I forgot that it was in France. It is my fault. And mother is indeed no more?”

“She died with a blessing on her lips for her absent children.”

There was a pause—a holy pause, sacred to the best affections of the heart. It was broken by the sound of the bugle, the hum of many voices, and the loud beating of the drums.

“The route has arrived; I must to my post. Good bye, Mary. God bless you, Harry. Father is at the Hall in Norfolk—he'll be glad to see you. Rouse him from his grief, bring him over to Paris next month, and let's be happy together.”

“I shall never see you more, Albert,” said the invalid.

“Nonsense—you are worth a dozen dead ones yet. Our men are on the move, by Jove; I *must* be gone. Good bye, Mary—I know you will take care of him. Harry, old fellow—brother, give us your hand. This war is but a nine days' wonder—it must last till I win my laurels, though. See you in Paris—and then Harry, I'll give you another sister—your old play-mate, Mary, my darling Emily.”

The young soldier blushed as he grasped the hands of his relatives; the word of command was given, and he stepped from the side of the vehicle to his appointed place in the ranks of England's warriors; the gentle breeze shook out the folds of his country's flag, as, with head erect, and step of honest pride, he paced to the martial soundings of the band. The elder brother retired from the window, and covered his face with his long attenuated fingers. The sister gazed after the young hero and watched his retiring steps with painful earnestness, while the silent tears stole down her cheeks unchecked.

She was roused from her gaze by the sobs of her invalid brother.

“I shall never see Albert more. The hand of death is on me, Mary; he will not be thwarted of his prey. I shall soon follow our parent.”

“Let us hope that the air of your native hills ——”

“Do not hope it, for it cannot be. Fool that I was to give Strasburg as a direction. Write home from Antwerp, and ask father to join us directly. Albert expects to meet me at Paris—I *shall never see him again!* How handsome he appears! We spoke together but for a minute, yet our discourse embraced the sum of human existence—collegiate honors, martial glory, love and pride, and—death! Happy brother! blessed with health and youth, he is now in the sure pursuit of victory and fame. Emily, too, the rich and beauteous girl, the companion of his infancy, the chosen of his heart, awaits his return to gladden him with the name of husband! while I, spirit-broken, hopeless, helpless, am dragging my dying frame about the world—a curse to myself, and a subject of annoyance to all around me.”

“Dear brother—this is very unkind.”

“I did not mean it so, for you deserve more from me than a life's devotion can repay. You must excuse us, air,” said he, addressing me; “this little family matter has doubtless been sufficiently

tiresome to you—but this dear girl willingly resigned her place in the fashionable world when her youth and beauty, to say nothing of her birth, gave her a position which few can ever hope to gain—nay, more, she gave up the certainty of a desirable match with one who honorably deserves her love—for the sake of sacrificing her young days in attendance upon a hypochondriac death-struck brother. But it is now nearly over; I feel that a few short days will end the struggle, and then, my dearest Mary, you may look once more for happiness and love.”

The invalid was right in part of his hypochondriac prognostications; I have told how the sight of the black band immediately preceded the news of the death of the invalid's mother, and it is now a matter of history that Brunswick's duke was killed in the execution of his revenge. But the invalid's prophecy respecting the family destinies proved strangely erroneous, notwithstanding appearances were so much in its favor. It is true, though, that he *never did see his brother again*—for the young soldier was found under the walls of the Chateau St. Hougomont with his right arm shattered by a cannon ball, a bayonet wound in his breast, and a sabre cut upon his cheek—but his country's flag was clutched in his death grasp, and his comrades had to cut the staff and the colors from the hold of his closed and death-stiffened fingers. The invalid encountered a severe storm in his passage across the channel; a strong bout of sea sickness, which at one time seemed to threaten his weak frame with dissolution, evidently new-tuned his nerves and gave him a fresh lease of life. His recovery was speedy and entire; he hastened to console the afflicted Emily, the intended bride of the dead soldier; how sincerely she mourned his loss may be ascertained from the fact that in less than a twelvemonth, she gave her hand in marriage to his brother.

The sister married the man of her heart, and is now the mother of seven children. An affectionate sister seldom makes a bad wife. The adventure in the diligence had its effect upon my future destiny, I can assure you. I was then a poor half starved painter, living upon enthusiasm and boiled beef, with a tolerable slice of hope of better things. You know what I am now, and how I live. You know too who patronises me, and who is said, correctly too, I own, to be the builder of my fortune and my fame. Well, that nobleman was the invalid in the diligence.

THE WARNING VOICE.

BY MISS SARAH L. LAMBERT, FRANKFORD, PA.

There is a voice, mysterious, sad, and deep,
That oftentimes comes ringing through the heart,
Startling the soul as from some charmed sleep,
Bidding each thought of gaiety depart,
Teaching the spirit, in a mournful tone,
How vain the joys we fondly call our own.

When, in the glowing hour of youthful pride,
The exulting heart in happiness beats high,
When swift the hours in bright enjoyment glide,
And life seems cloudless as the summer sky,
Then oft that voice comes sadly whispering near
Of hopes that dazzle but to disappear.

The youthful wanderer from his native land—
Tho' bright the scenes through which his foot-
steps roam,
His sunburnt cheek, by perfumed breezes fanned—
Sits musing fondly o'er his childhood's home;
Then visions come of fearful changes wrought
Around his hearth too darkly sad for thought.

Wrathing white flowers about her glossy hair,
Before her mirror stands the blushing bride;
Her eye is joyous, and undimmed by care;
But suddenly she starts and turns aside—

Through her young heart that voice is passing
now,
Casting dim shadows o'er her pearly brow.

And oft, amid the noise and strife of war,
The clash of armor, and the roll of drums,
Sounding more sternly than the battle's roar,
Through valiant hearts the voice of warning
comes,
And tells the victor in his proudest hour
That earthly fame dies like a blighted flower.

The very buds that burst around our feet,
Whose charms such brightness to the earth
impart,
A summer breeze though charged with odors sweet
Will wake the voice of sorrow in the heart,
For ah! we know the flowers must fade away,
And Summer yield to Autumn's chill decay.

Fain would the soul herself with dreams deceive
Too bright to last—and closely round her wrap
The brilliant webs the looms of fancy weave—
When, like the bird of omen's solemn flap,
The spirit-voice comes sounding lowly near,
And, as the mist of morn, her visions disappear;

ADDITIONAL SKETCHES FROM
THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE SHORE.*

It was at the close of a stormy day in the month of May, 1835, when the gallant frigate *Constitution*, under the command of captain Elliott, having on board the late Edward Livingston, then minister at the court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls, drew near to "the chops" of the English channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth at evening, she made her last tack from the French coast.

The watch was set at eight, P. M. The captain came on deck soon after, and, having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and bye," remarking at the same time, to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but he stated he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers, and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the cry of "Light O," was heard from the fore-top-sail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points on the lee bow," replied the look-out man—which the landsman will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment the captain appeared, and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"All hands!" whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons so familiar to the ear of an able seaman.

"All hands," screamed the boatswain's mates; and, ere the last echo died away, all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay. The gale which had been blowing several days had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Dead man's Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the captain was the furled main-sail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening, the hauling up of which (contrary to the last order that he had given to the officer of the previous watch, on leaving the deck) had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a "lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing her with such force as to render her chance of safety almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on *through* the breakers of Scilly, or in passing them by a close graze along their outer ledge—was this destined to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation?

"Why is the main-sail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the commander, in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, sir, I took it in under the general order that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the lieutenant in charge.

"Master's mate, heave the log," was the prompt command. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack," thundered the captain, "keep her full and bye, quarter master!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"—the tack was manned.

"Haul aft the main sheet," shouted the captain; and away went the after guard giving the huge sail, like a sea bird's wing, to the gale.

* This sketch was first published in the *Democratic Review* of April, 1839; its appearance here is necessary to the completion of the series, but some essential alterations have been made in the construction.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir, she has it," growled out the old sea dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm! keep her full and bye!"

"Aye, aye, sir, full and bye she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Eight knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Close aboard on the lee beam, sir."

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady so," returned the captain.

"Steady," sung the helmsman; and all men were silent upon that crowded deck for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us. Unless we could carry sail at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever, during a storm, touched those rocks and lived? The sea ran very high; the rain fell in sheets; the sky was one black curtain, illumined only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling; it came in puffs of thunder, that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while every thing on board seemed cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the after bolt of the weather fore shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them on all the weather shrouds—keep her at small helm, quarter-master, and ease her in the sea," were the successive orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon placed on the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels; but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts; for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship. With one foot of canvas less, fifteen minutes would have been the length of her life.

Onward plunged, in silent majesty, the overladen frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live-oak sides his coffin of glory. She had been hurriedly fitted out at Boston, when the thermometer was below zero, and when her shrouds were set up the lanyards were thawed. Her rigging therefore slackened at every strain; and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the new frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship,) seemed ready to jump out of her, and take the decks with them. And now—while all was apprehension—another bolt drew—and then another—until at last our salvation hung upon a bolt less than a man's wrist in size. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and spite of the twisting and creaking of the channels, it bore us along, the thunder-speaking breakers in gallant style. As we bounded on—for I can compare our vessel's motion to nothing else than *bounding*—the rocks seemed within a few feet of us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell of ocean, for the victims ready to be engulfed.

At length the light bore upon our lee-quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. Previous to this moment all, as I have before stated, were silent; each officer and man was at his post; and the bearing and countenance of the captain gave encouragement to all on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and her complement of men, he placed his reliance upon his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the ponderous main-sail when under any other circumstances, it would have been a suicidal act, *he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution.* The main-sail was now hauled up by light hearts and strong hands; the flying-jib and spanker were taken in, and from the Light of St. Agnes the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and jib, took her departure and danced merrily over the deep, towards her native land.

"Pipe down, Mr. Montgomery," said the captain, to the first lieutenant, "and splice the main brace."

"Pipe down," echoed the first lieutenant, to the boatswain.

"Pipe down," whistled the boatswain, and his sturdy mates, to the crew, and pipe down it was. Soon "Jack o' the Dust" held his levee on the main gun deck; and the weather-beaten tars, as they gathered about the grog tub and luxuriated in a full allowance of old rye, forgot all their perils and fatigue.

"How near to the rocks did we go?" said I, to the master's assistant the next morning.

He made no reply, but, taking down a chart of the British Isles, showed me a zig-zag pencil mark *between a rock and the island breakers*, which must have been a narrow channel for a fisherman to beat through in a head wind, in pleasant weather, by daylight. But Old Ironsides was not to be laid up in ordinary on the rocks that line the coast of England; and her thunder note may again compel the British Lion to ask for quarter on the deep.

I went upon deck; the sea was calm; a gentle breeze was swelling our canvas from water sail to royal; the isles of Scilly had sank in rosy light on the eastern waters; and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind when death seemed stalking towards me upon the waters, and the next yawn of the agitated sea seemed destined to receive me; but never did I experience an hour so terrific as that, when, hanging by a single bolt, the Constitution, with her five hundred souls, labored to weather Scilly.

Note. During the gale Mrs. Livingston inquired of captain Elliott if she was not in great danger.

"No, madam"—said that officer, while he stood by the chart and measured with his dividers the distance between the ship and the breakers—"you are as safe as you would be in the aisle of a church."

Satisfied with this assurance, the good lady retired to her state-room, and slept out the gale. It is singular that the frigate Boston, captain McNeal, about the close of the Revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward, and also minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife with him; and, while the Boston was quivering by a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the captain—a rough, but gallant old fire-eater—if they were not in danger—to which he replied—"Yes, madam, *we are*, and you had better get down upon your knees, and pray to your God to forgive you your *numerous* sins; for, if we don't carry by this point, in five minutes we shall all be in h—ll!"

AN AUTUMNAL PERPETRATION.

THE MAD POET.

BY J. BEAUCHAMP JONES, BALTIMORE.

He stood, with folded arms, upon a rock
That jutted out from a tall mountain side,
So high in air that each loud thunder-shock
Threatened to plunge him in the ocean tide.
Yet he, unmoved, ne'er turned his brow to hide
The lightning flashing round him—but on high
Still steadfast gazed, his lips compressed with
pride
That naught like fear escaped him—nor a sigh
Told to the carping world he should in anguish
die.

He had known much of pleasure and of pain;
The gifted revel with acute delight
When fancy kindles up her vast domain,
And thought darts upward in its eagle flight.
But oft his brow was dark as murky night,
When the blue sky is curtained with a cloud,
And flapping ravens shriek their wild affright:
'Midst his first triumphs slander wove a shroud
That chilled his warmest blood, and made him
fierce and proud.

Genius had lit her fires within his breast,
And he had sung his high inspired lay;
But envious foes had broken his sweet rest,
And the adored one spurned his love away.
His brow turned pale, and from his eye a ray
Flashed forth unearthly, and his lip was curled
In mockery of the shaft foredoomed to slay;
And soon his hopes were in a chaos hurled,
And he a reckless maniac howling through the
world.

Men stared in wonder at his freaks so wild—
For he was watchful at the dead of night,
And wandered lonely like some elfin child,
His eyes wide glaring like a troubled sprite.
He ghastly smiled, (sad token of delight,)
And rushed away to the dark frowning hills,
Where thunders rolled, and flashed the levin's light,
And sought 'midst storms a solace for his ill,
Where naught should stir his breast but pure
electric thrills.

And thus he stood, the tempest roaring round,
On that dread night when moaned the fitful wind:
He seemed to read some mystery profound,
And smiled as fancied figures crossed his mind.
Anon, a piteous scream was heard behind,
And the false maid once wildly loved, now came
In snow-white robes, and ringlets unconfined,
His youthful love at last in truth to claim—
And called him to return in her once worshipped
name.

He heard and paused, just ere the fatal spring
Had plunged him headlong to the depths below;
He rushed like dove, on swiftest cleaving wing,
And clasped his prize, no more the cause of woe.
Their mingled tears were not forbid to flow,
And peaceful bliss henceforth their passion crown-
ed.

But many a gifted child is doomed to know
Less peace than his, when fortune once has
frowned,
And from the rock of life makes the eternal bound?

SACRED LYRICS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D. PHILADELPHIA.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

THE strong man is taken—his long locks are shorn ;
Now woe to the day that the yielder was born !
A woman the means, and the proud Philistine,
To revel and dance in his palace, is seen.
For Samson hath yielded, the mighty hath quailed,
And the pride of the children of Jacob hath failed.

Ay ! strike up your cymbals, and bow to your gods ;
Raise the shoutings of mirth till your proud temple nods ;
Ye have shorn him of strength, and bereft him of sight ;
Leaving life unto him but a tempest and night.
Rejoice while we may, for the moment draws near,
When the sound of your laughter shall change unto fear.

They bring him in shame from his dungeon so dark,
Their object of sport, of their rude jesting mark ;
As the mouse, who will flee from the dread unicorn,
When his foe is no more, scoffs at hoof and at horn ;
But "vengeance is giv'n," saith the Lord, "and 'tis mine,"
And the hosts of Philistia were slain at their shrine.

The heathen are mourning—their daughters are pale,
Lamenting the death of her proud men of mail—
Who no longer, on steeds from the desert, shall prance,
Exulting with buckler, and boasting with lance—
For Jehovah hath spoken, and Samson hath done,
And the hosts of the foeman have fallen as one.

THE CONQUEST OF GIDEON.

Arouse to the contest who fight for the Lord,
But wield ye no bucklers, and bear ye no sword,
For Jehovah, the mighty, hath utter'd and said,
That the hosts of our foemen in death shall be laid.
They number their thousands, three hundred we know—
"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon ! Ho !"

With trumpets in hand, and with pitcher and lamp,
Come slowly and silent, advance to the camp.
Though the foe, in their number, like grasshoppers lay,
When they revel and leap in the light of the day,
Like the water of streams shall their life-current flow :
"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon ! Ho !"

Give breath to your trumpets, ye men that are chose,
And carry a fear to the heart of your foes.
Let your pitchers be broken, your bright lamps be bare,
In the wind of the midnight to flicker and glare—
The host of Our Father before us doth go :
"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon ! Ho !"

The trumpets were blown, and uncovered the lights,
And strife made its way 'mid the proud Midianites ;
The sword of the brother 'gainst brother was turned,
And the son 'gainst the father with anger that burned ;
While dread came the shout on the ears of the foe,
"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon ! Ho !"

WHO CAN SHE BE?

BY E. G., PHILADA.

SOME years ago, business took me to the city of B——, where having previously taken a room in a private boarding-house, it was with no small satisfaction that immediately on my arrival, I found myself snugly ensconced in a comfortable apartment some fourteen feet square, garnished with sundry pieces of "neat and appropriate" furniture, and pleasantly warmed by a cheerful coal fire. The walls were graced with manifold colored prints, wherein the forms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, (not by Sir Joshua,) glared most conspicuously in blue and red drapery, surrounded by frames of black and gold, *tastefully* ornamented with bows of yellow ribbon.

Having completed my toilet and removed my travel-soiled habiliments, I amused myself with a volume of Southey's poems, which I chanced to find in the room, until the welcome sound of the tea-bell effectually banished every poetical association from my mind, and substituted glorious and (just then) far more moving visions of buttered muffins and steaming coffee urns in their stead.

Consigning Southey then, to the temporary oblivion of a closet's dusty shelf, I made all haste to reach that agreeable rendezvous, yept dining-room, wherein was gradually congregating a circle of fellow hungry expectants, who sufficiently attested by the rapidity with which each dropped into his or her seat, their anxiety to commence an attack on the various delicacies spread so temptingly before them.

After I had somewhat appeased the imperious demands of such an appetite as youth and vigorous health alone have the power of bestowing, I immediately proceeded to reconnoitre such of my companions as were still exercising their masticatory powers with undiminished vigor.

At the head of the table presiding over the coffee urn, sat the excellent Mrs. Rutledge, in a black gown and lofty lace cap, (whose singular balloon-like structure threatened the very heavens,) surmounting a long sallow face traversed by many a wrinkle; some of which diverging from the corner of either eye, others marking the cheeks and mouth with strong and indelible lines, gave to the whole countenance, as I instantly decided, an expression of confirmed meanness. Immediately opposite, was enthroned her *caro sposo*, and truly there could not have been a stronger contrast than that which existed between them. They were the very antipodes of each other. His rather rotund figure and full healthful face were strongly opposed to her gaunt proportions, and repulsive cast of features, while his well-opened, mild blue eye, pleasant smile, and frankness of manner were so many indications of a kind heart and an open hand; but alas it needed but little penetration to discover that his gentle helpmate held the reins of government, and that her will with him was as imperious and immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Next to myself sat a very loquacious little French lady, with a superb complexion and a pair of exceedingly bright eyes, who kept up a lively interchange of words with an elderly personage of the other sex, on the opposite side of the table, whom I afterwards learned was the editor of a religious newspaper. Beside these were two or three elegant youths, whose redundant locks, incipient whiskers, and well-cut coats, clearly announced an unusual development of the bumps of self-esteem, and a corresponding deficiency of those called intellectual. On my left sat two ladies—one "boney, and gaunt, and grim," the other—fair, fat, and—twenty, whose white and dimpled hand occasionally stole forth, rivalling the un sullied purity of the snowy table-cloth. I ventured to raise my eyes to her face for the purpose of ascertaining if *that* was of corresponding loveliness; and truly if fine regular features, and an intelligent animated expression constitute beauty, my fair neighbor certainly possessed it in an eminent degree. There was, too, a lady-like ease and grace that characterized her every movement, and her modest, gentle manners were evidently those of one well accustomed to society; in fact, so decidedly engaging was she, that had not my heart been previously chained by a certain fascinating little relation of mine (whom of course I thought just one degree more perfect,) my visit to B—— might have caused me many an unforeseen heart-ache.

I could not fail to observe the many particular little attentions shown them by the venerable head of the establishment; with what assiduous politeness she sought to tempt their appetite with the not too abundant delicacies gracing the board; how she feared they were inconvenienced by the heat, or annoyed by the cold; or that the nauseous compound she called tea was not right, or that the muffins were not sufficiently toasted, etc., etc. Their name (for I supposed them to be mother and daughter) I tried in vain to hear. It was doubtless something patrician; no vulgar Jones or Smith could belong to any one so refined-looking as the younger lady, and satisfied with this assurance, I arose with the general move of the boarders, and while they retired to their respective apartments, I leisurely proceeded to examine two chalky-looking effigies, which I presumed were intended to portray the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge, not being induced to form this opinion from any resemblance they bore to those illustrious individuals, rather judging from the conspicuous situation they occupied, balancing each other immediately over the large hair-cloth sofa. Another

effort of genius, a landscape, was the production, I afterwards learned, of an only son of Mr. Rutledge, then at college, who fancying himself possessed of great talents for the divine art, labored night and day until he completed this exquisite Claude, which then hung and for aught I know to the contrary, still hangs, an unfading monument of precocious genius. Talking of genius, reminds me of a little incident that once occurred to me while standing at a print-shop window. While admiring some exquisite things after Landseer, I chanced to encounter the sidelong glance of a fine-looking old gentleman, who was likewise poring over the tempting array of splendid engravings. As we both by our rapt admiration appeared to be enthusiastic lovers of the most delightful of arts, we were led by a mutual feeling to enter on the subjects of engraving, painting, drawing, and so on, when the old gentleman, after relating various instances of extraordinary talent, at length told me with much impressiveness of manner, that he had a son whose wonderful powers surpassed any thing he had ever heard or read of, and ended by politely requesting that I would step home with him, and judge for myself. Nothing loath, I accompanied the fond father to his house, where leaving me for a moment, he presently returned laden with two huge portfolios, the sight of which somewhat startled me, happening, just at that moment, to recollect an engagement to an early dinner with a friend. One hour and a half did that venerable gentleman detain me, whilst he expatiated and commented upon heaven knows how many sketches and outlines, whose excellence, I, not being a father, was unable to discover. After we had gone over the whole, and I, merely to gratify a parent's feelings, had reiterated my excessive admiration of his son's marvellous productions (most devoutly wishing them behind the grate in the meantime,) I took my leave, ascertained by my watch that I was too late for my engagement, and had thus forfeited an admirable dinner, through the mistaken vanity of the father of a genius.

Mais revenons. Just as my eyes, wandering in search of a book to while away the time, chanced to light upon a ponderous family bible, in all the state and anticquity of parchment and gilt clasps; the tapping of a lady's shoes heralded the approach of no less a person than the lively little French woman, who soon after entered, dropping me a very graceful courtesy as she did so. She approached the fire, spread her pretty hands before the glowing coals, then taking a muslin ruffle from her bag proceeded to exercise "the threaded steel" with what I thought wonderfully dextrous rapidity. In a moment the weather, that unfailling source, furnished us with a topic for conversation, and in the course of fifteen minutes the loquacious dame informed me of herself, of the economy of all Mrs. Rutledge's domestic arrangements, and gave me as far as she could go, a complete history of the pursuits and character of every being the house contained, with the exception of the two ladies, the younger of whom I had so much admired.

"You must know, sir," she proceeded, "that most of us are exceedingly good in this house, decidedly too good for one's comfort. Mrs. Rutledge disapproves entirely of all rational enjoyments, as inconsistent with the proper exercise of our religious duties, and regards music and other elegant accomplishments as so many agents of his infernal majesty. A piano-forte was banished the house the other day because a lovely girl, who completely won my heart, awoke its dulcet strains a little too frequently to please her pious ears. Should any unhappy delinquent mention the theatre, (which of course is an interdicted theme,) she pours forth such a torrent of indignant eloquence as is sure to prevent a repetition of the offence, and confines one to a more legitimate topic. As to books (with a significant gesture towards the sacred volume) that is the only visible extent of her library. But, between us, sir, there is more true piety in my little finger than is contained in her whole composition, take my word for it. I have no faith in that long sanctified face and those compressed lips. Poh! she is the very essence of hypocrisy and meanness."

I saw by the heightened color and rapid utterance of the gentle Gaul, that she had evidently some latent cause for this sudden little outbreak of ill-nature, the truth of which, however, I saw no reason to contradict, and not caring to discover what that cause might be, led the conversation towards the subject that most interested myself, by inquiring after the only persons of whom she had not yet spoken. I allude to the gaunt lady and her handsome companion.

"Ah, sir," she replied, "that is a mystery which not one of us has yet been able to fathom. They are very quiet and lady-like, confine themselves entirely to their own room, and never make their appearance except at meals. Mrs. Rutledge and the boarders appear to look upon them as something far removed from every-day people. In fact, I have pronounced them English, and, judging from the younger lady's beautiful hand, have decided that she at all events is one of a noble family. How well that superb figure and elegant carriage of hers would become a title," and the little French lady's needle, which while she was speaking had lain idle, sparkled once more through the delicate length of "woven air" she held before her.

Not being able to elicit farther information concerning the gentle unknown, and feeling that the drowsy god was gradually beginning to assert his influence, after a little more uninteresting chit-chat which the indefatigable tongue of Madame Raynal would willingly have prolonged, I called for a light, and retired to my quiet little dormitory.

As my chamber overlooked the street, I enjoyed the satisfaction of being lulled to sleep by the discordant and multifarious noises common to thoroughfares, whilst my brain was very busily trying to recall the modest features of my darling cousin Helen, whose image soon resumed the place which had for a moment been usurped by the scarcely less lovely person of the young stranger.

My very profound slumber, probably induced by the fatigue of a day's travel, had apparently lasted for some hours, when a sudden noise, not unlike the creaking of a door, awoke me. On a repetition of the sound I peered forth into the dusk of my chamber. The fire had gone out, and my candle flickered but faintly in its socket. Again the sound was repeated, and I distinctly saw the tall figure of a female enter the room, bearing in her hand a lamp, and clothed from head to foot in flowing white drapery, which, descending in broad folds from the throat to the floor, looked so like a shroud that, although I was wont to laugh at all superstitious folly, I must confess I felt an odd creeping sensation, which was not at all diminished by the singular manner in which she seemed to glide slowly along the floor. She gradually approached the dressing-table, which occupied the space between the windows close by the head of the bedstead, and gently placed her lamp upon it, a movement which enabled me to distinguish her features, and so rigid and ghastly were they, so strong and motionless were her protruding eye-balls, that had it not been for a strange convulsive twitching of the mouth, I could almost have persuaded myself that I looked upon an inhabitant of the other world. As I continued to watch her every movement, she turned slowly from me, and began pacing, or rather gliding to and fro, while deep and heart-felt sighs parted her pallid lips. I cannot describe the strange unaccountable effect produced by that tall majestic figure, in its white flowing robe, sweeping through the dim chamber which now received its only light from the lamp herself had placed there. Though no longer able to distinguish her features, I could see as she passed me that her hands were clasped and strained together with the frenzied action of one suffering from extreme mental torture. Just as I came to the very natural conclusion that the unfortunate lady was laboring under the effects of some hideous dream, she suddenly ceased her mad march, and stood gazing upon her fair hands, which she rapidly passed one over the other, as if trying to efface some fancied stain, and then followed, as I by this time began to expect, the whole of Lady Macbeth's sleeping scene, in which the terrible workings of a guilty conscience were portrayed by the fair somnambulist with a truth and force far surpassing even the splendid conception of that child of genius, Miss ——. Equally surprised and delighted, I gazed and listened with the most breathless attention, and when with the last line, "To bed, to bed, to bed," she once more took up the lamp, and swept slowly from the chamber, I found it almost impossible to repress the exclamation of unfeigned admiration that rose to my lips. But who my nocturnal visiter might be, or from whence she came, I was unable to form the most remote idea. Could there be another boarder in the house whom my communicative little Gaul had forgotten to mention? It must be so; at all events, the coming day should solve the mystery, and discover the person of my interesting visitant. Too fully aroused to resume my disturbed slumbers, I lay still, reflecting on that which had just taken place, until the gray light of morning stole in at the windows, and the various street noises which were filling the air with "most discordant music," proclaimed aloud "the busy haunts of men." I most assuredly did not forget my sweet Helen, yet I distinctly remembered the beautiful face of the lady who sat next me at table the evening before, and certainly was not a little disappointed by her non-appearance at breakfast. I, however, seized the first opportunity of describing to Madame Raynal as well as my indistinct view of her would permit, the person of the mysterious somnambulist; but alas! not a particle of information did I obtain; she only proceeded to overwhelm me with an endless profusion of conjectures, none of which tended to throw any light on the subject, as is invariably the case. There was a pleasant little excitement in thus having my curiosity awakened by two objects of interest, and I determined at all hazards to gratify it. But how! That was the question. I would ask Mrs. Rutledge; she, perhaps, could give me the desired information, and formidable as were the towering cap and saffron-hued physiognomy of that excellent lady, I ventured to enter upon my inquiries without much fear and trembling. But wo is me! I met with no better success; the worthy matron seemed to be in as hopeless a state of ignorance as myself. "Why, to tell you the truth, sir," she replied, "I know as little concerning the ladies of whom you speak, as you do. I can satisfy your curiosity respecting the name, however, which is Smith, but, judging from circumstances, I strongly suspect it to be an assumed one. In fact, I have no hesitation in pronouncing them persons of distinction who do not wish to be known, and as long as they pay their board they may preserve their incognito for me. As to the other person whom you fancied you saw, be assured it was yourself, and not the poor lady who was dreaming." In vain I endeavored to convince Mrs. Rutledge of the reality of my nocturnal visiter; so obstinately did she maintain it to be impossible, that I really began to suspect myself the victim of some extraordinary and unaccountable illusion. Was it not too bad to be thus completely nonplussed in all my endeavors to get up a delightful little bit of mystery? What sad taste, too, was shown by the lady of the fair hands (for so must I designate her,) in selecting the plebeian patronymic of Smith, though in fact she could not have chosen one that could more effectually preserve her incognito. I could not prolong my stay in B—— beyond two or three days at the utmost; therefore in all probability I must return to my household gods with my burning curiosity (which of course increased in proportion to the difficulties thrown in its way) still unsatisfied.

As I never received a second visit from the gentle dreamer I began to regard her as a being created by my disordered imagination, one whose brief and fancied existence had terminated with the cheerful light of day; yet often, very often, did my mind's eye recall that lofty and noble form, and those ghastly distorted features, though not with the life-like vividness of that eventful night.

One day, while passing through the entry which led to my chamber, I was positively startled at the unusual sound of a lovely opera air, sung with much taste and feeling, by a very sweet female voice. What daring individual could it be who thus presumed to wake the solemn stillness of a mansion hitherto consecrated to monotonous dullness! The sound evidently issued from an apartment at the end of the passage, the door of which was sufficiently open to permit a partial view of the interior, of which circumstance you may be sure I did not fail to take advantage, and there before a Psyche glass, immediately opposite the door, robed in a somewhat fantastic costume whose sweeping length lent additional beauty to the graceful outline of her fine figure, stood (alas, unhappy cognomen!) Miss Smith, indulging in various elegant attitudes, whilst from between her bright lips poured the gentle yet startling strain above alluded to. I must confess I could not resist stopping a moment to listen and to look, when the gaunt form of her mamma hurriedly crossed the room, "Emma, Emma," said she, looking towards the open door with an air of caution, "cannot you resist that eternal song? If Mrs. Rutledge or any of the boarders should hear, they would be completely horrified, and begin to suspect"—alas! the sweet voice ceased, the door was hastily closed, (just allowing me time to escape,) and I heard no more. "The deuce," thought I, as I entered my room, "am I never to learn who these people are!" So it seemed, indeed; for though in passing that to me interesting apartment, my eyes were invariably impelled to turn towards it, they never again had the good fortune to find the door open, or to see either of its inmates, except at the regular three meals, of breakfast, dinner, and tea, to which they never failed to descend, or alas, it must be confessed, to do ample justice.

At those charming re-unions our sumptuous repasts generally received additional gusto from pleasant conversation, in the course of which was shown an extensive acquaintance with the various subjects introduced, and invariably towards the close of the meal, as the process of deglutition became less gratifying, as if by mutual agreement, all topics gradually merged into that of religion, during which pious discussion the merits and demerits of certain reverend gentlemen's discourses were commented upon with a degree of christian impartiality truly to be marvelled at. On these occasions was sure to be heard the nasal-toned voice of Mrs. Rutledge, giving utterance to sundry edifying sentiments, which received additional weight from the gravity of manner with which she sought to veil the true hypocrisy of her nature. Madame Raynal would occasionally look at me with an odd smile and a significant shrug, as much as to say, "There, there, did I not tell you so?" Miss Smith, her maternal parent, and myself, listened quietly but said nothing, wisely proving ourselves disciples of the old philosopher, who taught that having two ears and but one mouth, we should hear much and speak little.

I sometimes thought I could detect a half-suppressed smile curving the corners of the younger lady's handsome mouth, as if some odd idea had been awakened by the sapient observations which the subject invariably called forth, and on one occasion I remember when Mrs. Rutledge had pronounced some unlucky individual a guilty seceder from the church, and a future subject of his satanic majesty, because he had been known to visit that house of abomination and heathen origin, the *Theatre*! and had likewise not unfrequently indulged in the perusal of Shakespeare, and other wicked books, she hastily withdrew from the table, evidently unable to suppress an inclination to laugh outright.

Alas! and slack-a-day! my last night beneath the roof that sheltered my fair mystery, had at length arrived, and I had learnt nothing, positively nothing; neither who they were, whence they came, or whither they were going. Was there no means of discovering? Must I leave without being able to gratify this gnawing curiosity?

As I asked myself these questions, I once more retired to my apartment, in order to prepare for my departure the following morning. After having tossed every thing into my trunk, and given it the final strap, in order to be ready for the early boat, I leant from my window, strongly possessed with a feeling of disappointment and vexation, and gave way to a long mental soliloquy, upbraiding adverse fortune, gazing, as I did so, on the quiet house-tops and melancholy chimneys, that shot up like sheeted ghosts into the moonlight. Suddenly the sound of wheels brought my eyes earthward. A carriage, yes, a travelling carriage, drew up before the door. The coachman alighted, the door was opened, trunks were brought from the house and secured behind, and oh! my prophetic soul! two females, evidently those who had so long occupied my thoughts, I knew, (I felt, it must be they) entered it. The steps were folded, the door was closed, the coachman resumed his seat, and in another moment the carriage was gone.

Imagine my chagrin, dear reader, as I listened to its receding wheels. Oh, how little *she* knew what a sad blank she had left behind her, how little could she imagine that the quiet, unassuming individual, whom perhaps she had scarcely noticed, though he daily sat beside her, how little did she guess that a sigh of regret escaped his lips as he saw them depart. Yet such was really the case, so great the interest and curiosity she had awakened, so powerful the charms of her brilliant beauty and elegance of manner, and a certain undefinable something which hung about her, and lent a charm to her every word and action.

"Oh!" cried Madame Raynal, who was the first to confirm the unwelcome truth, "oh! Mr. C——n, our interesting boarders have left us! Only think of their leaving at ten o'clock. Why

it's the oddest thing I ever heard of. Mrs. Rutledge was quite as much surprised as myself. Oh! how I should like to know who they are. Perhaps we may find some clue, for, as is usually the case, a regular inquisition of the vacated apartment will take place, and as nothing escapes the hawk eye of Mrs. Rutledge, a card, a pamphlet, or something may, in the hurry and confusion of packing, have been mislaid, which may, perhaps, serve to enlighten us."

"True, true, there is still a faint hope left to cling to," thought I, as I threw myself on the sofa and began nervously beating a tattoo on the carpet with my foot, waiting impatiently until Mrs. Rutledge should make her appearance, and disclose whatever discoveries she might have made. At length the breakfast bell rang; the boarders were all assembled when Mrs. Rutledge entered the room, and, with an air of mysterious importance, took her accustomed seat behind the singing urn. Never was her sallow visage so elongated, never did her keen gray eyes so sparkle and glance from side to side, as, rising slowly from her chair, she said, with more than ordinary solemnity:—"Gentlemen and ladies, little, oh! little, do you know who has been among us!"—a long pause ensued, while every body sat speechless, and on the tip-toe of expectation. Madame Raynal and myself were open-mouthed and breathless, so eager were we to swallow the anxiously expected announcement. Again she repeated with a hypocritical contortion of her hard features:—"Oh! little do ye know who has been among us. We are none of us infallible; alas, the best of us are but erring Christians, and may be deceived; but may Heaven forgive us the sin of which we have unintentionally been guilty. We have harbored a serpent under our roof, and have broken bread with a daughter of the devil. I found *this* book in the room which was yesterday occupied by the two females calling themselves Smith, but which, as I rightly guessed, was not their real name, as you will perceive"—and holding in her hand a volume of Shakspeare, we all distinctly read, written in a clear hand, the words:

MISS E—A G—N,
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE!!

At this terrible discovery the horror-struck assemblage (at least all those who had taken an active part in the edifying conversations elsewhere alluded to) sat with their eyes thrown up, and their mouths drawn down, utterly confounded and speechless. Madam Raynal laughed quietly, and mischievously, apparently seeming to enjoy their dismay as an excellent joke, while I, delighted to have both my mysteries so easily solved, (for it needs not to be told with whom I now identified my nocturnal visitor,) comfortably dispatched my coffee and rolls, and giving my astounded companions a parting glance, hurried down to the steamboat, mentally congratulating myself on having been so closely associated with one of the most celebrated members of a profession so often and so unjustly condemned, and of which she by her estimable character and transcendent genius formed one of the brightest ornaments.

TO A DOVE IN WINTER.

BY JUDGE TREMPER, DRESDEN, N. Y.

FAIR tenant of a softer clime,
What fond remembrance keeps thee far away
From kindred ones, and maketh here thy stay
In solitude to pine?

Does thy fond heart still cling
To some remembrance of the dreary past?
Why art thou here still lingering to the last,
With drooping weary wing?

No songster wakes the grove,
Or trills in joy its early morning lay,
Nor when the dewy eve succeeds the day,
Pours its sweet song of love.

The red-breast leaves its home
When leafless branches quiver in the blast,
And the wild tempest madly hurries past
With melancholy moan.

Thy leafy bower is ere,
The flowers are faded, and the leaves are dead,
Say, gentle mourner! when the rest have fled,
What still detains thee here?

Thou comest as the gleam
Of the soft sunshine on some barren ground,
Where wintry desolation spreads around,
Unwarm'd by summer's beam.

Linger not here alone!
This is no time to breathe thy plaintive tale,
Cease till more genial skies prevail,
To bless thy fragrant home.

But faithful to the last!
Thou lingerest still tho' storm-clouds shade the sky,
Thou hast no shelter'd nest wherein to lie,
Secure from chilling blast.

COLUMBUS.

A HISTORICAL POEM.

BY FREDERICK WEST, ESQ., NEW YORK.

CANTO FIRST.

THE DESIGN.

THE giant spirit, which laid bare a world,
And won an immortality of fame,
Lay on its death-bed. Ashy pale the face,
Attenuate the form, and sunk the eye
Of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. He was not
In his last moments revered. Cold neglect
From the inconstant herd—ingratitude
From the herd's chief—like night dews, on his
brow

Clammily settled. For a moment's space,
His spirit sunk. He thought not so to die—
So sadly lone. But brighter, better hopes
Of all enduring honors drew his heart
From the magnetic clay to which it clung
Unto the hand which fashioned it. He cried,
"His will be done." From his soul passed the
cloud—

His eye rekindled, and again the flush
Of warm excitement—life's consuming fire—
Bloomed on his wasted cheek. The memory
Of his eventful life peopled his brain,
And ere his soul went forth it thus proclaimed
Its lofty aspirations, and the clogs,
The lets and shackles that had weighed it down
A weary time—ere, in its high resolve,
It burst its bonds, flew from the common mass
Of undistinguishable beings—soared
Into the realm where kindred spirits dwell,
And took its station with the gods of earth.

"Come hither, Diego. The hour draws nigh
That we must part. I feel that I must die.
Earth from my sight fades fast—my tide of life
Ebbs out, ceasing its weary strife;
I soon embark upon the unknown sea
Which bears me on to an eternity,
But go not unprepared. I leave the shore
When the GREAT ADMIRAL bids me unmoor,
With hope and faith that he who watched me here
With goodness, manifest in perils dear,
Will not desert me.

The best legacy
That I can leave you, is my memory.

Treasure it, then—'twill many a moral teach;
Now, list and profit by your father's speech.

"Although my name is linked with Spain,
I am by birth a Genoese;"

My home looked on the bounding main,
And hence my passion for the seas.

Had I been born upon their breast,
Or cradled by their arms to rest,
By mermaids roaked in coral dell,
Or borne above in Neptune's shell,
I could not love the ocean more.
In earliest youth I trod its shore
With a strange feeling. *Mystery,*
Most wonderful, it was to me.
I loved no music like its chaunt,
Nor pleased me tale nor wild romaunt
In which its waters were not wrought
To swell my tide of wondering thought.

"When smooth and glossily it bore
The majesty which heaven's face wore,
And not a ripple scared its breast,
And not a sound disturbed the rest
In which all nature seemed to lie,
Myself the only watcher by,
I've thought the sea was made to keep
The azure sky in hours of sleep;
And that the voice of earth and air
Was stilled while heaven was slumbering there,
Fearful the softest zephyr's swell
Should stir a leaf and break the spell.
But when the waves with angry throes
Have wakened heaven from soft repose,
Over whose face has spread the cloud,
Has palled its beauties like a shroud—
When they have foamed in briny sweat,
Like courser to a chafing bit,
Roaring as if in agony—
Tossing their angry arms on high—
Mocking the thunder of heaven's breath
With their own dismal voice of death;
And striving in their billowy might
To suck into their halls of night

¶ * Herrera says he was born at Savona, Gonnara; a Genoese historian alledges that he was born in the little town of Cicuro, in the republic's territory; whereas, Peter Martyr, or rather Eden, in his preface to that writer, seems to think that Narvi claims, with justice, the honor of this great man's birth.—*Osborne's Universal History.*

Several places contend for the honor of having given him birth; but it seems satisfactorily established that he was a native of the ancient city of Genoa.—*Irving's Columbus.*

The gallant barks that skimmed their breast
 And battled with their foaming crest—
 I've felt my swelling heart expand,
 I've longed to leave the listless land ;
 As 'twere congenial to me,
 To struggle with the glorious sea,
 And wrestle with that mighty power
 Even in its wildest, darkest hour.
 Enough—my youthful days were pass'd ;
 I was an ocean child at last.

“ The lustre of the Portuguese,
 Which Henry, son of the first John,*
 In maritime discoveries,
 From the mysterious ocean won,
 Drew me to Lisbon. There I found
 A kindred spirit, and I bound
 It to my own.† But not love's glow
 Could cool my aspirations. No !
 It rather fanned the flame which grew
 Upon my spirit, till I drew
 Conclusion that my soul was fired
 In its fierce longings, and inspired
 By him whose throne is in the skies
 For great and lofty enterprise.‡

“ It was thy gentle mother's prayer
 From her own mother not to part,
 And every wish from lips so dear
 Found confirmation in my heart.
 Her mother saw my soul's desire—
 Pleased with the ardor of its fire,
 Full many a tale of voyage dread
 Which her own fearless lord had led,§

Whose heart, like mine, grew to the seas,
 And panted for discoveries,
 She would narrate; until at last
 The charts her husband had amassed,
 The labor of a life—a dowry
 Worthy a Paladin—were in my power.

“ The infant at its mother's breast,
 The child with long-wished plaything bless'd,
 The boy who first girds sword on thigh,
 The youth drinks love from beauty's eye,
 The warrior in harness bound,
 The poet in thought's kingdom crowned,
 The miser at his golden shrine,
 Never felt rapture great as mine,
 When pouring over aught could tell
 Of that dark power I loved so well.

“ In navigation, my delight
 Was study deep from morn to night :
 Until from memory I could quote
 Upon the theme all writers wrote.
 The poet's song,¶ wherein some gave
 To Neptune first command of wave,
 And some to Bacchus—Hercules—
 Jason, and Janus, who of these
 Built the first ship—the pioneer
 Of navies now the ocean bear.
 I pondered on historians' lore,
 In musty tomes of days of yore,
 Wherein each ventured to surmise
 To the sea's rider, what gave rise:‡
 The Nautilus's fairy bark
 Some thought the great design did mark ;

* The Atlantic shores of Africa were the first scenes of that career of modern discovery which characterised the spirit of the fifteenth century. The main object was the circumnavigation of that continent, in order to open a direct path to India, the grand source of commerce and wealth ; and, under the auspices of Prince Henry of Portugal, this end was pursued with a steadiness and perseverance which produced the most important results. Then was inspired a confidence hitherto unfelt in the art of navigation ; its capabilities were much enhanced, and the range of its enterprise extended beyond all previous limits. A passion for maritime adventure was also spread throughout Europe, and men's minds were excited to daring undertakings and bold speculations. Attention was turned to the unknown waters of the Atlantic, and imagination wanted in figuring the wealth, the wonders, and the mysteries of the lands that were hidden in its bosom. The fables of antiquity were revived ; the Atalantis of Plato came again to be believed ; and to its classic fictions were added the marvels of many a Gothic and Monkish legend, and the visions of splendor seen in the glory of the setting sun. Yet all these glittering fancies failed to tempt any mariner to sail boldly forth into the ocean, and explore the secrets of its depths.—*Circumnavigation of the Globe.*

The Portuguese were at this time the most famous maritime power in Europe ; a circumstance which induced Columbus to visit Portugal.—*Purchas.*

† Dona Felipa Monis de Perestrello. She was the daughter of Bartolomeo Monis de Perestrello, an Italian cavalier, who had been one of the most distinguished navigators under Prince Henry, and had colonised and governed the island of Porto Santo.—*Hist. del Almirante, Cap 5.*

‡ A deep religious sentiment mingled with his thoughts, and gave them at times a tinge of superstition, but of a sublime and lofty kind. He looked upon himself as standing in the hand of heaven, chosen from among men for the accomplishment of its high purpose.—*Irving's Columbus.*

§ The newly married couple resided with the mother of the bride. The latter, perceiving the interest which her son-in-law took in nautical affairs, used to relate to him all she knew of the voyages and expeditions of her late husband, and delivered to him all his charts, journals, and manuscripts.—*Irving's Columbus.*

¶ The poets refer the art of navigation to Neptune, some to Bacchus, others to Hercules, others to Jason, and others to Janus, who is said to have made the first ship.

‡ Some suppose that the first hint was taken from the flight of a kite ; others, as Oppian, (*De Piscibus, lib 1.*) from the fish called Nautilus ; others ascribe it to accident. Scripture refers the

Some, that the kite, sailing in air,
 Called forth the sail the waters bear ;
 Some, with less thought, that accident
 Gave birth to the most great event.
 But whence it came, I better knew
 From the bless'd book, wherefrom I drew
 Conclusion that the hand of heaven
 To man the great design has given ;
 And the first vessel ever rode
 The waters was the ark of God.
 From the Phœnicians,* then I traced
 Maritime progress, till effaced
 In Rome's decay,† which spread a pall
 O'er arts and science, learning—all
 That crowned the earth with wisdom's might,
 And held it in a long dark night,
 Till my own country, Genoa,‡
 Bade navigation wake once more.

" My soul drank light from day to day,
 From axioms that were clear as new ;
 Bright with deduction's liquid ray,
 From this time forth my spirit grew,
 Until its dark and instinct thought
 Became with aim and reason fraught,
 And I could grapple and reduce
 The mighty scheme to certain use :
 For, in the structure of the world,
 To my inquiring eye unfurled,
 My ardent mind o'erleapt the sea
 And shadowed forth my destiny.

" To mine own land, where my fond heart
 Hath ever dwelt, my plan in part
 Was first unrolled. O ! had it been,
 She, of my enterprise, the queen
 Might but have reigned, no shadow now
 Should veil her too blest subject's brow.
 But all beyond her power, she said,
 The greatly glorious scheme was laid,

origin of so useful an invention to God himself, who gave the first specimen thereof in the ark built by Noah, under his direction. The raillery which the good man underwent on account of his enterprise, shows clearly enough that the world was then ignorant of any thing like navigation, and that they even thought it impossible.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 14.

* Profane history represents the Phœnicians, especially those of their capital, Tyre, as the first navigators.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

† The fall of Rome and its empire drew along with it not only that of learning and the fine arts, but that of navigation.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

‡ It is the people of Italy, and particularly those of Venice and Genoa, who have the glory of the restoration of navigation.

Genoa, which had applied itself to navigation at the same time with Venice, and that with equal success, was a long time its dangerous rival, and shared with it the trade of Egypt and other parts, both of the east and west.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

§ The states rejected the proposition as much beyond their power, and likely to incur the displeasure of several maritime powers.—*Osborne's Universal History*.

|| The first gleam of light came from the east, where the Arabs pursued the study of geography with the utmost ardor. Their systems again revived the belief in a circumambient ocean, which bound the earth like a zone, and in which the world floated like an egg in a basin. That portion of this belt of waters which was imagined to flow round the north-eastern shores of Asia, they called by the name of the sea of pitchy darkness.—*Circuna*.

¶ Marco Polo was a Venetian traveller, who, in the thirteenth century, travelled the Asiatic continent to the remotest shores of China. He returned with tales of oriental wealth, pride, pomp, and circumstance, that created a great sensation.

And other powers with jealousy
 Would frown upon the high essay. §

" 'Twas now your sainted mother died ;
 My hope was she might live to see
 My name in after deeds allied,
 And share in my prosperity.
 She had such faith in each fond scheme,
 Which others thought an idle dream,
 So sweetly on my labors smiled—
 Which, truth to say, too much beguiled
 Me of her presence, not her heart—
 Greivous it was, in sooth, to part.
 Repined I, then ; but better so
 It was. She has been spared the wo,
 The coldness, envy, malice, hate,
 Have dogg'd like hounds my high estate.
 When I had laid her in the tomb,
 My calling cheered my heart's sad gloom :
 I never slack'd in my emprise,
 Yet lacked her warm approving eyes ;
 And felt, howe'er in toil employ'd,
 A corner in my bosom void.

" At length, when John the Second sat
 Upon his own ancestral throne,
 My plans in their degree complete,
 An interview I sought and won.
 I told him how the world was found
 Terraqueous, in its structure, round ;
 That near two-thirds of all was known,
 The other was a liquid zone,
 As yet untrod—a flowing main
 Keeping the east and west in twain ;
 That, henceforth, to the Indian coast
 The ocean might be safely cross'd,
 Which was not, as the Arabs write,
 In ignorance, as pitchy night ;
 But, as by Marco Polo shown, ¶
 Beauteous as eye e'er gaz'd upon,

Encircling isles which might compare
With those Greek fables paint most rare,
Which in these seas, as place of rest,
Were called the islands of the bless'd.

" 'Tis vain to call each argument
I used, to prove that my intent
Was not a visionary's thought,
Nor out of idle vainness wrought ;
For men there are whose little souls
A parching thirst for fame controls ;
Who, dead to honor, dead to shame,
Would live a lie to gain a name,
Reckless, although, like Icarus,
Soaring aloft with pinions false,
Their cheat dissolved, to earth they fell,
In worse than nothingness to dwell.
John was attentive to my plan,
Which brought the wealth of Kublai Khan,*
And riches vast of Zipangu†
Its golden palaces to view,
And swelled—it was his noble aim—
His country's honor and her fame.
He drew a junto round his throne,‡
My project to decide upon ;
This body laughed at my emprise,
Called it a visionary's scheme,
But John saw not with their minds' eyes,
And felt it could not be a dream.
He called a council. Through the land,
To men of learning, his command
Went forth. They met. But all looked cold
Upon the act, which vain though bold,
Lofty in thought, great in extent,
Yet idle and extravagant
They deemed. Such narrow souls were there
In those learn'd men, who scorned my prayer.

" It is the curse of lofty thought,
And great resolve and genius high,
To find no mind with ardor fraught,
To bind them in one common tie.
No!—genius lives in the fond heart
That nurtures it, a thing apart,
And shines therein as brightly lone
As night's pale queen in heaven's blue zone ;
It is its pride and its distress
'To be through life companionless.
But greater ill it is to know
That hearts thus dead to its fond glow

Will envy what they cannot feel,
And in their enmity assail
Its earliest launch ; till, like that wind
Which in the northern sea doth bind
The tide's reflux, and keeps at bay
The haughty waves with haughtier sway ;
They make the maelstrom, whose fierce whirl
Its fragile bark to death may hurl ;
So lives in the Atlantic sea
That fish alone is chartered free
To cleave the waters in its might,
Or take, at will, in air its flight ;
Most favored of the finny tribe
It has more foes than all beside.

" The council had obtained the plan
Which I intended to pursue,
The course my wished for voyage ran,
The chart which marked my every view ;
And while they stigmatised the deed
Unworthy of a sane man's heed,
Shameless, beyond all parallel,
Secretly mann'd a caravel ;
Thinking to reap where I had sown,
To tread the path my light had shown.
'Tis said that John, who till this day
Firmly his crown with honor's sway
Upheld, consented to the deed,
Which bowed his honor like a reed,
And tarnished all his glory's gain
With an ineradicable stain :
That should it fail, the crown might share
No odium a rash act might bear ;
Should it succeed, the swelling fame
Of such an act might gird his name.

" The caravel came swiftly back,
Reaping no honor from the tack.
How could it ! Glory sits on high ;
'Tis not for every passer by
To pluck its rays. The inward fire
That prompts the lofty to aspire—
The ardor which can ne'er grow cold—
The heart is ever firm and bold—
The eye, empiercing peril's night,
Still keeps the destined goal in sight—
The foot, unwearied, travels on—
Alone have glory's chaplets won.
'Twas not for men who cowardly
Their abject lives in terror weighed,

* The court of the great Kublai Khan, the emperor of China, was described by Marco Polo as being of inconceivable splendor. The palaces, guards, pavillions, gardens, streams, fruits and flowers of the eastern monarch, were all of surpassing beauty.

† Zipangu is the modern Japan. "The inhabitants," according to Polo, "have gold in the greatest plenty, its sources being inexhaustible ; but as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other parts. To this circumstance, we are to attribute the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or, more properly speaking, churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metals ; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold, considerably thick, and the windows also have golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace that it is impossible to convey any idea of them."

‡ The junto comprised Masters Roderigo and Joseph, and the king's confessor, Diego Ortiz, bishop of Ceuta.

And in the ventured feared to die,
Such a discovery could be made.
They lacked the fire, the heart, the soul,
Had brought them to the wished-for goal.
John saw his error, and he sent
Once more for me. Dost think I went?
No, boy! I scorned to make reply.
My indignation swelling high,
My soul disdain'd that lofty king,
As one beneath its noticing,
And all unfit the crown to share,
I ever felt my brow would bear.

"'Twas now the English Harry's fame—
Harry the Seventh,* surnamed "the wise,"
Who worshipp'd freedom's glorious flame,
And nobly sought to humanize
His people, kept in darkest night
By ignorance, and iron might
Of feudal tyrants—crossed the sea,
The theme of song and minstrelsy;
Her second Alfred,† was the name
Him Britain gave with glad acclaim.
For his famed court, Bartholomew,
My brother, sail'd; my plan to lay
Before a man who so well knew
A nation's firmest, proudest stay.
Time pass'd and pass'd, no tidings came
That brought with them a brother's name.
I thought him lost; but he had been
Captivè to pirates. Had he seen
The English monarch, that wise king
Had granted my soliciting.

"Your mother, Diego, I said,
Ere this, was number'd with the dead;
No tie impell'd my farther stay
In Portugal. I turn'd away

In proud disgust, and from its strand
Was borne to my own native land.

"Genoa! the magnificent!
The high, the mighty and the proud!
Mistress and queen of the Levant!
The coming night thy fame will shroud,
And with the nations that have been,
Thou'lt be. No more thy glory's seen
As in old days, when Pisa‡ sought
To wrestle with thy power, and bought
Bloody requital. When was thine‡
The commerce of the Byzantine,
From Venice won.§ No more! no more
The wealth of India lav'd thy shore; ¶
And though thou yet mayst linger on,
'Twill not be as it was of yore:
The sun will no more shine upon
Thy fame, pride, glory, Genoa!

"O God! it is a sickening thing
To live to see our country's fall;
Its strength, which soared on eagle wing,
Subdued and held in iron thrall,
Until its former glorious fame
Blackens still more its sunken name.
Genoa, of its lustre shorn,
Was by internal warfare torn;
When unison was needed most,
All unanimity was lost;
Her limbs her watchful foes had maimed,
But her heart's blood her children drained.
Thus empires sink in civil thrall,
Had never sunk to foreign foe;
Thus ever in a nation's fall,
It is her sons who strike the blow.

"My country—lost to enterprise—
Lost to ambition—future fame—

* Under his sway we behold one of the greatest revolutions that was effected by the prudence and perseverance of one great prince: a nation of tumult reduced to civil subordination; a haughty aristocracy humbled; wise laws enacted; commerce restored; and the arts of peace cultivated and encouraged by a people to whom war before was delightful. The whole government put on a new form, and Henry was one of the most useful monarchs that ever held the sceptre of the kingdoms.—*Rees' Encyclopedia*.

He had all along two points principally in view—the one to depress the nobility and clergy, the other to exalt and humanize the populace.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 8.

† In some respects he has been regarded as the second Alfred, a title to which he has a good claim on account of the great change which he introduced into his kingdom—changes which had the most favorable tendency to effect the improvement and happiness of his subjects.—*Rees' Encyclopedia*.

‡ The quarrel with the Pisans continued over two hundred years, and peace was not concluded until Genoa had destroyed the harbor of Pisa, and conquered the island of Elba.—*Hist. Genoa*.

§ The Genoese, who had greatly assisted in the destruction of the Latin empire, possessed themselves of the commerce of the Byzantine empire, which had been in the hands of the Venetians.—*Hist. Genoa*.

¶ When the Genoese took possession of Caffa, now Feodosia, in the peninsular of Crimea, they also acquired the control of the Black Sea, and obtained the rich commodities of India by the way of the Caspian. If Genoa had adopted a wise colonial policy, and had known how to bind her settlements together by a common interest, and to knit them, as it were, to the parent state, she would have held the first rank among commercial nations to the end of the middle ages. After the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second, in 1453, the Genoese soon suffered for the aid they had imprudently afforded the Turks. Mahomet took from them their settlements on the Black Sea in 1475. They still, it is true, carried on a lucrative trade with the inhabitants of this region, but at last all access to this branch of trade was denied them by the Turks.—*Hist. Genoa*.

To all, but home hostilities—
 Again refused to aid my aim.
 So close my fond scheme I pursued,
 My fortune sped; and lest my sire,
 Who, in his age, my youth had used,
 In want of comforts should expire,
 I gathered up the wreck remained—
 Rest for his last days it obtained;
 And thus I gave his feebleness
 The help he gave my helplessness.
 O! all my honors, all my gain,
 Had been as scorpions to my brain,
 Had he not found the life he gave
 Devoted to him to the grave—
 The stem he raised in strength and pride,
 A staff his tottering steps to guide.

"I took you with me by the hand;
 We wandered into sunny Spain;
 That val'rous and chivalric land
 Which Moor and Christian held in twain.
 I had not then within my purse
 A *realillo* to disburse
 In nature's claims. My body tired,
 But not my soul. That still was fired
 With the imperishable thought
 He breathed upon it. It had caught
 A portion of his essence—ne'er
 To change. How could I then despair?
 For purpose wise, beyond my skill
 To pierce, I felt God worked his will;
 And in his own appointed day,
 Would guide my steps their destined way.

"The ways of man are dark as night,
 The ways of God are clear as light;
 Man gropeth blindly, like a mole—
 Heaven's prescience only sees the goal
 Of all that is, was, and shall be,
 Through time, space, and eternity.
 Arguing thus against mischance,
 I ne'er was slave to circumstance.

"Not far from Palos' sea-girt coast,
 Upon a solitary height,
 Surrounded by a forest, vast
 And densely black—like beacon light
 O'er pitchy darkness, or like faith,
 Still bright when all is gloom beneath—
 There stands a convent. There we stood,
 And begged some water and some food;

• • Friar Juan Perez de Marchena.

For we had toiled the live-long day,
 With nought our hunger to allay.

"Who shall despair? Hope's beacon still
 Let constant shine in direst ill;
 When darkest is calamity,
 The light of joy is then most nigh—
 As on the blackest pall of night
 Treads close the hour of morning's light.

"Upon that spot, when desolate,
 Abject and sunk seemed my estate;
 A stranger on a foreign shore—
 A beggar at a convent door—
 God raised me up a friend, who grew
 At once into my heart, and drew
 My hopes, plans, thoughts, and feelings—all
 That held my ardent soul in thrall—
 From its recess. A friar gray*
 Lighted the path that led the way
 To the great end. His convent gate,
 At which we stood, we passed elate.
 I was his brother from that hour—
 Like me, he felt that the Great Power
 Had chose me for his instrument.
 Full many a subtle argument
 Had we in friendship, till the light
 Flooded my heart, beamed on his sight;
 Then, not more ardent was my mind
 Than the wrapt faith his own enshrined.
 He was the first who read my soul—
 The first who mocked not its control—
 The first who, since your mother's death,
 Cheered me by praise of human breath.
 And O! in this cold world of ours,
 Where friendship's face is constant worn
 In mockery—as smiling flowers
 Death's sweltering charnel-house adorn—
 One honest heart's a nobler gem
 Than boasted Soldan's diadem.

"O! lightly lie upon his breast
 The clod wherein his ashes rest;
 May memories sweet as rose's breath
 Keep his name fragrant still in death!
 Fresh be the turf that decks his bed,
 An honest man therein is laid:
 No brighter lustre earth has won—
 No higher tribute man can own.

CANTO SECOND.

THE RESULT.

FATIGUED, the navigator closed his eyes,
Nor long indulged, ere he again resumed
The blent recital of his chequered life
In the attainment of his great design.

"Furnished with letters, I set forth*
For court, and thought my trials pass'd;
Lightly I trod the sleepy earth,
And saw the goal in view at last.

"Ah, Hope! thou loved of lord and sage,
Of warrior, statesman, and divine;
Thou sunny beam on life's dark page
Which to the end doth sweetly shine;
Thou whom all fondly cherish still,
Though ignis fatuus of the will;
Smiling too often to betray,
Leading our anxious thoughts away
With our heart's wishes; thou to me
Wast to the last a destiny.
And if on earth thou hast deceived
The trusting heart thy faith believed,
Thou pointest where deceit no more
Can stain thy lustre—to the shore
Where sorrow comes not. Where at last
Thy earthly mission being past,
When sinks this globe in fierce decay,
When all of life consumes away,
Thou must expire. For 'tis not given
Even to thee to enter heaven.
Thou pointest to the place of rest,
But couldst not live where all are bless'd.
No, earthly seraph! Thou nor fear
Whom thou opposest bravely here,
In heaven may live. But when is fled
This earthly planet—when is sped
Its lustre from the starry sky,
Nothing more sweet than thou will die.

"Cordova held the Spanish camp†
Granada's forces to defy,
T' extinguish irreligion's lamp,
And raise the cross of Christ on high.
There I arrived. I will not tell
What disappointment then befell;
How Talavero—godly priest‡
Despised, or slighted at the least,
My project, until I became
Scoff'd at by boys irrev'rend.§ Shame
Pressed on my brow. Some deemed me mad,
A mountebank. The warriors clad
In shining mail, smiled at my garb;
My poverty was made the barb
To pierce my soul. The ignorant,
In their own vanity content,
They deemed that costly knightly halls,
Or monarchism's saintly walls,
Alone could furnish great design,
And imposition must be mine;
As if the towerings of the mind
To any sphere could be confined.
The time will come, I prophecy,
When from its pomp and from its pride
Shall fall the might of ancestry
That is not unto worth allied;
When men shall carve their glorious way
To fortune, by their mind's bright sway,
And be the nobles of the earth,
Noble in deed and not in birth;
I was sore grieved, but then I found
Sweet consolation for each wound.
Love, which so sweetly smiled before,¶
Smiled sweetly on my heart once more;
And oh! it now most sweetly smiled
When all besides my lot reviled.

"The love of woman is a thing
Holy beyond imagining;

* Juan Perez was on intimate terms with Fernando de Talavero, prior of the monastery of Prado, and confessor to the queen, a man high in confidence and possessing great weight in public affairs. To him he gave Columbus a letter, strongly recommending himself and his enterprise to the patronage of Talavero, and requesting his friendly intercession with the king and queen. In the mean time, Fray Juan Perez took charge of the youthful son of Columbus, to maintain and educate him at his convent.—*Irving's Columbus*.

† When Columbus arrived at Cordova, he found that ancient and warlike city filled with the glitter and din of arms, and in all the lustre of military preparation. The rival kings of Granada, Muly Boabdil, the uncle, surnamed El Zagal, and Mahommed Boabdil, the nephew, surnamed El Chico, had just formed a coalition, and their league called for prompt and vigorous measures.—*Ibid.*

‡ Fernando de Talavero read the letter of the warm-hearted Juan Perez de Marchena without being animated by his zeal; he listened coldly and distrustfully to the explications of Columbus, and quietly made up his mind that the plan was extravagant and impossible.—*Salazar, Chron. del Gran. Cardinal, L. 1, C. 62.*

§ Because he was a stranger, and went but in simple apparel, not otherwise credited than by the letter of a gray friar, they believed him not, neither gave ear to his words, whereby he was greatly tormented in his imagination.—*Oviedo, L. 2, C. 5.*

¶ While lingering in Cordova he became attached to a lady of that city, named Beatrix Enriguez, who was of noble family, though it is probable in impoverished circumstances. She was the mother of his second son, Fernando, born in 1487.

Poets have striven to paint its power
 In sad adversity's dark hour ;
 But oh ! the sweetest lyre was strung,
 The sweetest strain that bard has sung
 Could never tell that all confiding
 Passion, midst a world deriding,
 Which in its holy purity
 Would bloom beneath the Upas tree.

" 'Twas now some trusty friends I found,*
 Who in my heart's best love are bound,
 'Mongst them, the Cardinal of Spain ;
 He bade bright hope shine forth again.
 He introduced me to the king ;
 Each argument that I could bring
 I urged. The crafty Ferdinand
 Could all my science understand.
 I saw enkindle the warm ray
 Of conscious faith and pass away ;
 For rarely his schooled face would tell
 The passions in his heart could swell.
 He bade the learned men of Spain
 Meet me in council. Yet again

The end of my probation nigh
 I deemed with joyous ecstasy.

" O, Salamanca ! wast thou called
 Spain's Athens, and did science rise '
 Within thee, but to sink appalled,
 Before thy sons miscounted wise !
 I had been mocked by vulgar minds,
 Insulted by the gibes of hinds,
 Abused by idle levity,
 By praise was given sneeringly,
 Outraged by violated faith
 Worse than the scoffer's poisoned breath,
 But now, I thought in thy high seat
 With men of learning to compete,
 Honor must be supreme—nor dare
 Rank prejudice enkindle there—
 That for the good of human kind,
 For the extension of the mind
 Unbiassed, they would hear my scheme†
 Which science could not hold a dream,
 So certain were the laws of nature
 Impressed upon its every feature,

* Antonio Geraldini, the Pope's nuncio, and his brother Alexander Geraldini, preceptor to the younger children of Ferdinand and Isabella. His most efficient friend at this time was Alonzo de Quintanilla, who procured for him the patronage of Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Grand Cardinal of Spain.

† Columbus was led to the discovery not only from a consideration of the terraqueous globe and the relation of certain shipwrecked modern mariners, but by the idea which several eminent writers entertained of an unknown continent to the westward. In general it was believed that the land terminated with the *Canaries*, or *Fortunate Islands* ; yet several of the more penetrating were persuaded that an immense tract of land must lie beyond the *Atlantic Ocean*. In one of his dialogues (in Tim.) *Plato* speaks of the island of *Atalantis* ; and there is still extant in the collection of Greek poetical fragments (Poet. Fragm. Lug. ap. Stephen) a description of it in verse ascribed to *Solon*, who borrowed the relation from an Egyptian priest. To confess the truth all these hints taken from *Plato* and *Solon* have so much the air of poetic allegory that they cannot be considered of weight sufficient to determine whether they absolutely entertained any idea of the Western Continent. The ingenious political tract left by *Sir Thomas More* may furnish an equally good ground to posterity that his *Eutopia* alluded to some undiscovered country, of which he had some general conception. It is otherwise with respect to the testimony of *Aristotle*, (*De Mundo*) because he not only concurs with a future historian, but descends to particulars. In a book ascribed to this philosopher, we are told that the *Carthaginians* discovered an island beyond the *Pillars of Hercules*, large, fertile, and finely watered, with navigable rivers, but uninhabited. This island was distant a few days sailing from the Continent ; its beauty attracted the discoverers to settle there ; but the policy of *Carthage* dislodged the colony, and laid strict prohibition on all the subjects of the state not to attempt any future establishment. This account is confirmed by an historian of no mean credit, who relates that the *Tyrians* would have planted a colony in the new discovered island, which some take to be *Hispaniola*, but they were opposed by the *Carthaginians*, for state reasons. It was feared lest the natural advantages which it was reported this country enjoyed, might induce too many of the citizens to desert their native soil, whereby the government would be weakened, industry checked, and the vast maritime power of the republic diminished. Besides it was urged that this island ought to be reserved as an asylum to which they might retire with safety when oppressed by any reverse of fortune, or public calamity. A passage hath also been quoted from the third act of the *Medea* of *Seneca* :—

Venient annis
 Sæcula feris, quibus oceanus
 Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
 Pateat tellus, Typhisque novas
 Detegat orbes ; nec sit terris
 Ultima Thule.—*Med. Act. 3, v. 375.*

in confirmation of the opinion that although *America* was undiscovered, the ancients had a strong notion of large countries beyond the reach of their present knowledge. In a fragment that remains of *Theopompus* (*Diod. Sic. Hist.*) there is an allegory of a new world inhabited by two nations of

Which, with a voice ~~fast~~ could not lie,
Developed the discovery.

"I was mistaken. Had I been
One of themselves—had courtly mien
Proclaimed me great—had convent's walls
Or learned institution's halls
Beheld my studies—had my name
Not taken from, but lent them fame,
I had been lauded to the skies.
But a poor man in humble guise
To make discovery so great!
It shocked their wisdom's high estate,
It galled their pride. They would not think
A humble mariner could drink
From fount of knowledge hid from them,
The Solons of Spain's diadem;
To science clear as noon-day sun,
With which my theory began,
They answered from the holy book,
From which some doubtful text they took,
And tortured to their own intent,
My theory to circumvent.

"Yes, men there are in every age,
Will make religion serve their turn
Till the pure light of holy page
They bid with falsehood's fierce flame burn.
Upon its holy sanctity
They spawn unholy bigotry;
Perverting truth to serve their will
Obscuring grace itself with ill,
Like misty vapors from the deep,
Which heaven's pure light in darkness steep,
Or abject toads from dungeon cell
In goodly buildings crawl by stealth,
Which make the pure air foul as hell,
Pois'ning the springs of life and health.
To serve their turn, a passage now
Is plainly rendered literal;
To suit their turn, 'tis changed, and lo!
'Tis clear as light, apocryphal;
Thus Satan quotes the homilies,
And poisons first, and then destroys.

"I met them on this very ground;
My soul to holy writ was bound;
My study it had been by night,
My hope, my solace, my delight;
No friar, nor reverend man could quote
A passage in my heart not wrote;
I spoke to them of charts no more—
Abandoned scientific lore—
And that most holy volume used
They in their bigotry abused;
I poured forth texts of prophecy,
Which this sublime discovery

Announced, foretold—ev'n as a steed
Impatient—of no bit takes heed,
But chafed beyond endurance, flies
Bearing his rider o'er the plain
At will—in unchecked freedom hies,
Nor stops till strength is spent in vain.
I bore my hearers on my tongue;
Amazed, they on my accents hung,
But when I ceased my ardent strain
Their courage rose—they breathed again,
Their doubts convenient reawoke,
So, for that day, the council broke.

"The conference was oft renewed,
But with no steady aim pursued;
New movements tasked the monarch's mind,
My project floated on the wind,
Weariéd at length, I wrote to John,
With whom I felt aggrieved before;
My message ready answer won,
He bade me come to him once more;
The Seventh Harry also sought
To win me to the English court,
And France with gracious promises
Essayed for my discoveries.
But Spain was dear for her sweet sake,
Who was of Spain. I could not make
Another nation glorious
While here was prospect of success.
My heart had grown to Spain, for friends
Had sprung around me. Had I left,
Of you of Beatrix bereft,
As of Fernando, I had been;
And then again the weary scene
Of urging plans to soulless men
Who might look cold upon me, when
The oft told tale had been repeated,
Which oft of hope my soul hath cheated
After long years that I had spent,
After long tedious argument
I had sustained, to cast away
The hope that cheered me on, each day,
To travel like a plodding horse
Over the same oft trodden course,
It was too much—I could not brook
Into such hopelessness to look.

"I followed now the Spanish court,*
And sometimes in the ranks have fought,
This for the faith I love so well
Hating the fiery infidel,
And that at times when hope delayed
By craven fear was half dismayed,
The strong excitement nerved my soul,
And brought my reason in control.
'Twas thus I saw the infidel
Yield to the Christian monarch's sway,

warriors and devotees; and one of the fathers affirms (Greg. in epist. S. Clemen., p. 374) that beyond the ocean there is another world; however both *Lactantius* and *St. Augustine* ridicule this notion, and the opinion that the earth was globular; even to the days of *Gallileo* the *Romish* clergy regarded the rotation of the earth on its own axis as contrary to the sacred doctrine.—*Osborne's Univ. Hist.*, vol. 38, p. 3 to 5.

* *Diego Ortiz de Zuniga* says, speaking of the campaign—"The same Columbus was found fighting, giving proofs of the distinguished valor which accompanied his wisdom and his lofty desires.

The mighty Muley Boabdel
From his possessions pass away.

"Some brief repose succeeded. Now
Success I thought must glad my brow;
Vain! vain—instead I learnt that Spain
Was arming for her last campaign
Against the Moors. That Ferdinand
Had sworn his camp as rock should stand
Till from Granada's every tower
The Christian banner spoke his power;
Full well I knew with this design
Commenced, must end all hope of mine,
And so I pressed express reply
Would Spain with my desires comply?

"The cares of war—the war's expense
Were strongly urged as a pretence
To let my suit lie over—when
The war was ended—gladly then
The Sovereigns would have time to treat
Of the design they still held meet.
'Twas Talavero brought this word;
Incredulous the tale I heard;
I loved him not—I knew him cold,
To my design adverse of old,
For years on Spain's half promises
I'd hung—I'd hear the craftiness
Which still could mock my soul's warm prayer
And keep me in abeyance there
Even from the Sovereign's lips—no less
Should prostrate hope—my soul distress—
I sped to Seville—saw the king—
The priest spoke truth. Hope then took wing.

"Of all the pangs that wring the heart
And plunge the soul in deep distress
None have a keener, bitterer, smart
Than waking from a dreamt success;
When hope to which we've clung so fast,
So long, forsakes us; when the past
Rising to mock our phantasy
In the despair in which we lie
Points to the kingdoms then create
And peopled, now all desolate;
The drunken swinish clown who dreams
Himself a nobleman, and deems
The mire in which his form doth crouch
The rich soft velvet of his couch,
Waking from ideality
To the dark stern reality—
The lover who his life has wasted
For the sweet hope his soul has tasted,
Dreaming of heaven, for lover's dreams
Of brighter worlds have transient gleams—
Who finds himself at length thrown by
With promises warm on the tongue
Of her for whom 'twere bliss to die,
Who on his vows had fondly hung

Feeling that he his soul had set
For years, upon a cold coquette,
Could not conceive the rage and shame
That filled my soul—this passion's flame
Swiftly expired, and I resigned
My will to His who rules the wind.

"Spain still had nobles, whose great might*
Was as a monarch's! If the crown
Upon my project breathed a blight
There might be those to whom renown
Was dear, and science glorious. They
Would aid in my discoveries; .
I felt again hope's cheering ray,
And looked to private enterprise.
I drank of disappointment.† Vain
Were all my hopes, and now to Spain
Farewell. The flag of France should brave
The yet untrodden western wave.

"At La Rabida's convent gate
Once more I stood. Seven years had sped
In vain requests—my sad estate
Was sad as when my steps first led
To that abode. I was as poor,
My projects not one jot more sure;—
My garb as humble. But my mind
As strongly in its faith enshrined.
Fray Juan Perez mourned to see
My long entailed adversity
Even as myself. But then I said,
Spain to my thoughts was henceforth dead,
And other climates not so cold
My great design would gladly hold,
That France would give what Spain denied,
And share of the attempt the pride.
He was dismayed. He knew full well
That *could* I fail, the aim would swell
With men of science, the renown
Of the adventuring Gaulish crown.

"The truly great do not bestow
Their praise upon success alone,
The lofty scheme though lying low
Their admiration well hath won.
Experiment, to science dear,
The nurse the babe to man doth rear,
They rev'rence. 'Tis like freedom's breath,
Which gathers strength with every death,
Which failing, in one votary,
Lights others in the glorious way,
Until at length, in power and might,
It bursts its bonds—matured to light,
'Tis vulgar minds alone who place
With failure in design, disgrace.

"Fray Juan's zeal was now on fire;
He loved his country—his desire
Was she might reap the fruit, would grow
Out of this scheme, and deck her brow

* The feudal powers of the Spanish nobles was not as yet entirely broken down. There were several who had vast possessions, and who exercised almost independent authority in their domains.

† Columbus applied to the dukes of Medina, Sidonia, and Medina Cœli. The first, after encouraging him, came to the conclusion that he was an Italian visionary. The latter was afraid to undertake the scheme, lest he should incur the displeasure of the king and queen, it being a matter which had already excited their attention, and which they had never formally renounced.

With such bright laurels as should shame
 All meaner, lesser, deeds of fame.
 With two warm friends, did he consult*
 On my success; and the result
 Confirmed his faith. He urged my stay
 The while he sent to Santa Fé,
 Where was the queen—a swift reply
 Called for his presence—while that I
 Was bade to hope—he saw the queen,
 And urged as ne'er before had been
 My bandied suit. She, the good queen, won
 With his great zeal, wrote instant on
 For my approach; and woman's thought
 My poverty to presence brought,
 And woman's kindness the ripe want
 Supplied, ere I was suppliant.

Granada, the last Moorish hold,
 Had now surrendered to the crown;
 I saw the dark skin'd warriors
 Their power for evermore lay down.
 Boabdil, the last king, and all
 His chieftains who'd escaped the thrall
 Of devastating fire and sword
 Incessant urged, until his heard
 Had fritted to the faithful few
 Who round their dusky monarch drew,
 This was the tribe eight centuries
 Had wrestled with Spains sons, and these
 Look'd the descendants of such men
 As shake a world, even as their
 A mighty wreck—for in their fall
 There was a dignity, and all
 Marched forth, in pride which could not brook
 The world should on their sorrow look.

"The Sovereigns now kept faith with me;
 Negotiations were begun;
 But there was my arch enemy
 Who had before my suit undone;
 He wanted I should win the fame
 To pamper others—first, my name,
 From earth should perish. The design
 Of princely magnitude was mine;
 And princely, the design attained,
 Should be my recompence. I claimed
 To be invested Admiral
 And Viceroy over one and all
 The countries I should bring to light,
 From out, to us, their lengthened night,
 And that one tenth of every gain
 Won from their shores should mine remain;
 This gave me precedence of them;
 If I had asked Spain's diadem
 They had not looked astonished more—
 My conference was swiftly o'er.

* Garcia Fernandez, the physician of the neighboring town, a man of great science, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the head of a family of wealthy and distinguished navigators of Palos, who were celebrated for their practical experience, and their adventurous expeditions. Pinzon gave the plan of Columbus his decided approbation, offering to engage in it with purse and person, and to bear the expenses of Columbus in a renewed application to the court.—*Irog. Columbus.*

† Ferdinand de Talavero represented to Isabella that it would be degrading to the dignity of so illustrious a crown to lavish such distinguished honors on a nameless stranger. His suggestions checked her dawning favor.—*Ibid.*

One sneered, and said, 'twas shrewdly done,
 Which in success all honor won,
 And yet in failing, nothing lost.
 I offered then one eighth the cost
 To bear myself—but then should be
 One eighth the gain accrue to me,
 'Twas inadmissible. I heard†
 That Talavero, my old foe,
 In the queen's ear his poisoned word
 Secretly breathed—nor was it slow,
 The rank contagion. Even the queen,
 Who in my cause quite warm had been,
 Took her confessor's sage advice,
 And deemed exorbitant the price
 To make Spain glorious—moderate
 Conditions suiting my estate,
 Yet, separate from such design,
 Honorable, advantageous too,
 But all too mean for thought of mine,
 The queen unfolded to my view.

"I would not bate one jot, nor cede
 One point of my demands—the meed
 That waited on discovery
 Should honor Spain—should honor me.
 The best part of my life was spent
 To carry out my great intent;
 It could not bless my native shore
 If it eniched a foreign power;
 That power should make the instrument
 Conceived, accomplished, the event
 Great as the plan. I could not be
 False to my project's dignity,
 Though poverty my steps had dogg'd,
 Though indigence my hopes had clogg'd,
 Though in this failure years of toil,
 Were made sad disappointment's spoil,
 Though all gone by was gone in vain,
 Though I began my task again,
 Though disappointment still might blast
 My projects, even as the past,
 Treating of Empire won by me,
 Cæsar, or nothing, I would be.

"I scorned this offer, and that day
 Set forth from courtly Santa Fé,
 For France. I reached Elvira's mount,
 Whereat, as minstrels oft recount,
 Full many a desperate bloody fray
 Has stained the pass when Moorish sway
 Was here supreme; and Infidel
 And Christian blended, fighting fell.
 'Twas famous now; a messenger
 From Santa Fé whose bloody spur,
 And horse's reeking side, proclaimed
 His eager haste, attention claimed,

The queen requested my return ;
I was about the wish to spurn,
For I was sick of the delay
And mockery of courtly sway ;
But when I heard the queen agreed
To my conditions, with such speed
As hope upon love's joyous track
Impatient makes—I hurried back.

“ 'Twas even so. The sophistry
Of Talavero was thrown by ;
My friends had sought the queen, and shown*
The glory fading from her throne,
Gracing another ; and the fame
That would enwreath the French king's
name

At her expense, should she refuse
My project instantly to use—
Her zeal was warmed—her spirit woke,
The grandeur of the scheme first broke
Upon her mind—passing away,
Its virtues shone in bright array ;
She undertook the enterprise :
Bade empires to her glory rise.
A moment's doubt. The king looked cold
Upon the scheme. The people's gold
Was drained to carry on the war,
How could she on the treasury draw ?

'Twas but a moment—never faith
Woman's true heart encompasseth,
That circumstance could coldly quell ;
The cause she loved, though late, so well
Was paramount. Her zeal was fired,
She spoke as truly one inspired :—

‘ I undertake the enterprise
For my Castilian crown,’ she said,
‘ My private jewels, the supplies
To furnish, I will pledge till paid ;’

* Lus de St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues in Arragon, accompanied by Alonzo de Quintanilla, and supported by the Marchioness of Moya.

END OF SECOND CANTO.

M A R C H .

Like as that lion through the green woods
came,
With roar which startled the hushed solitude,
Yet, soon as he saw Una, that white dame
To Virtue wedded, quieted his rude
And savage heart, and at her feet fell tame
As a pet lamb—so March, though his first mood
Was boisterous and wild, feeling that shame

The sacrifice was not required ;
St. Angel brought the funds desired—
But then queen Isabel became
Patroness of Columbus' fame,
Then high above her craftier lord,
Her noble spirit proudly soared ;
O ! she was great. A richer mind
Was ne'er in earthly clay enshrined ;
As long as Spain with nations dwells,
So long the fame which all excels,
The proudest of her monarch's line,
Fair Isabella shall be thine.

My soul was now in ecstasy ;
The moment for discovery
Was nigh at hand. The weary night
Of doubt had fled. The morning light
Of sweet assurance dawned at last ;
Not merely were my sorrows past,
But all my sufferings overpaid
In the result before me laid.
Wealth, wealth upiled, would pour in Spain ;
With this, I urged, the crown might gain
Once more the Holy Sepulchre
From the foul infidel. As 'twere
A visionary's scheme, they smiled,
But it has still my heart beguiled.

Jerusalem ! my heart has bled
To see thy glories desecrate ;
Thy sacred halls, the moalem's bed,
Thy Holy Temple desolate.
And I had thought to live to see
Christ's sepulchre from infidel
Reserved for ever. Once more free
For those, who in his worship dwell—
But it is not Thy heavenly will
To which I humbly bow me still.

Would follow his fell steps, if Spring's young
brood
Of buds and blossoms withered where he trod—
Calmed his fierce ire. And now forth violets
Breaths their new lives ; the tawny primrose sits
Like squatted gypsy on the wayside clod ;
And early bees are all day on the wing,
And work like labor, yet like pleasure sing.

SQUIRE PARKINS' SPLORIFICATION.

A YANKEE STORY.

(By *Ch. Deering - Portland.*)

BY A DOWN-EASTER.

I GUESS you never heard tell of our town, did you? Well, if you aint, I rather guess you don't take the papers. For about the time of the land fever it was cried up awfully; and some chaps down there in Portland got hauled in to the tune of ten dollars the acre. And as to that matter, it wa'n't to be wondered at, all things considering. For one Squire Parkins came up there, and made a kind of map of it—and may I be bil'd into apple-sarse if it wa'n't the curisest thing for a map that my eyes ever lit upon. Squire Parkins staid at our house at the time, so I seed the making of the whole consarn. The reason he staid there was because marm's pan dowdy some how agreed with him.

Well this map that I was telling of, the squire ruled all into squares, and then the way he put in the red and yellow ochre was a caution, I tell you. May I be bil'd into apple-sarse if it wa'n't for all the world like a checker board, and at first I thought it was one. But just as I suppos'd the squire had given it the last touch, what does he do but takes a bit of blueing, and starting at one corner of it, makes a kind of zigzag mark clean through it. "By Jehoshaphat," says I, "if ——."

"No swearing," says the squire.

"Well," says I, "if you hav'nt diah'd that ere checker board may I be lick'd into ——."

"Tut, tut," says the squire, "that's a map of Snagville."

"Well," says I, "if that would'nt puzzle a Philadelfy lawyer: and that blue streak, I take it, is our Virginny fence."

"No, you dunder head, that's a river."

"A river in Snagville! why squire Parkins! Now," says I, "I've made tracks on every lot in this ere section, and if there's any thing like a river that my legs can't straddle, may I be bil'd into ——."

"That's gammon," says the squire, "all gammon; there's river enuf to float all the logs that will be cut here this twenty years."

Upon that I scream'd a scream, I tell you. Says I, "Squire upon that ground I'm beat all hollow."

Well, as soon as the Squire had done tinevating his map, what does he do but insist on it that I must go out with him on a splorification. At first I rather hung back, cause there was no more chance of finding a lot of pine trees than there was of finding a mare's nest. Howsomever at last marm took up for him—for you see he kept palavering about her pan dowdy, and then backing out was not to be thought of no how. I had as lieve's be in a hornet's nest as try to thwart marm in any thing she's bent upon.

Well, at last we started off; and arter we'd travell'd a long spell without seeing any thing but here and there a scrub, the Squire observ'd that he was nearly tucker'd out, and upon that we halted. "Simon," says he, "this is a dry business, and I rather guess you'd better take a drop."

"Well," says I, "I don't care if I do."

Upon this he took out a junk bottle, and sticking it up in my face, "There," says he, "that's the real genuine." And then he shook it, and shook it, and it bore a head I tell you.

"Well," says I, "Squire, here's hoping;" and the way I swigg'd was a caution, for I was dry as marm's beans when she forgets to put the pork in. Well, arter we'd given our shanks a pretty good resting spell, and arter I had taken another swig by way of starter, we jog'd on a piece fuder. Howsomever, we had'nt made a long hitch of it, it was'nt a mile any how, before the Squire, who lag'd a little, bawl'd out, "Stop, Simon, stop!"

"Why, what the deuce is the matter now?" says I.

"Simon, says he, "don't you feel a grain dryish?"

"If I don't," says I, "may I be bil'd into apple sarse."

"Well," says he, "take another horn of the genuine—it will sarve to strengthen the inner man."

"After you is manners," says I. Upon that the squire took a sip or so; he did'nt liquerize much, cause he said he'd signed the pledge, and then he shuk it as he did before. Well, there was no mistake when he thought I was dryish. The moment that ere liquer struck my tongue you might have heard it guggle, guggle, like a gallon jug at a raising—it was a tikler I tell you.

Now I had always had an idee that nobody could tell me nothing about Snagville, seeing I'd bean over it a hundred times; and I'd have bait a whole dollar to a sheet of gingerbread that the whole town was as flat as a pancake. But some how, when we started arter this last swig that I've got been telling of, the ground seemed to be peskey uneven, and sometimes I found myself brought up all standing. But what bother'd me the beatemost was to see how I'd miscalculated about the

stumpage. I'd always said, and so had dad, that there was'n't in all Snagville five hundred of merchantable pine to the acre. But, would you believe it, there was now, for a rough guess, nigher five thousand. Now there could'n't be any sort of mistake about it, for when I observed it to the squire, he said I had underrated, and that it would be a notch or two higher.

"You're all of a fever," says he, "a walking so fast, and can't judge any thing about it—take another horn, Simon, and cool off a little."

Well, I did feel a little hottish that's a fact, and so I took a putty considerable swig I tell you.—Upon that we took another start; and the fuider we went the thicker the trees grow'd, till at last, says I, "Squire, if uncle Ben can squeeze his belly through this clump without touching, may I be —," but here the squire broke out in a haw, haw, like all possess'd, and observ'd that there was over ten thousand to the acre.

"Over ten," says I; "over twelve, and not counting the conchous ones."

And then he haw, haw'd again louder than ever, and ask'd if I was willing to certify it.

"Yes," says I, "on the spot, if I don't may I be bil'd into apple sarse."

"I know'd you would," says he; and upon that he fumbled awhile in one of his long pockets and took out an inkhorn and a bit of paper. And arter he'd scratch'd a few lines as he rested on a windfall that was there—he asked me to squat down and sign it—and likewise I did.

"Well," says the squire, "I guess we've splorified about enuf—and as it's getting towards daylight down, suppose Simon we take up a back track."

"Agreed," says I; for I found I was getting dryish again—and as to squenching thirst out of the squire's bottle that would'n't be done, no how—'twas as dry as I was. Well, as we were jogging along, says I, "Squire, what are you up to with that ere paper and checker board?"

"Why," says he, "I'm going down to Portland to help some worthy young men there. I mean to sell them my land on such a lay that they'll make a fortin by it."

"Squire," says I, "give us your hand—now that's christian like."

Well, as I was saying, he cleared out the next morning bag and baggage; and the next news I heard was that the squire had been a helping on 'em down there in Portland in a way to kill. And how do you think he did it? Why he sold out the whole consarn for ten dollars an acre, one third right down on the nail, and no grumbling.

"Dad," says I, "if that's the way they help folks down in Portland, we'd better give 'em a lift with our bog lot; it will bear sartifying, fer 'tis settling land any how."

How the squio could sleep arter helping on 'em that way was a puzzler. As for myself, for three nights arterwards I might as well tried to take a nap on a harrar. The moment I fell into a doze, it seemed as if the squire took up that big windfall where I sartified and let it fall co-chunk right on the vitals; and if I did'n't spring like all possess'd, may I be bil'd into apple sarse.

Well, it struck my mind some how that the squire would fork over putty considerable, seeing as how I'd sartify'd in the way I did; and so the next time he come up into our section I kind a hinted about it. But he was another guess sort of a man this time, I tell you. He was rigg'd all out in superfines, gold watch, breast pin, and ruffles, and scented up for all the world like a pole-cat.—When I stuck out my hand he kind a draw'd back, and stared like a stuck pig—'twas as much as to say, who are you, by the hoky! And when marm set on the pan dowdy that he used to like so, says he, "toss that ere into the swill pail, and sarve us up a fry candy de fox," (*fricandean de vaux.*)

"Fry candy and what?" says marm; "you nasty creature you."

"Squire," says I, "if you mean our old fox that's chained in the barn-yard, you'll be as gaunt as a weazel before he touches your jaws, any how."

"You be hang'd," says he, "I can lick a dozen of ye."

Upon that I was putty well ril'd I tell you. "Lick me," says I. "Why the chap don't stand in your shoes that's up to that game. And as for that matter I'll bait a whole five dollar bill that the old fox, upon a fair pull, will jerk your carcasse a couple of rods any day."

"Done," says he.

"Done," says I; "so plank the rhino, and we'll try it this arteenoon."

Well, jest back of our tatur field there was an almighty big mud hole—and as our hogs used to go and snooze there, if it wa'n't stumpy may I be bil'd into sarse. On the north side we'd clean'd up a piece, and got it putty well into grass. But 'tother side had all run up into alders. Well, at the time fix'd upon we all went down to this grass ground by the mud hole. There was dad and marm, and the squire, and those of the Portland gentry that he'd been helping so.

"There, squire," says I, "there's the cretur all ready, and he's up to chalk I tell you." And there he was sure enuf; for I'd been down before and fix'd him tother side of the mud hole right by the alders, and there I'd hitch'd him to a rope which stretch'd clean across to the grass ground. Well, when they seed the fox they all began to fitter like mad—all but the squire. He look'd kind a dumb-founded, as if 'twas lowering to one of his cloth, and I guess would have slink'd out of it had'n't been for the five dollars.

"Squire," says I, "are you ready?"

"Ready," says he. And then he bustled up and grabb'd one end of the rope.

"Stop," says I, "fair play 's a jewel. Gest let me take a turn of that rope round your superfines, cause why, if the fox gets the upper hand you'll let go and won't toe the mark."

"Tie and be hang'd," says he.

Well, now least I should lose the five dollars, I thought I'd fasten the fox to the middle of the rope, and tother end on it I had carried right in among the alders, where I had stow'd away 'Siah Prescott, Jim Smith, and our David. The whole thing was cut and dried completely one hour or two before, when I drill'd em pretty considerably. Says I, "boys hug the airth and lay close when you hear us coming on to the grass ground; and when I scream '*strain out*,' then gerk like all nater."

"Squire Parkins," says I, "are you ready?"

"Ready," says he.

Upon that I let fall my under jaw, and says I, "fox strain out, strain out like twenty airthquakes;" and the moment I scream'd it, if the ternal cretur did'nt scratch for the alder stumpp may I be bil'd into apple sarse. At the very first gerk the squire pitch'd to the very aidge of the mud hole—and the way he tugg'd and jam'd his heels into that soft clay was a caution, I tell you. But it would'nt do no how. The second jerk draw'd him right out of his boots, and losing his balance, he fell splash, ruffles and all, right into the very core on't. I've seed some big eyes in my day, but I never seed any stick out like the squire's, as he look'd kind a sideling at us while splashing through that mud hole. How fur he got before he brought up 'mong the alder I can't say; for dad and marm, and the Portland chaps, fell right down flat, they haw, haw'd so; and as for myself, if I did'nt make tracks may I be bil'd into apple sarse.

SOME FARTHER CHAPTERS

OF

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER III.

Our condition appeared desperate indeed. We lay bound hand and foot, like sheep for the slaughter. The Indian who was set to guard us was, however, still in a sound sleep, and snored loudly. Presently the door of the hut slowly opened, and the head of another savage was thrust in, then suddenly withdrawn. After the lapse of half an hour, the same head again appeared through the door-way, and after scrutinizing the room, and satisfying himself that the guard slept, the owner of the head stealthily walked in. He proved to be the Indian conjuror whom we had formerly taken prisoner.

After again scrutinizing the room, he drew a long knife from his belt, and advanced upon us.

"Curse the treacherous villain!" muttered Girty, "is this our reward for saving his life! Would to God I had cut his throat!"

This sentence was scarcely finished, when the savage stepped up and cut our cords, and in one moment we stood upon the floor, free men. Our deliverer now whispered in our ears, "Indian no forget 'em!" and told us to be gone. Girty seized the guard's rifle, but the Indian motioned him to lay it down; which he would not do till we had left the house, when we discovered our guns standing against it; we snatched them up, and, shaking our deliverer affectionately by the hand, we left the town at a brisk pace. As we reached the outskirts, a large dog sprang out from behind an Indian hut, and caught Girty by the leg; but Girty was now himself again, and soon rid himself of the assailant. We took a northern direction: it was about three hours before day, and by that time we knew we should be trailed by fifty Indians, who would travel with all the expedition they could; therefore, we did not stop a moment to breathe, but kept on a brisk run through the most tangled bushes we could find, that the difficulty of following us by our tracks might be the greater.

After travelling about six miles, we came to some running water, in which we waded for some miles, and then struck into the deep wilderness. Daylight arrived, and found us tired and as hungry as half-famished wolves; still we feared to shoot, for fear the crack of the rifle might betray us; but how to get something to eat without shooting, was the question.

While we were debating the matter, Girty observed a squirrel run into a hollow log, that was about six feet in length; he thrust his arm into one end, and directed me to run a stick into the other, which I did, and thus drove the animal into Girty's hand, who caught it, and dashed its brains out against a tree. This squirrel we skinned, and ate the flesh raw; for we feared to tarry long enough to cook it, thinking our pursuers might overtake us in the meantime.

We travelled at a brisk rate till noon, when we concluded that we had so far distanced our pursuers that we might venture to shoot, and accordingly shot a fat doe. We soon got tired lugging the hind quarters, which were heavy, and after some debating about the propriety of building a fire, which Girty declared was perfectly safe, (for he contended that the Indians could not trace us so far,) we at length built up a large one, and proceeded to cook our meal, which we swallowed half raw, without chewing, till we had partially satisfied a ravenous appetite, when we ate at our leisure.

We were now about fifty miles from the Ohio river, which we wanted to reach by the next morning; but we were destined to reach it long before that time. We had finished our meal, and for fear our pursuers might not overtake us, we eat there an hour, talking, while we should have been running with all our might. They gave us timely notice that they were coming. While we were sitting at the fire, we heard a shrill cry, about one mile in the direction we came, which was answered by another more to the west. We did not wait for farther evidence that we were still pursued, but catching up one of the hind quarters of the deer that were left, we ran down a steep hill, which was covered with blackberry bushes that grew high and thorny, and offered more resistance to our progress than we could have possibly imagined before we undertook to wade through them; but there was no time to tarry, and we rushed through, and our hands and faces soon became covered with blood; but with indefatigable labor we reached the bottom of the hill, and commenced our ascent. It was our object to reach the top of the hill before the Indians should reach the opposite ridge; for the hill-side that we were then ascending was entirely bare—not even blackberry bushes grew there, among which we might stoop, but we were a fine mark for the Indians' rifles. When we had gained about two-thirds of the way, two savages appeared on the ridge—they yelled, and fired at us, which fire we returned, but the distance was too great to kill. At the same moment, four more made their appearance and fired at us, but we kept on our journey, and soon gained the hill-top, where, after yelling and motioning a defiance at them, we continued our course in double quick time. We soon came to another patch of blackberry bushes, higher and more tangled than the other. Girty and I kept together, but we soon heard Walker cry that he had put both his eyes out. We ran back, and found him with his hands over his eyes, but he insisted on our continuing our speed; he would hide, he said, and overtake us as soon as he could see. He hid in the bushes and we continued our course, and soon gained the deep wilderness.

We never heard of poor Walker after that; he must have been discovered by the Indians and murdered on the spot: or, which is more probable, carried back to their town, and there burnt. Soon after the incident I am now recounting, we went again to the Miami, and got his and Smith's traps, which I left in the possession of their relatives at Cincinnati.

Girty and I now found ourselves alone once more; we were still fated to pass what time Girty had to live, together. We had frequently been in the company of experienced hunters, and by some peculiar providence, we were fated to be the survivors in all the skirmishes we had passed through. Girty appeared to be thinking of this, while we were sitting on the bank of the Ohio, looking upon its waters, which flowed on in silent majesty.

"We have passed many long years together," said he; "we have passed unscathed the perils of fire, and the tomahawk, and the scalping knife, and here we are still together. Our friends have stood by our sides during the heat of an engagement, when death threatened us to our faces, and when we ourselves expected to be the first to fall; but God ordained it otherwise; we were saved, and our friends, many of whom had families, were laid upon the dust. I don't know what we were saved for, unless it was to avenge your family. When will be our turn? There is something which whispers that mine is not far from this moment."

Girty ceased; a shade of melancholy passed over his dark and handsomely formed features, as his voice slightly faltered.

"We have many long years yet to live," said I; "for if we are saved to avenge the murder of my family, it will require many long years to wash out the injury they have done me, and something prophetic causes me to imagine that that is what we are spared for."

"It appears to me," interrupted Girty, "that we have already contributed a great deal to avenge that diabolical murder. We have already killed many of the bravest Indian warriors, thus depriving many families, perhaps, of a father. This is a deep and deadly revenge. We have been taken prisoners by the members of the same families, doubtless, whom we have deprived of fathers, and they in return gave you your liberty—that was magnanimity."

"And then, like cowards, they tried to kill me directly afterwards."

"Which you know, S——, is nothing more than human nature. They murdered yours, and you sought revenge; you murdered theirs, and you cannot accuse them of being cravens for taking the same privilege—am I not right?"

I could not otherwise than admit, in my heart, that Girty's reasoning was correct; but I still contended that it was utterly necessary we should kill more Indians before I could feel satisfied.

"Then we will do it," said Girty; "I swore to assist you in accomplishing your revenge, and I will do it till the death. Should I not survive, cherish the memory of one whose prime was spent at least in assisting you."

And I *have* cherished his memory; and now, in my old age, it is as green as the ivy which hangs around the dilapidated turrets of a deserted castle, where all else is fallen into decay save its own bright foliage.

We had reached the Ohio river before daylight next morning; the day succeeding was bright and pleasant, and we were now awaiting the arrival of Walker. We had given up all fears respecting the Indians following us this far, and only awaited Walker's arrival to cross the Ohio river. After waiting some hours, we agreed to return, hoping to meet him on the way, and if not, to continue our search to the spot where he had his eyes put out, (as he said,) where we feared he might still lie hid, unable to find his way out, if what he said was true. It was a day's journey from the Ohio; still we had travelled it the evening previously, and reached the Ohio some hours before daylight. We had not gone many miles, when we heard a cry similar to the scream of a large owl, which was answered repeatedly in various directions around us. Owls never *answer* each other's cry; and this knowledge of the habits of the owl put us immediately upon our guard. We now were aware, but too late, that we were surrounded by savages; we sat upon a log, and, in a low voice, held a consultation, and finally concluded, that to escape them, it would be necessary to take a course directly towards their town, for we knew the Indians would all hurry for the Ohio river, in order to overtake us before we could embark for the other side.

We arose and started in a brisk and stealthy walk, when two Indians suddenly appeared but a few yards to our right; they stopped, and one of them, thinking we were of their party, set up a shrill owl scream, which Girty answered as near like his own cry as possible—they hurried on towards the Ohio. This little incident happened the evening subsequent to our leaving the Ohio, for I forgot to mention that we thought it prudent to remain hid through the day, and travel by night. During the time we were hid, it appears the savages had been to the bank of the river, and finding the raft still in its place, were returning and searching for us; this we were not aware of, and imagined they were on our trail.

It was dark when the Indians, thus deceived, left us; and while they hurried in the direction of the Ohio, we still continued our course towards their village, thinking that with each step we were leaving them behind, and so we probably were; but in thinking of those behind us, we entirely forgot that there might be more before.

About an hour before day, we heard the same ominous cry, about fifty yards before us. We were walking at a brisk gait at the time, but as soon as we heard the cry, we stopped; but the Indians heard us as we trod on the leaves, and cried their signal again, which we answered, and three deliberately walked towards us till within a few feet. I raised my gun and fired, and one fell; the rest retreated about twenty yards and fired at random; but it was so dark that none of their shots came near us. Here we all remained till almost daylight, when the Indians called the distress halloo, which brought one fellow directly where we lay hid, whom Girty killed with his knife, but not till he had made a manful resistance. Daylight at length appeared, and to our joy we discovered we were opposed but by two Indians, who kept a continual noise and firing, but we kept close behind a large elm, and reserved our fire till at length both Indians delivered their's at once, when we both rushed upon them and fired. One of the scoundrels ran off and left his companion to reap the reward of his boldness. He was a medium-sized man, and with his knife he stood undaunted, and although he was severely wounded in the leg, still he maintained his ground; but Girty killed him with one throw of his hatchet. We took their scalps and steered directly south, and the next day reached the Ohio river, about thirty miles below the spot where we crossed as captives. Here we remained lurking about all that day, and in the evening constructed a raft, by tying logs together with the bark of papaw, which can be peeled off in long strips, and after paddling in a manner rather ludicrous to an experienced boatman, we gained the Ohio side, and steered directly for Smith and Walker's traps; for we had now concluded that the latter was also killed.

The next chapter will be devoted to an adventure of Thomas Girty's, which, for intrepidity and coolness amidst imminent perils, would outdo the greatest hero of a modern novel.

THE RETURN.

A POEM.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOWD, PENNSYLVANIA.

IMPATIENT of delay,
A way-worn traveller urged his panting steed,
To gain his native vale ere darkness fell,
Hiding familiar objects from his view.
Dark were his features, bronzed beneath the sun
Of eastern climes, yet in their lines reveal'd
An early manhood, ripen'd by deep thought,
And lofty aspirations. He had toil'd
And striven after fame; and drank the cup
Of disappointment to the very dregs.

Then turned he, heart-sick, to the quiet glen
Where he had dwelt a boy; and as he drew
Nearer and nearer to his childhood's home,
The shadows which had gather'd o'er his soul
Roll'd off like mists before the summer sun,
And the bright past returned; again he felt
A free, light-hearted boy—while from his lips
A song of joy broke forth.

“Behold! I come!
Home of my childhood! to thee, to thee!
Like a long caged bird to its native tree;
With a spirit torn from the world's embrace
To find in thy bosom a resting place.

I come! and the sorrows of many years,
The aimless hopes, and the fruitless tears—
All, all, I have suffer'd hath pass'd away.
Like a troubled dream at the break of day.

Mother! I come to your arms once more;
You will kiss my brow, as you did of yore;
You will bend o'er my couch with a pray'r and
smile—

Oh mother! thy love will all care beguile.

Sister! sweet sister! to thee I come!
Thou worshipp'd star of my early home:
Thou'lt welcome the wand'rer, his toils are o'er,
He will leave his home and his hearth no more.

Far and long have I wander'd from thee,
Home of my childhood! by land and sea—
Peace and repose have I sought in vain,
Gladly the long lost returns again.

His home was gain'd,
His step was on the threshold, and his hand
Upon the latch—why doth he start and pause?

Strange, unfamiliar voices from within,
And words of fearful import met his ear.
As if to questions asked, the gentle voice
Of woman told the tale. “Yes! they are gone
Who dwelt within this cottage, and their name,
Like a forgotten sound, hath pass'd away.
Well I remember, sporting round this hearth,
Two lovely children, sireless, yet with one
Whose all of earth was merg'd in their young
lives.

One was a fair and gentle girl, with eye
Of meek and trustful glance; but in the brow
Of the proud boy was written high resolve;
And he had vow'd e'en in his early youth,
To win renown—this quiet, shadow'd glen,
Was all too narrow for his soaring views—
He left his home.

Long years of loneliness
Pass'd o'er the widow and young Isabel,
Till tidings came that Reginald was dead.
Have you not seen the mower with his scythe
Strike at the root of some pale, slender flower?
Thus suddenly did Isabel depart
From life, and youth, and beauty.

From that hour,
The mother of the lost ones smiled no more;
And when the rose, which bloom'd above the dust
Of Isabel, did shed its leaves, they fell
Upon the grave of her who placed it there—
Mother and daughter slumber side by side.”

The tale was done—slowly he turn'd away,
And sought the church-yard path. In agony
He knelt between the green and lonely graves
Of mother and sister. Bitter are the tears
Which fall like burning drops from manhood's
eyes.

The holy stars which kept their silent watch
Above the sleeping earth, alone beheld
The last wild struggle of his breaking heart.

He sleeps in peace—oh Fame! thy empty meed
Hath lured full many a noble, generous heart
To ruin and to death. The eagle soars
Peerless, alone, a proud distinguished mark
For every archer; while the humble dove,
Safe in the shelter of its native wood,
Escapes the deadly shaft.

THAUMATURGIA.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!
Virgil's Second Georgic.

PART SECOND.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

THE expectant holiday makers passed the intervening hours in deliberation, when our Yankee friend, whose name, by the way, was mister Eph Brattle, proved a valuable acquisition. Long ere His Infernalness left his regal couch, the plan of action was fixed, the assumptions of character determined, and the dresses donned. The English nobleman and the Roman epicure were disguised as fashionable gentlemen of the present day; Cato put his rigid philosophical carcass into the habiliments of an orthodox quaker, with an undeniable and buttonless shad-bellied coat and drab continuations. His hard lineaments were shaded by a broad-brimmed beaver. The queen of Palmyra ensconced her dignity in the close-fitting habit, poke bonnet, and green veil of a travelling matron; and the dark-faced son of Numidia was compelled by the considerate Vermonter to assume the grey frock and gold-bound hat of a colored gentleman in the service of the two fashionables, who were supposed to be from Europe. Mr. Brattle dressed himself in a new bright blue coat with shiny buttons, a gaudy vest, and a pair of large and showy unwhisperables; a white hat with a knowing bend in the brim, and a ferocious display of trinketry, including a breast broach as big as a door-plate, completed the outfit of this son of the mountains.

His Majesty graciously incorporated the etheralities of his vagrant friends in the forms which they had chosen. After receiving the requisite means of existence upon earth, with a few valuable hints from the experienced potentate, the resurrectionists departed on their trip.

A heavy fog covered the face of the East River in the early part of the morning of the 15th of August, 183—, when a small boat arrived at the Manhattan landing, near Hell-Gate ferry, and four gentlemen, a lady, and a colored attendant, stepped ashore. In half an hour, they were safely deposited in their respective chambers at the Astor House, in the very heart of the great metropolis of the new world. Their Yankee conductor, while superintending the entry of their names in the register of the house, took care to speak plainly as to the high rank of the English noblemen under his charge, and hinted rather strongly about the immense wealth of the quaker, and the literary talent of the lady in the poke bonnet and green veil. This conduct excited the curiosity of the listeners, and our friends, the resurrectionists, found themselves "the observed of all observers," and were elbowed, crowded, and mobbed whenever they dared to leave the privacy of their own apartments—according to the rule of the best society—and the lowest.

As the day advanced, the heat of the weather operated sensibly on the various members of the party; they suffered much from the warmth of the atmosphere, notwithstanding the high temperature of the country from whence they had just arrived. Cato, after escorting the queen of Palmyra over a portion of the city, retired to his room, fervently declaring that our good city of Gotham in the dog-days was equally igniferous with the southernmost cell on the Acherontic shore. Zenobia ordered a sensible mug of iced punch, and retired till the gong announced the hour of dinner; and Rochester and Apicius, limber and lazy, lounged across the marble slabs of the bar-room, and indulged in the faccolations of Foster, that incomparable mingler.

"And this is a julep? Why, it is a living embodiment of the draught of Ganymede!" said Rochester, sipping from an ice-crowned goblet of cut crystal, tastefully decorated with bright green sprigs of *mentha romana*.

"Helen's *repenche*!" sighed Apicius, after a long swig.

"Had this nose-freezing, soul-melting, palate-tickling, inestimable and most seductive green punch been invented in the reign of the second Charles, its vender would have realised a fortune in the purlieus of the court of St. James."

"Nero would have bestowed one of our conquered countries upon its concoctor."

A noise in the hall, and a frequent repetition of the name of "Brattle," induced the Yankee to leave his noble friends at the bar, and hasten to the scene of contention. The prince of Numidia, unable to tame his fiery spirit to the level necessary for the endurance of the indignities heaped upon him as a nigger footman, had knocked over a saucy Irish waiter, who insisted upon Jugurtha's domestication with the other darkies of the establishment. The haughty monarch disdained to look upon the foul and degraded wretches; he forced his way into a private parlor, and threw himself upon a couch, before an open window. A bevy of ready "helps" rushed upon him, and took him

from the seat of honor. Brattle met them as they wore hauling the unhappy Algerine along the mosaic pavement, and combatting his energetic struggles for freedom.

"Hello, folks! what on airth are you doin' with my friends' nigger? Skeet, every daddy's babby of you, or, by the eternal, I'll walk into you a leetle slicker than a locomotive, you killniferous rip-tyles, you."

An explanation with one of the owners, half an hour's conversation with Jugurtha, and a minute's reflection, convinced the Yankee that it was impossible to retain the African in his present position. His indomitable spirit, which even his painful death* had failed to subdue, rendered his situation as an underling an impossible existence. Brattle was vexed at his own want of forethought, but a ready wit suggested an expedient, which he forthwith proceeded to put into execution.

The gentleman from down east quitted the Astor House, and slowly sauntered across the Park, closely followed by the gentleman of color. They were seen to enter a ready-made clothing and theatrical wardrobe store in Chatham street; and, after an hour's delay, a hackney coach was called to the door, and received the wandering pair. The Yankee remained in his original blue, but the livery had slipped from the form of Jugurtha; an Indian's blanket, moccasins, head dress, wampum belt, tomahawk, and knife, garnished the stalwart form of the Ethiopian, and he stood confessed, in his war paint, a chief of a delegation on their way to their great father, the president of the United States, but, at the present moment, under the guidance of an Indian agent, colonel Slangem, represented by our friend Mr. Brattle.

The Yankee chuckled at the plausibility of his scheme, and having engaged private rooms for the "abbergwyne" chief at the American Hotel, he left Jugurtha in stately solitude, quite careless as to what "didoes and shines" he might cut up in future—having so excellent a character to advance in his defence.

The noblemen, having "gone the liquor with a perfect looseness, had become pretty considerably tight," according to the anomalous vernacular of the fashionable moderns. Juleps had given way to the "cobler," a light vinous punch, exceedingly well iced, and grateful to the delicate œsophagus. The insidious compound had worked its effects, although the wine-smitten lords affected to brave the power of the son of Semele, and laugh off their enforced submission to his potency. Rochester leaned upon the sill of the open window, and kissed his hands to the pretty girls as they sauntered up Broadway. Apicius coquetted, between drinks, with the crumbs of the rich cheese that stood upon the end of the bar—the *caseus vermiculosus*, the table's pride in the luxurious days of Rome, was beneath comparison with the toothsome product of the Yankee dairies.

The arrival of Brattle was "a reason fair to fill his glass again." The epicure insisted upon his swallowing a cobler, and hailed Rochester to join the party.

"No, sir," stutted the earl, "no more coblers—I have swallowed my last."

"One more, for Brattle's sake."

"*Ne eular ultra crepidam*, was the sensible advice of the painter of Cos. By Tantalus, there's a divinity! what grace! the poetry of motion! the glance of her eyes is even more fiery than the beams of this meridian sun! Had these specimens of American beauty been available in the days of my royal and sapient Charley, there would have been several transatlantic duchesses depicted in his gallery, or I know nothing of human nature."

The clanging of the gong summoned the boarders to the dinner-table. Brattle devoured an enormous quantity of viands, which were indiscriminately piled upon the same plate; he studied variety and bulk more than quality. Rochester trifled with the wing of a chicken; his morning's bi-bacety had blunted his appetite and affected his brain; half a dozen foaming tumblers of Heidsieck drove him sick and senseless to his room.

When Apicius beheld the well-spread tables that filled the dining saloon, and contemplated the beauty and order of the arrangements, the richness and variety of the endless dishes—he sighed a confession of the nothingness of the ancient Roman feasts, where rarity was prized beyond delicacy, and magnitude and number were the *desiderata* of the dishes. It is scarcely worth while to copy the contents of the bill of fare, in explanation of the *entrées* and *entremets* discussed by the industrious gourmand; the waiters had heard of his supposed rank, and redoubled their usual attention; plate after plate vanished in ready succession; the treasures of the choicest vintages were poured out at his command; and the astonished resurrectionist admitted that the inhabitants of the New World understood the value of life and the nature of its true enjoyment.

Whilst meditating on the difference between his beloved dish in ancient times, the *salacaccaby*, and his new delight, a Charlotte Russe, he received a thumping slap on the shoulder from the huge paw of the restless Brattle, who, having swallowed his share of "pies an' things," and pocketed two oranges and a large apple, had smoked the major part of a long nine while peregrinating up and down the cool lobby of the Astorial building. Thrusting the unburnt portion of his cigar into his hat, he drew forth a lump of sweet cavendish, and depositing a sensible piece in the recesses of his larboard cheek, he sat down by the side of Apicius.

'Waell, squire, I guess you've took the tuckerin' out of your innerds by this time! Gosh, but

* Starvation, in prison, by the order of his conqueror, Masius.

it happiness me to remark that you grand furriners are jist able to get s ezathin' tew eat in our wood-ing country. The old man and the lady up stairs feel kinder streaked, seein' as you s'ater been anigh 'em the hull mornin'. S'pose we jist go up stairs some, and say how d'ye dew !"

"Not for the worth of your new world! A movement during a symposium interrupts the diges-tive process, and induces melancholy; sit you down, Brattle, and in the deglutition of this Bar-gundy, give up your soul to bliss!"

The next day 'twas the same, and the next, and the next.

Apicius resigned himself to the sensualities of the table, and refused to budge an inch from his new-found paradise. Rochester, according to Brattle's account, was "hell for sparkin'," and the ir-re-sistible beauty of the Broadway belles afforded him several fair excuses for his gallantry. The dingy Numidian sat in dull and dignified retirement in his hot room; his impatient spirit fretting at the constraint imposed upon him by the cunning Brattle, who, having his own game to play, was industriously moulding the puppets to his wish. He accompanied the queen of Palmyra and the quaker Cato in their rambles about the city and its environs, from whence, in fact, he wished them to depart; he therefore strenuously recommended that the object of their resurrection, a visit to the modern cities of Rome, Utica, and Palmyra, should instantly be carried into effect, leaving the irremov-able glutton to eat out the remainder of his time in his satisfactory quarters at the Astor House. The proposal was acceded to; berths were secured in the afternoon boat to Albany, and in due time the party proceeded on board. Cato and the Yankee walked arm in arm to the wharf; Rochester escorted the queen, while the Indian negro, according to Brattle's statement, had been previously placed in a snug state-room, under the care of the captain of the boat.

As soon as the last bell sounded, Brattle left his friends in the cabin or saloon, for an instant only, as he said, while he stepped on deck to see that Jugurtha was comfortably "fixed." In a few min-utes the boat was bounding across the bay; but the anxious Cato looked in vain for the Yankee's return. The truth must be told: while the earl, the queen, and the philosopher were "steaming" it past the Palisades, the Yankee, the negro prince, and the gourmand were sitting down to a private dinner at the American, and drinking *bon voyage* to their friends in foaming brimmers of *red de perdriz*.

Cato felt that he had been unjustly treated by his brother resurrectionists, but it was not in his nature to repine. He depended upon the exercise of his own good sense, and a proper application of the funds which the Yankee had furnished him in exchange for his share of the bank bills drawn by His Infernal Majesty. Rochester laughed at the finesse of the conductor, and Zenobia grinned with delight at the anticipation of Brattle's sufferings after his return to Hades, for the dis-obedience he had shown to His Majesty's express commands.

It is not permissible, in our limits, to give any account of the resurrectionists' delight at the ac-ery of the Hudson; or their admiration of the structure of the boat, and its wondrous motion on the glassy river. The imaginative reader will please to fancy all that may be fitting to the various events—we must confine ourselves to a plain narration of facts.

While Cato was listening to the outpourings of a states-rights' man from the west, and Zenobia was playing pretty to a talkative mamma, who was convoying her triad of daughters to the annual campaign at the Springs, Rochester was firing heavy shot from the eye artillery at a young lady of considerable beauty, who was leaning upon the arm of a gentleman of mature age. The coquette, for so her conduct proved her to be, smiled at the marked attention paid her by the earl, who con-trived, during the temporary absence of her friend, to enter into a casual chat, which terminated however in a serious declaration of love. The return of the gentleman interrupted the gallant's progress, but his experienced glance perceived a sufficiency of encouragement to warrant a contin-ance of the pursuit. At the Albany landing, while the gentleman was engaged with the luggage, the earl offered his arm to the lady, and walked with her to the hotel. When parting with her in the passage leading to the chambers, he endeavored to snatch a kiss, but the design was barely evi-denced ere he received a stunning blow on the back of his head, which sent him headlong to the floor. He attempted to rise; a pedalian application to his seat of honor sent him once more to the ground.

"You infernal scoundrel, how dare you kiss my wife! I observed your conduct aboard the boat; there is my card—if you have the courage of a mouse, call me to account for the punishment you have received. I shall remain here for the day; but I scarcely expect to hear from you—the fellow who is mean enough to insult a woman, will seldom dare to face the anger of a man."

Rochester knew at once that he was in for a duel; he had heard of such encounters, and loved to glean particulars from the various honorable murderers in the realms of Tartarus. A bystander, an officer in the U. S. Navy, volunteered to carry a message to the irate husband; particulars were soon arranged; both parties were in a hurry—and an hour had barely elapsed ere the victorious hus-band pursued his way to Niagara, and the earl was lying on the broad of his back, with a doctor on each side of his bed, endeavoring to staunch the bleeding stump of his nasal organ, which his ad-versary's fire had unfortunately carried away.

This second trial sorely afflicted the equanimity of the Uticensis, and the Palmyrene stormed outright. The immutably-fixed and limited time of sojourn on earth was rapidly passing away; the purport of their resurrection was yet unaccomplished; and if they were to await the healing of the earl's nose, they would have to return to hell without a chance of visiting the namesake cities of their love. Rochester, deeply mortified at the ugly wound inflicted upon his worldly embodiment, resolved to remain within doors till the Albany Galens had pieced his proboscis—a feat which they undertook to perform, and turn him out with a nose "petter as new." He desired, therefore, that the Roman quaker and the Syrian matron would at once proceed upon their pilgrimage, and call for him on their return. But who can shadow forth the events of his destiny? The infernal power that resuscitated the frames of our heroes and our heroine, could not foretell the results of their worldly peregrinations; and the petted favorites of the princely Lucifer were compelled to submit to the dictates of the foul jade Miss Fortune, who reigns "the sov'reignest thing on earth." Cato and his companion departed; Rochester remained, noseless and sad—but the landlord's niece officiated as his nurse, and her rosy cheeks and plump and pulpy lips, aroused him from his "loathed melancholy." A week had elapsed from the date of the duel, when, one morning, loud and piercing shrieks from the sick man's room summoned the household to the rescue; Rochester was discovered in his villany, and the young girl's lover, a thick-headed and hard-fisted Dutchman, cow-hided the amorous Englishman on the spot.

With piteous moan the lord be-whaled his fate.

He scorned to reside even the remainder of his very limited period in a land where nobility was denied its privileges—where the ladies were insensible of the honor of his addresses, and the men rudely resented the exercise of his gallant propensities. The "Rochester" steamed him from Albany; the Hell-Gate ferry boat was a good jumping-off place; and the New York papers teemed, for twelve hours, with the "extraordinary suicide" of a well-dressed man, whose body "had not been discovered."

Cato went sadly on his way; but the jiggle of the rail-road car, and the novelty of his situation, caused a full sufficiency of excitement, which the conversation of his fellow passengers served to maintain. His heart beat fiercely when he heard of Troy, with its mounts Ida and Olympus. The town of Syracuse brought up strange and almost-forgotten thoughts of Archimedes, and the gentle Theocritus. The beauty of the valley of the Mohawk attracted his attention; the industry of the inhabitants, and the general well-doing of the towns and villages, excited his admiration; but when he heard the names of Seneca, Cato, Cicero, Attica, Marcellus, Homer, Pharsalia, Romulus, and Rome, applied to the places of residence, he burst forth in eulogy of a nation that evinced a laudable desire to revive the hallowed appellations of the classic ages. His nerves were somewhat shocked when he heard the helmsman chattering with the driver of the boat horses, respecting a tremendous *Dido* that he had cut at Carthage. When Cato found that the slang phrase related to a drunken fiatyuff matter about a colored girl at the above-named little village on the Genessee, he sighed, and thought of the pious *Aeneas* and the love-lorn daughter of king *Belus*.

Zenobia Septimia, the lovely and luxurious Asiatic, sat apart, and mingled not in the chit-chat of her travelling companions; she cared not for the new-sprung glories of the modern land, while the moss-covered ruins of her own unrivalled Palmyra were cumbering the trackless desert. Resuscitation acted on her high and polished mind with effects essentially different to the results produced on the ascetic Roman, who deprived himself of life rather than witness the triumph of his rival. The soldier-sage looked with a philosophic eye upon human nature in its newest phase; although his Roman prejudices induced him to denote the countless throngs that met him in his present path as barbarians, he was unable to deny their unequalled activity of purpose and execution. The animals Apicius and Rochester had their individual tastes to gratify; the Ethiopian, groaning in the unexpected bondage imposed by the Yankee, sat at the window of his tavern prison, and longed for a free ramble over the green earth in the heat of the noontide sun. But Zenobia, felt weary of her resuscitation in the first hour of its existence. A sad impression of the mortal nature of humanity weighed upon her mind; she thought of the countless thousands whom she had led to battle; of the hosts that fought beneath the banners of her foes—myriads of warriors—the conquerors of the earth! Alas, their bones had long since been transmuted into the dust of by-gone ages, and the names of their chiefs were but the passwords of antiquity! The log hut and the rum shanty on the banks of the canal were, in her estimation, of equal value with the mansion of the millionaire and the palatial hotel of the metropolis; the rust of time would equally corrode them, and render vain the care and pride of man. She smiled at the boasting of a Buffalonian, who was describing the wonders of his "queen of the western waters;" she remembered the Tadmor of king Solomon, the city of palaces and palms, the glory of the desert, the warehouse of the riches of the east, the capital of a queen who ruled the land between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean! And yet this wondrous city was now in ruins! tenanted by some half-dozen families of squalid Arabs, whose mud-raised hovels stained the marble halls of the magnificent temple of the sun!

[To be continued.]

A CHAPTER ON SCIENCE AND ART.

A WRITER in the last *Southern Literary Messenger* proposes the endowment, at Washington, of a *Central School of Natural Science*, as the best disposition of Mr. Smithson's bequest. This academy should have, it is suggested, a perfect apparatus, good cabinets, and the rudiments of a library, to be increased as means would permit. The institution should commence its operations of instruction at the point where our highest universities close—none of which profess, in mathematics, for example, to carry their pupils beyond a general acquaintance with the principles of the *Calculus*. In natural philosophy itself, the universal deficiency of apparatus is a lamentable drawback upon the utility of our colleges. They have no facilities for the conduct of our young men farther than the mere vestibule of the temple. Yet we, above all people of the earth, have the most need of the highest physical instruction, prefaced and aided by the profoundest analytical science. We are, beyond all other nations, a nation of physical wants, means, and opportunities—this not less from the character of our population, than from the extent and general nature of our territory. The entire spirit of the age, too, tends rather to physical than to moral investigation. We want means for the immediate development of all our powers and resources. It may be said, moreover, in favor of physical knowledge, that it is the property not of any individual, or of any people, but of mankind. *All* are interested in its pursuit; its profits *all* share; and herein consists its great superiority to mere literature; for whose advancement, indeed, we have already abundant means—whose guidance and control may be safely left to the press.

In the attempt at establishing an ordinary National University we should meet with insuperable difficulties; at all events, with wearisome delay. The jealousy of State Colleges would greatly interfere; for it cannot be doubted that an institution at Washington, endowed as sometimes proposed, and immediately fostered by the Government, would tend materially to the injury of other universities. Taking this ground, Congress would not act promptly upon the question—indeed, not at all, until the views of the States be ascertained. Moreover, the funds left by Mr. Smithson are inadequate to such a purpose—as the interest alone is to be used. An institute for *men*, beginning where other institutions leave off, would conflict with no established interest, and might be carried at once into effect. In respect to the designs of the testator, no doubt should be entertained. He meant to found a College for the advancement of *Science*. His whole life is a plain commentary upon this intention—and this intention should, in the present case, be made a paramount law. We fully agree with the Correspondent of the *Messenger* in the expediency of a Central Academy as suggested.

Some time ago, Mr. Charles Green, of England, published a statement of the grounds upon which he bases his assertion of the possibility of passing, in a balloon, across the Atlantic, from New York, to Europe. His facts should certainly be depended upon; for they are the result of observations made during two hundred and seventy-five ascents. For our own parts, so far from gainsaying one word that the aeronaut asserts, we have for a long time past wondered why it was that our own Wise had not aeronauted himself over to Europe—than which nothing could be a more feasible manoeuvre. Pure hydrogen must be discarded, as too subtle for our present means of retention. Balloons inflated with carburetted hydrogen (common coal gas) will retain a good inflation for a great length of time. Mr. G. states that he has had gas of this kind brought in small balloons, to fill his large one, from a distance of five or six miles; and we observe (what Mr. G. has not) that in Vienna, according to a simple method invented by M. F. Derionet, the gas is conveyed in hermetically sealed bags, on carriages constructed for the purpose, from the factory to all parts of the town daily. Why *do* not our gas companies avail themselves of this plan? What an incalculable saving would ensue in regard to the laying down of pipe, &c.!

As to making a voyage from America to Europe, the data of the aeronaut are plain, and perfectly well based. He has, in the first place, travelled two thousand nine hundred miles with the same supply of gas, and could have continued its use for four months if necessary. In the second place it is demonstrated that a current of air is continually passing round the earth, at a stated distance from the surface, in the direction of west-north-west—in the third place a balloon like the celebrated *Nassau* can carry with ease three persons, with the necessary provisions and equipments for four months.

The Curators of the Albany Institute, have been presented by Henry James, Esq., now in Europe, with a fac-simile in plaster of the Rosetta Stone—a copy of which, we believe, did not before exist in this country, except in engravings. All our readers know that the Greek, Coptic, and Hieroglyphic inscriptions on this stone are what led Dr. Young, of Oxford, and afterwards Champollion, of Paris, to find the key to the hieroglyphical alphabet.

The new mode of engraving introduced by Hulmandel, of London, has great advantages in the saving of labor and expense. The process is described by Dr. Faraday as very simple, and the results as precise and certain. The first impression is directed by spreading oil over the plate, the interstices being filled by a watery solution of gum. The plate is then covered with varnish, and when immersed in water, the gum is dissolved, when the parts required are easily etched by aqueous

tia. The method is principally applicable, however, to cotton and silk printing, and is not very well adapted to the fine arts. Hulmandel is a man of astute intellect, and has a singular tact in the communication of knowledge. His treatise on lithography is one of the most *luminous* books in the world.

A gentleman of Liverpool announces that he has invented a new engine, immensely superior in every respect to the old steam engine. The power is created by air and steam. It will consume only one-half the quantity of fuel of the old one; and the rapidity by which a vessel propelled by it will sail, will enable it to cross the Atlantic in six days. Owing to a particular way in which the power acts upon the vessel, twenty miles per hour can be realized with the greatest possible ease. The weight of machinery will be only one-half that required by the old steam-engine, and instead of straining and weakening the ship, will brace and strengthen it. By this method the steam power is more than doubled. Doubtful.

THE Philadelphia Steam Frigate will be ready for launching by the first of September. The ship carpenters have commenced laying the bend or wail planking. The engine is also in a fair state of progress. Messieurs Merrick and Towne are its makers. The Frigate will not carry many guns, but all are to be of huge dimensions.

The largest steamer in the British navy is the Gorgon, recently built. Her burthen is 1150 tons, builder's measurement. She will carry twenty days' coal, one thousand soldiers, one hundred and fifty-six crew, with stores and provisions for all for six months. The engines are of three hundred and twenty horse power, and the ship is so constructed that the steam-machinery cannot be reached by shot.

An instrument has been invented by a Mr. Conger of New York, by means of which the existence of fire within a building can be ascertained by a person outside. A small box, containing an air-pump, is placed within the house, in contact with the front wall or door, and from the box, metal tubes, like a gas pipe, communicate with each story of the building. By pulling a knob, such as is usually attached to the wire of a door-bell, the least symptoms of smoke in any part of the building are rendered perceptible. Coincident with this invention is another somewhat similar—that of a self-acting fire-alarm bell. The principle on which it is made is that of the expansion of metals by heat. From a piece of hollow brass, a metal communication leads to a bell, the tongue of which is moved by a spring, not unlike that of an ordinary mouse trap. The fire acts upon the brass, expanding it and causing it to move the apparatus, so as to set the bell ringing. It will strike when the heat is at 120 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or even at a lower temperature.

It is well known that when atmospherical air is suddenly rarefied, as when it issues from the muzzle of an air gun into which it was previously condensed, a flash of light is perceived, which has been generally attributed to electricity, excited by the sudden expansion. Some interesting experiments on this subject have been made by Mr. Hart, from which he arrives at a different conclusion with regard to the origin of the light.

In his first trials in which he discharged the gun under a variety of circumstances, using dry, damp, and warm air, and discharging it in warm, cold, dry, and moist weather, he failed in procuring light. In these the gun was unloaded; but when loaded, light was instantly perceived; he therefore supposed that it might be occasioned by the friction of the wadding on the sides of the barrel, which induced him to try a variety of substances possessing different electric powers; as dry silk, wool, feathers, shell lac, sugar, and slips of glass. With the first four he occasionally succeeded, but he never failed with the last two, the glass always giving the most vivid light, which was of a greenish color, extending a foot and a half from the muzzle. In repeating some of these experiments, the old silk which had been lying on the floor, and which had become moist and dirty, was again used, and by it a much more brilliant light was emitted than by any of the others; the same was also the case with pieces of split lath, and even with damp saw-dust picked up from the floor. The gun after this was discharged without any wadding in the barrel, when it always gave light at the first shot after the magazine was charged. From this it was suspected that as its muzzle rested against a wall during the charging, some sand or lime might have fallen in, the attrition of which during the discharge may have caused the luminousness. Accordingly, on taking precautions against this, no light could be obtained, which induced Mr. Hart to introduce a little sand, by which a beautiful stream of light was produced at each discharge. From these experiments, it is evident that the effects were occasioned by attrition, and that the sand adhering to the old wadding, saw-dust, split lath, etc., was the cause of the light; hence on trying these when quite clean none was observed. To ascertain whether the light from these was produced by the abrasion of particles of iron from the inside of the barrel, like sparks from a cutler's wheel—sand, fragments of spar and sugar, were held at the muzzle of the gun when discharged, by which they appeared slightly luminous. When a grating composed of clean and dry thermometer tubes was held in the same situation, there was no light—proving that the luminousness is not occasioned by any electrical appearance excited by the air striking against the objects: we must therefore consider it as caused not by any change which the condensed air undergoes, but merely by attrition, and therefore similar to what occurs in common cases of friction.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; Illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year. By the Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D., Ruthwell, Scotland. With Important Additions, and some Modifications to adapt it to American readers. By F. W. P. Greenwood. In four volumes. Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb, Boston.

In our last number we had barely room to acknowledge the reception of this valuable work, and to speak of it in general terms of commendation. A careful perusal has since assured us that we did not err in our opinion. The book will recommend itself wherever seen, as a well-arranged and well-digested compendium, embracing a vast amount of information upon the various topics of physical science, and especially well adapted to those educational purposes for which the volumes are designed.

We are not aware of the precise period at which the American edition was actually passed through the press: and one or two apparent inaccuracies which have arrested our attention may have been understood as truths at the time of Mr. Greenwood's supervision.

It is questionable whether there be not something of a philosophy *un peu passé* in a passage where a certain argument is spoken of as not proving the absolute permanency of our solar system "because we know from the more sure word of prophecy that it is not destined to last forever." We believe there are few intelligent men of the present day—few, either laymen or divines—who are still willing to think that the prophecies here referred to have any further allusion than to the orb of the earth—or, more strictly, to the crust of this orb alone. The entire system never was meant to be included. Upon this topic we refer the reader, in perfect confidence, to the excellent observations of Dr. Dick, in his "Christian Philosopher."

At page 297, of the fourth volume, and subsequently, there are some passages which strongly insist upon the literal fulfilment of the biblical prophecies in regard to the city of Petra, in Idumea, the ancient Edom: and, in connection with this subject, the work of Dr. Keith on the Prophecies is greatly extolled. "This singular place," (Petra) says Dr. Duncan, "has only lately been minutely surveyed, and indeed little was known of it till after the commencement of the present century, when it was visited first by Dr. Burckhardt, and afterwards by captains Iby and Manglea." To this the American editor adds in a foot-note, "Yet more recently, these wonderful ruins have been visited by our countryman, Mr. Stevens." (Stephens.)

There is, we confess, something here of which we do not altogether approve. Dr. Duncan is perfectly justifiable in avowing that implicit confidence which he no doubt feels, in the accuracy of the statements of Dr. Keith, and in the force of the arguments supporting his favorite doctrine—the literal fulfilment of prophecy; but we think Mr. Greenwood should have observed, by way of offset, that the work in question has been more than once thoroughly refuted; and once, especially, in an unanswerable argument in the pages of the London Quarterly Review. Moreover, as the book of Mr. Stephens was alluded to, it would have been as well to say that this book itself affords a very singular, and certainly a very positive refutation, not only of the general argument of Dr. Keith, but of the very portion of it now in question.

It is said in Isaiah, respecting Idumea, that "none shall pass through thee for ever and ever." Dr. K. insists upon understanding this in its most strictly literal sense. He attempts to prove that neither Burckhardt nor Iby passed *through* the country—merely penetrating to Petra, and returning. But then, Mr. Stephens entered Idumea with a full and deliberate design of putting the question of this prophecy to test; he determined to see whether it was meant that Idumea should not be passed through, and he accordingly *passed through it from one end to the other*. The truth is that a palpable mis-translation exists in the passage of Isaiah referred to: a passage which Dr. Keith should have examined critically in the original before basing so long an argument upon it. This mis-translation, and several others upon the same topic, we pointed out ourselves, not very long ago, in an article in the New York Review. The words in question are found in Isaiah 34, 10, and run thus: *Lenetsach netsachim cin over bah*. (We have not the Hebrew Type.) The sentence, word for word, is as follows: *Lenetsach*, for an eternity; *netsachim*, of eternities; *cin*, not; *over*, moving about; *bah*, in it; that is to say, "for an eternity of eternities, (there shall) not (be any one) moving about *in it*," not through it. The participle *over* refers to one moving to and fro, or up and down; and is the same term which is rendered "current" as an epithet of money, in Genesis 23, 16. The prophet simply means that there shall be no mark of life in the land; no living being there; no one moving up and down in it. He merely refers to its general abandonment and desolation.

In the same way we have received an erroneous idea of the meaning of Ezekiel 35, 7, where the same region is mentioned. The common version runs—"Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth"—a sentence which Dr. Keith views as he does the one mentioned above—that is to say, he supposes it to forbid any travelling in Idumea under penalty of death, instancing Burckhardt's death shortly after his return, as

confirming his opinion, on the ground that he died in consequence of his rash attempt. Now the words which have been construed by "him that passeth out and him that returneth" are "*over casual*," and mean strictly "him that passeth and repasseth." Here, as before, the inhabitants are referred to. Our version is sanctioned by Gesenius, and there is something very analogous in the Hebrew-Greek phrase in Acts 9, 28—*Και εν μετ' αυτων εισπορευομενος και εκπορευομενος εν Ιερουσαλημ*, "and he was with them in Jerusalem, coming in and going out." The latin *versatus est* hits it off exactly. The meaning is, that Saul, the new comer, was on intimate terms with the true believers in Jerusalem, moving about among them, to and fro, or in and out.

But we have been led off from our immediate purpose; which was chiefly to dissent, in general terms, from the views of Dr. Keith, and to express a regret that a gentleman so well qualified to speak upon this subject as Mr. Greenwood, should not have appended some observations to the remarks of Dr. Duncan. The "*Philosophy of the Seasons*" is a book of which every one must think well. Its great comprehensiveness, its general accuracy, its ingenious and luminous arrangement, render it, in every respect, a valuable work. Its mechanical execution is exceedingly good, and does high credit to the taste of the publishers, Messrs. Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb.

Memoirs and Reminiscences of the French Revolution. By Madame Tussaud. Edited by Francis Hervé, Esq., author of a "Residence in Greece and Turkey," etc. etc. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

These personal memoirs and reminiscences—another drop to the ocean of books on the same topic—have still a vivid interest, and will no doubt be favorably received in America, where incidents of the French Revolution are more eagerly sought, and more tenaciously remembered, than in any other portion of the globe. Madame Tussaud has here introduced nearly every character and circumstance of note connected with the stupendous events in question, and at the same time has forbore to dilate upon those disgusting and revolting scenes of simple horror with which too many similar works abound. With the editor of her book, Francis Hervé, Esq., we have had the honor of a personal acquaintance, and well know that the task of bringing the work before the public could not possibly have been in more competent hands.

The Letter Bag of the Great Western; or Life in a Steamer. By the Author of Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, etc. etc. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This lively and piquant little book, from the pen of Judge Haliburton, embodies a dedication, a preface, and twenty-eight letters. The dedication is "to the Right Honorable Lord John Russell," and is a piece of biting satire as well as capital burlesque. Sam Slick, or Judge Haliburton, whichever the reader pleases, very candidly informs his lordship that he is selected as Meccenas, not on account of his quick perception of the ridiculous, or his powers of humor, but solely on account of the very extensive patronage at his disposal. "Your lordship," says our writer, "is a colonial minister, and I am a colonial author; the connexion between us, therefore, in this relation, is so natural, that this work has not only a claim to your protection, but a right to your support. All the world will say that it is in vain for the whig ministry to make protestations of regard for the colonies, when the author of that lively book, 'The Letter Bag of the Great Western,' remains in obscurity in Nova Scotia, languishing for want of timely patronage; and posterity, that invariably does justice, (although it is unfortunately rather too late, always) will pronounce that you failed in your first duty, as protector of colonial literature, if you do not do the pretty upon this occasion." After a number of sly thrusts, the dedicatory thus concludes—"It does not become me, my lord, to say what I do expect for myself; but if the office of distributor of honors and promotions among colonists, is vacant, as there are no duties to perform, and the place is a sinecure, it would suit me uncommonly well, and afford me leisure to cultivate talents that are extremely rare among the race of officials."

In the preface, the judge, after acknowledging that his coming into possession of the Letter Bag of the Great Western, and perusing its contents, are circumstances of a somewhat unaccountable nature, declines giving any information upon the subject, but refers the inquisitive reader to Spring Rice. "Ask Spring Rice," he says, "who is a *frank* man." The letters themselves are varied in every respect but one—that of a broad, an excessively broad, burlesque. They are supposed to be written by all kinds of odd characters, and are somewhat entertaining. In our last number we were enabled, through the kindness of Messrs. Lea and Blanchard, to give our readers an excellent specimen, in "The Journal of an Actress"—a quiz upon Fanny Kemble. The rest are equally good, some better. A "Letter from a Traveller before he has travelled," is a farical affair, satirizing the Trollope and Marryatt race.

"The Letter Bag of the Great Western" is a book which every body will read, and which will occasion many a hearty laugh. The mere style of Judge Haliburton is not so good as it might be. There is a looseness about it which especially detracts from its piquancy and force. He misses many a fine point through want of epigrammatism. His coarseness is disgusting. In the Latin motto on the title page is a blunder which has an awkward appearance.

Trials of the Heart. By Mrs. Bray, author of "Trelawny," "The Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," "The Talba," "The White Hoods," "Warleigh," etc. etc. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The writings of Mrs. Bray are, we believe, not very well known in this country, but have been received with some favor in England. The New Monthly Magazine pronounces her "one of the first female novelists of the day," and "De Foix" and "The White Hoods," are mentioned in terms of warm commendation by the Quarterly Review. "Trials of the Heart" embodies four narratives of merit—"Prediction;" "The Orphans of La Vendée;" "The Little Doctor," and "Vicissitudes." The general title of the book, and its ground-work, are deduced from the personal experience of the lady-author herself, who has been called upon to endure more than usually falls to the lot of mortality. This circumstance gives, in many cases, a painful vraisemblance, and consequently a deep interest to her stories.

Romance of Travel, comprising Tales of Five Lands. By the Author of "Pencilings by the Way." S. Colman, New York.

This volume includes nine narratives—Lady Ravelgold; Paletto's Bride; Violanta Caesarina; Pasquali, The Tailor of Venice; The Bandit of Austria; Oonder Hoofden, or The Undercliff; The Picker and Piler; Stratford on Avon; and Charlecote. There is a dedication, very brief, to Rufus Dawes; and *no* preface. Altogether, there is much less of petty affectation about the *outworks* of the book than was at one time usual with Mr. Willis. We are not quite sure, however, whether he himself is entitled to credit for the improvement. There are some circumstances which induce us to think that the author of the "Inklings," and the "Pencilings," and the "Jottings Down," had no direct agency in the getting up of the "Romance of Travel." The absence of preface is especially suspicious. Be this matter as it may, however, we feel confident that our author could not have seen the proofs of the present publication, which, we are sorry to say, abounds in gross errors of either haste or typography—so greatly indeed, that, had we perused nothing else than this work from the pen of Mr. W., we should have called him one of the loosest writers of a day when loose writing, habitually practised and permitted, is making irreparable inroads upon the purity and stability of the language. But we happen to be quite sure that the many blunders in the volume before us are, at least, not deliberate perpetrations. In the minor morals of literature our author has scarcely a superior in America.

In regard to the more important features of the Tales, we find Mr. Willis still Mr. Willis. We observe his usual range of subject, his customary mode of handling, his ordinary points of ornament. The best story here, upon the whole, is that called "The Picker and Piler." Its striking, yet imperfect, inconsistent, and inconsequential incidents, are strongly characteristic. As for plot, properly conceived, of that our poet never should be accused—and certainly not in the case of the "Picker and Piler." The story runs thus. A privateer captain, at the close of the late war between England and America, not choosing to become a pirate by continuing his cruise, is set ashore a beggar by his crew. Unfitted for social life, and doubly disgusted by the conduct of relatives at home, in whose charge he had left a daughter during his own absence at sea, he determines upon the rigid seclusion of the maiden from the world, and for this end, can think of no better plan than that of burying himself and her in the western wilderness, where his mode of life resembles nothing more nearly than that of a salamander. For example; he first cuts a clearing of an acre or so, in the heart of a dense forest, and afterwards a narrow and intricate lane, from this clearing to the prairie. He then sets fire to the whole wood, and lives like a conjurer within a charmed circle. When the trees are fairly burned down, he takes up other quarters in a similar way. It so happens, however, that a stranger finds his way, one day, through the lane, and by this stranger the young lady is not treated precisely as one could wish. The ex-captain resolves upon the death of the lover, and the manner in which this death is brought about, forms the pith of the whole story—the sting in the tail of the bee. A burning pine has fallen across an ash, uprooting the latter in its descent. "The earth and stones had followed the uptorn mass, forming a solid upright wall, from which, like struggling fingers, stretching back in agony to the ground from which they had parted, a few rent and naked roots pointed into the cavity." "The sequel," says our author most inartistically, "will show why I am so particular in this description." The truth is that the lover goes to sleep, like a fool, just in the hollow beneath the roots of the tree. Hereupon the ex-captain jumps up, with his axe, upon the still smouldering pine, whose weight alone holds down the elastic ash. A single stroke suffices to sever the burn-

ing trunk—the ends slide off in opposite directions—the ash uprises—and the sleeper is buried. Here, beyond doubt, is a striking and, we believe, an original idea—an idea which, in competent hands, might have been made to produce an electric effect. But Mr. Willis has done nothing with it at all. He “dawdles” too long with his theme, and fritters away his main interest in irrelevancy. We got angry with him as we read, and feel an itching to kick him along. Instead of finding our attention riveted to the coming catastrophe—a catastrophe, by the way, which every reader is weakly permitted to foresee for at least half an hour before it occurs—we are perpetually reminded of the writer of the story—whose image is sure to jump up every now and then before us, in an embroidered morning gown and slippers, with a pen in one hand, and a bottle of eau de Cologne in the other. The concluding words of the narrative are a case in point. “A struggle—a contortion—and the leafless and wavering top of the recovered and upright tree rocked with its effort, and a long sharp cry had gone out echoing through the woods, and was still.” All this is very good—it might have been better, to be sure—but still it is very good. The catastrophe is over—the story is ended. No—the writer has yet five words, as usual, to say of himself. “*I felt my brain reel!*” Body of Bacchus!—we were talking about the crushing of a fellow creature to death, and not about those everlasting brains of Mr. Willis. Who cares the matter of two pence halfpenny whether that gentleman has any brains at all?

Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixotte. By the late H. D. Inglis, author of “*Spain*,” “*The Tyrol*,” etc. London, Whittaker and Co.

This is not, as one might suppose from the title, a road-book, describing with statistical accuracy the hamlets, *ventas*, and *posadas*, which the author visited in the romantic footsteps of the Knight of La Mancha. It is the work of a mind capable of relishing the inimitable humor of Cervantes, and of enjoying with perfect gusto the beautiful and grotesque images with which the adventures of Don Quixotte abound. In his rambles the writer is accompanied, like the knight, by a guide, a merry barber, who entertains enthusiastic admiration for Cervantes' immortal work. This is in fact a national feeling with the Spaniards, as the following striking anecdote, which we extract from the early pages of the volume, will show:—

I had no passport to go beyond Toledo, having intended to return to Madrid; and when I applied to the dispenser of passports for permission to cross the mountain to La Mancha, my request was met by a direct refusal. “But,” said I, “my only object is to visit a country hallowed by the genius of Cervantes; I am going to travel in the footsteps of Don Quixotte.” Instantly the man's face relaxed; he could not resist the compliment paid to his country. “See,” said he, turning to his companion with a triumphant look, “how these English venerate our Cervantes!” and my passport was instantly made out, and delivered to me with the air of a man who receives rather than confers a favor.

Mr. Inglis has adopted throughout the work a singular species of abandonment to the delightful fiction of Cervantes—which makes the Spaniards speak of it as if the characters there drawn had really existed. This delusion is described in the following characteristic dialogue which takes place between the author and the barber of the little village of Miguel Estevan—at their first meeting:—

“Good evening, Master Nicholas,” said I, entering and seating myself; “and how are your neighbors, the curate and the bachelor Sampson Curasco, and have you heard any tidings lately of the hidalgo, who is surnamed Don Quixotte?” The cunning eye and expressive smile of the barber showed at once that he understood me. “And so,” said he, “you, who are a foreigner, have found out the village of Don Quixotte, when travellers from our own towns and provinces go to Quintana, and Quero, and El Probencio, and Pedernoso, and every village of La Mancha, but the right one?” “And this, then,” said I, “is really the village from which the Knight of La Mancha set out in search of adventures?” “Certes it is,” replied the barber, “what other village should it be than Miguel Estevan? Quintana it could not be, because there is not, and there never has been any barber's shop in Quintana: as little could it be Quero, where there is not a house good enough for an hidalgo, scarcely even for a curate or a licentiate. El Probencio it could not be, because El Probencio is not in La Mancha; and neither could it be Pedernoso, because if the knight had gone from Pedernoso to the place where he encountered the windmills, he must have passed El Toboso, the village of Dulcinea, which would surely not have been omitted in the history of his sally.” I perceived that the barber was a shrewd fellow, a true enthusiast in the work of Cervantes; and desirous of trying to what length the confusion between truth and fiction would carry him, I said, “But you speak of the house of the hidalgo, as if he had really existed, and of the barber's shop, as if the barber had in reality consulted with the curate about burning the knight's books, whereas you know”—“Oh I know very well,” interrupted the barber, evidently disconcerted; “but we always speak so here, and if you will step out with me to the corner of the street I'll show the identical house.” A curious morsel this for the metaphysician—an admirable illustration of the effect which thought, constantly directed in a wrong channel, may have in warping the judgment; and while I submitted to the operation of shaving, I reflected upon the extraordinary genius of Cervantes, in having drawn fictitious scenes with so much truth, as not only to beguile the reader into temporary belief of their reality, but even to disturb one's settled convictions of truth and fiction.





Painted by J. H. Cross

Engraved by J. D. Wilson

THE APRIL FOOL.

Approved for the British Museum

BURTON'S
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1840.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADA.

APRIL, sweet month, "ye dayntyeste of all!" mounted on the lusty Taurus, "wanton as a kid whose horn new buds," brings in the young and teeming beauty of the year. What is the oft-sung and be-praised Maia more than elder sister to the young Aperio!—the staid soberness of womanhood succeeding the lovely freshness of juvenility? An April morn, the eternal simile for love's estate, floats over the earth with rainbow-colored wings, diffusing life and light—insuring the production of the riches of the earth in their respective seasons, and driving the tears of winter, shed at a constrained departure, before the sun-lit beauty of her smiles.

A rustic poet has said that

The earliest flowers are aye the sweetest,

and April, to the lover of nature, is undoubtedly the most delightful period of the year. The voices of the streams are spring-subdued, and run their destined course with wonted harmony—their bubbling ripples gleaming in the bright blue glory of an April sky. The swallow tribes return from their long, long flight, and skim across the lea and over the winding rivulet, with short and sudden jerks, in keen pursuit of the innumerable insects which already have been warmed into life. The song birds, up before the sun, are "cheerily hymning the awakened morn;" the bees are on the wing, with loud and busy hum, eagerly sipping the spring dew on the buds. Nature is aroused; and, doffing the cold rigidity of sleep, lovelily smiles in her returning happiness.

On the first of April, according to mythological chronology, Venus arose from the sea—Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the mistress of the graces. On this day, the Roman matrons performed ablutions under the myrtle tree, sacred to Venus, and, crowning themselves with its leaves, offered sacrifices to the goddess whose birth-day they had met to celebrate. The marriageable maids repaired to the temples of Fortuna Virilis, and exposed any personal deformities they might happen to possess, praying the deity to conceal their faults from the knowledge of those who wished to espouse them. This practice, I verily believe, is the origin of the custom of fool-making upon the first of April; the husbands, who believed the chosen of their hearts to be perfection, and afterwards discovered their blemishes, might, while deprecating the imagined influence of the goddess, declare themselves the fools of the first of April.

Brand, who observes that nothing is known about the origin of this curious custom of fool-making but that it is very ancient and very general, supposes it likely to be a remnant of the Festival of Fools; but that feast was held about Christmas-time, and not upon All Fools' Day. A correspondent, in the Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1766, supposes that "the strange custom prevalent throughout this kingdom, of people making fools of one another upon the first of April, arose from the year formerly beginning, as to some purpose, and in some respects, on the twenty-fifth of March, which was supposed to be the incarnation of our Lord; it being customary with the Romans, as well as with us, to hold a festival, attended by an octave, at the commencement of the new year—which festival lasted for eight days, whereof the first and last were the principal; therefore the first

of April is the octave of the twenty-fifth of March, and, consequently, the close or ending of the feast, which was both the festival of the Annunciation and the beginning of the new year."

In corroboration of his surmise, the writer might have quoted Bloomfield, who, in his history of the antiquities of Norfolk, in England, mentions a pageant exhibited in Norwich, on Shrove Tuesday, in the month of March, when one rode through the town having his horse "trapped with *tyu* foyle and other nyse disgysnyges," crowned as King of Christmas, in token that the year should there end.

Mr. Maurice, the author of "Indian Antiquities," considers the custom of fool-making as one of the sports originally introduced to celebrate the festival of the vernal equinox; but the learned antiquarian has not been more fortunate in his supposition than the rest of his compeers. The observance of All Fool's Day is not confined to one clime. Upon the first of April, fool-making is, or was, universal. At Lisbon, it is thought very funny to pour water upon the passers-by, or to jerk white powder in their faces; but to do both is the perfection of wit. The poor monks of the Chartreux, in Provence, were much annoyed by novices being sent for peas (*pois chiches*) which they were told the monks were obliged to give to every body who would come for them on this day.—Torcen, the Swedish traveller, says: "We set sail on the first of April; but the wind made us April fools, for we were forced to return." In Scotland, "gowk-making" is a source of much amusement: "gowk" means a cuckoo, or silly bird, and is a term in frequent use in the north of England for a stupid fellow. The Frenchman's *poisson d'Avril* is exactly similar to the English April-fool. In the second volume of the Asiatic Researches, colonel Pearce gives an account of the same custom among the Hindoos. Upon the last day in March, at the termination of the Huli festival, high and low join in making fools of one another. They carry the joke there so far as to send letters, making appointments in the name of persons who it is known must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given. The late Surajah Dowlah, although a Mussulman of the highest rank, was very fond of making Huli fools.

The follies of the first of April have never flourished in America. A practice may occasionally be observed among the recent importations, or in the family circles of some fun-loving folks from the old country; but the clear heads and business-habits of the Americans are anomalous to the old-fashioned observance of the day. The custom is declining even in merry England, where the first of April has long been the season for "most exquisite foolery." They have dethroned the King's Jester, and the office of the Lord Mayor's Fool is abolished; no one careth for the observance of All Fool's Day, for personal interest in its mysteries hath waxed weak. Oh, for the departed glory of the *seven* wise men! Now-a-days, *all* are learned! The strides of the schoolmaster have been accelerated by steam, and thousands of ten thousands receive their weekly quantum of intelligence with mechanical regularity. Children no longer cry after cakes, candy is uncared for, gingerbread is becoming obsolete, and a plaything is a reminiscence. Penny Magazines and Cyclopædias engross the pocket-money of the rising generation; half-fledged philosophers contradict their grandams and talk ethics in the nursery, and apprentices instruct their masters in the usages of the divine science. There are, now-a-days, no "sealed" books; the treasures of bibliography are attainable for a trifle, and the hoarded wisdom of the sage may be had for a handful of cents.

THE APRIL FOOL.

Mister Robert Muggridge resided in a small country town in the west of England. He was a bachelor, and formed a sort of fag-end member of the squirearchy; his income afforded him "a bird and a bottle," and the means of indulging in his darling passion for dress. He was the undisputed dandy-monarch of the district, and walked forth, every Sunday morning, a peripatetic magazine of gentlemen's fashions. "The Muggridge cut" was the *beau idéal* of elegance in the shaping of woollen cloth, and "the Muggridge tie" was an ambitious achievement to all youngsters when they first sported a cravat. Bob, as our hero was familiarly termed among a large circle of acquaintances, readily imparted his stores of tailor wisdom, and condescendingly perused, with a loud voice, the quarterly letter from his London agent, a brother fopling, who, in transmitting the rents of certain town tenements that constituted a chief portion of Bob's income, obligingly favored his principal with an opinion upon fashionable matters and revolutions of tastes.

Mister Muggridge's dwelling was a snug little cottage *ornée*, some twenty yards from the turnpike road that wound its way through the centre of the humble town. In his young days, for he it known that mister Muggridge had unfortunately passed his meridian, though again it must perforce be acknowledged that mister Muggridge wore remarkably well for his age—in his young days, we say, our hero attended every display of "Field Sports and Manly Pastimes" that occurred within twenty miles of his domicile; but fat, not fate, interfered with his recreations, and although he endeavored to confine his obesity within the magic circle of a patent elastic belt from London, yet he was successively compelled to resign skating, rowing, fox hunting, partridge shooting, and coun-

try dancing, although he continued to glide ponderously through the mazes of a quadrille. If a pigeon-flutter occurred within a moderate distance, Bob was to be found amongst the gazers at the pulling-end of the trap string, betting his half crown upon the gun, or upon the bird, according to the fancied strength of the blue rock's wing, or the general estimation of the sportsman's skill. Bob has also been seen at a poultry quarrel, but a north-country feeder stuck his spur into him for a cool hundred; since when, Bob has incontinently voted the sport a vulgar matter and a bore.

Mister Muggridge endeavored to supply the lack of excitement attendant upon his neglect of field sports, by a more fervent attention to the duties of the table. He sat longer over the long corks, and indulged in several glasses of "hot stuff" after the final removal of the ladies and the tea-tackle. But while attending to the gratification of his inward man, let us not suppose that he neglected the adornment of his outward form; the money which had hitherto gone off in gunpowder and horse-flesh, served to pay his extra shot with his tailor and barber—yes, we confess it! his barber! Mister Muggridge had seen, with melancholy eye, an obvious and rascally determination in his luxuriant hair to turn beastly white, with a side-door sort of inclination to a ruffian red in the bend of his beautiful whiskers. His London friend was made the depository of his woe; the next mail brought the desponding Bob a small parcel of cosmetics. The overjoyed Muggridge retired to his room, with a hyacinthian flow of sleety hair and a captivating pair of foxy whiskers. He opened the box; agreeable to the directions, he poured the contents of certain phials into the basin, and casing his hands in a pair of leather gloves, he rubbed the inestimable compound, with surprising vigor, over every hairy portion of his head. He then confined his locks within the oily precincts of a silk cap, and laid his head upon the pillow, satisfied that they were "dyed in the true faith." But, alas, the wash was a mineral solution of a most determinate blue—"darkly, deeply, beautifully blue"—and its incorporation with the red whiskers changed the lovely lines of beauty into coarse lumps of purple wool! Its effects upon the grizzly curls of the head were yet more distressing, for the blue dye of the wash turned the half gray, half sandy locks into wondrous but positive specimens of pea-green hair!

Poor mister Muggridge raved—and rubbed—and washed—and wept—and stamped—and scrubbed, and swore—but all in vain; the blue was true blue, and refused to strike its colors. Muggridge was in an agony! he meditated suicide, and drew his razors from his dressing case. The sight of his razors changed his mind, and he resolved to have his head shaved. A London perriquer was invited down, per mail; a week in his bed-room, under the plea of a malignant fever—the danger of contagion keeping away all his rustic friends—served to effect the required change, and mister Robert Muggridge came out of his confinement as well as could be expected, safely delivered of a green head-of-hair and purple whiskers, and blessed with as lovely an auburn wig as any elderly gentleman could desire.

It is a curious fact in the natural history of wigs, and fact it is, although it may have escaped the notice of our readers, that whilst myriads of feminines wear false hair without detection, a male scalp, toupée, or perriwig, is certain of instant discovery. The ladies, bless their pretty faces, study the harmony of colors and general fitness of things—but the clumsy-minded men, when compelled to rig their bare polls with another man's hair, invariably select as strange and unbecoming a thatch as a backwood's shingling would be to a Chinese pagoda of gold fret-work and silken sheen.—Young men, if denuded of their top-knots by a scalping fever, always order a wig of raven color and of tendril curl. Old men go to the opposite extreme; many a picayune face, with its thousand tell-tale lines and crow-foot wrinkles, may be seen beneath a flaxen jasey, of a make impossible to nature. A learned barbatic has informed us that venerable bald-heads are imperative in their demands for soft and silky hair of a light color and a glossy look; women's hair, therefore, is generally employed. Many a dry and withered skull, bald and brainless as the head of Chronos, rejoices in a peruke made from the sunny locks of the bright and beautiful maidens who are now filling an early grave! Think of that, ye wigsbies, as ye twist with an agonising twiddle the frontier curl of the spoils scissored from the tenants of the tombs.

Mister Robert Muggridge's whiskers, in due time, grew again, and were trimmed into the accustomed fascinating twist. The wig wore well; and its wearer, with the usual infatuation of wigsbies, fancied that no one knew of his despoliation. Eheu! short-sighted mortal! your flaxen caxon was the make-game of the maids, the sport of the spinsters, and the wit-wipe of all wives and widows.

Mister Bob got along "pretty bobbish," as he expressed it in his elegant vernacular, for a time after his abrasion of the rough or out-door portions of his every-day life. But the days began to pass tediously away, despite the hour at billiards, the hour at the library, the hour at the coffee room, the dinner hour, and the rubber at whist, or the symposium, and the cigar. One day, a friend who had observed our hero's lassitude, asked him why the devil he didn't get married? The question bothered Bob, and kept him awake during the whole of the night. Why did he not get married? There was sound sense in the question, and he was unable to offer a pertinent reply. Mister Robert Muggridge therefore determined to take unto himself a wife.

It is not our purpose to describe the manifold woollings and disappointments that befell our friend Bob in the onset of his courtship career. "Self-Esteem, large," was marked in the chart of his cranium, and he evinced a ready faculty in the invention of reasons for the ladies' refusals that

tified his *amour propre*, and served as food for the fun of his friends. At the annual assembly, held in his own little town, a young and lively girl from a neighboring city eclipsed the whole *peal* of the town belles, and turned the heads of many of the beaux. Bob scorned to be outdone in *galantry* by the youngers of the place; he was regularly introduced, and danced his appointed *set*, but the arch little gipsy declined a second turn with mister Muggidge, unless he felt an inclination for a waltz. Now, the waltz, the gallope, the mazurka, and other modern inventions, were Bob's abominations; he knew not their figurings, and cared not to attempt them, for an increasing plumpness and a correspondingly shortness of breath cautioned him against the whirlings and mystifications of the new-made villanies. Waltz! he might as well attempt the *cachuca*!

Bob stuck to his charmer with the assiduity of a pointer. He lemonaded her, and promenaded her, and wined her, and caked her, and ice-creamed her; and at the appointed time, he shawled her, and carried her, and bowed her off with his hand gracefully placed upon the left side of his white waistcoat.

The next morning, Bob dressed himself in an elegant frock, and picked his way down the road to the park gate of an old mansion, the abiding place of the lady of his love, who was on a visit to her uncle, the proprietor of the hall and its extensive grounds.

"Oh, my dear mister Muggidge," said the charmer, with much animation, "I am so delighted to see you!"

Bob bowed, and chuckled with delight, as he gazed upon the blank faces of several young fellows who were also rendering homage at the shrine of the new beauty.

"The young men of the town are about to establish a cricket club—you'll join them, I'm sure, for so agile a dancer must be a good cricketer."

Bob bowed again, and wondered what the *he-fools* were tittering at.

"We are endeavoring to plan a day's sport, to take place before I leave this charming place.—Real old English pastimes, you know—leaping, foot racing, cudgel playing, wrestling—and other games that delighted our ancestors in the good old days. My uncle's park will be a fitting scene for such a meeting. You will join us, will you not? Thank you; I felt sure that you could not refuse me. In what game shall we announce you as a competitor? Will you run, or leap, or wrestle?"

The old wainscotted room echoed with the laughter of the youngsters, but Bobby's brow retained its usual phase. With some adroitness, he turned the point of the conversation, but the little romp returned to her starting place.

"I doat upon country festivities and hill-side games. A foot race on the green sward is finer fun than a fashionable tea party. If I possessed a tytle part of the beauty of Atalanta, I would endeavor to imitate her swiftness, and, like her, refer my lovers to a trial of speed with me, promising to marry my nimble conqueror in the race."

The mischievous beauty gave such a peculiar glance at Bobby's person as she finished her pretty prattle, that the listeners again burst into a rude guffaw of almost interminable length; the ladies were compelled to join in its hearty cachinnation. Bobby never felt so fat before. His tight-strapped pantaloons seemed ready to burst, and he was satisfied that his coat had slit right down the back. He muttered something about the race not being always to the swift—stuck in his speech—stuttered, bowed, and backed out.

But Bobby did not give up the pursuit. No; he was too confident of success. On the next night, he hired the services of the band of the hall room, minus its leader, who always came from London for the occasion and two guineas besides his coach fare,—and absolutely attempted to give his little romp a serenade! We say attempted, for accidents will disconcert the best regulated schemes; Bill Smith, the one-eyed clarinet player, made it a rule to spend his earnings in ale; and as the proceeds of the ball engagement had not quite evaporated in pints, when Bob required his services, poor Bill Smith was unfortunately drunk—not regularly done-up, but just comfortably corned—sufficient to make him very noisy and very obstinate. The French-horn player lost his mouth-piece, as he was crossing the park, and spent a vain and fruitless hour in search of the precious morsel. When the band arrived beneath the windows of the mansion, Bob commanded perfect silence; the only fidler in the party led off a plaintive melody, when his music was suddenly interrupted by a plug in the ribs from Bill Smith, who demanded of the fidler why he dared to give orders when he, Smith, the leader, was present. The fidler returned the blow with interest, and the discomfited Smith tumbled on the violoncello with a force that smashed "the big fiddle" into a thousand pieces, and almost knocked the wind out of the body of the useless horn player.

Bob strove to quiet the din that rose from the confusion made by the one-eyed clarinet, but the string instruments refused to accord, and the French horn sat on the grass and breathed an *adagio* in B flat. Bob stooped down to whisper a promise of extra pay on the condition of silence, when he was suddenly assailed from behind, and felt such a powerful grasp upon his seat of honor that his sense of pain soon told him could only proceed from the jaws of one of the squire's bull dogs. Lights were seen proceeding from the rear of the building, the voices of servants were heard, and a strong detachment of the brute assailants were bounding onwards across the lawn. Bob bolted; there was no disgrace in the act; his dilapidated pantaloons rendered him unfit to be seen in com-

pany, and he was therefore compelled to decline the warm preparations made for his reception. He turned the torn part of his trousers towards the house, and fled across the park; the faithful animal, his original friend, attended him to the gate, occasionally giving the agitated Muggridge a feeling remembrance that he was not far behind. Bob ran, and roared, and ran; he was astonished at his own speed; and, in fact, began to think that if his charmer resorted to her Atalanta schemes, that he could safely depend upon beating her in the race. Infatuated individual! the fascinations of a pretty girl are nothing in comparison with the persuasions of a bull slut!

One night—one gusty, misty, nasty night—as mister Muggridge was standing at the door of the White Lion Tavern—the tavern of the town—a little girl slipped a note into his hand, and instantly evaporated in the surrounding darkness. Bob ran to the bar room, and by the light of its solitary mutton fat, saw that the letter was in the handwriting of a lady! He did not faint! No, no; Bob knew his value, and always said to himself that it must come to *that*, at last. He did not faint, but he felt so much inclined to indulge in a small specimen of syncopation that he was compelled to swallow a bumper of brandy by the sensible host, who knew mister Muggridge's "line of life, and habits, and things." Bob hastened home with his *billct*, clutching the precious missive in his fevered hand. The reader will readily excuse the agitation of our hero, when he reads the contents of the elegantly-written and well-scented note.

"If Robert Muggridge, esquire, can excuse the levity of a young and thoughtless girl, who has been compelled to conceal the depths of an absorbing passion under the garb of frivolity—if Robert Muggridge, esquire, is earnestly devoted to the object of his present attention—if Robert Muggridge, esquire, is ready to confer the dignity of wife upon one who loves *most* wisely and most well—then let Robert Muggridge, esquire, meet the writer of this note, in all confidence and honor, very early to-morrow morning, under the park wall, near the turnstile, at the corner looking down Lady's Lane."

Early to-morrow morning! it was then nearly nine at night; there was barely time for preparation—certainly none for sleep. "Very early to-morrow morning!" The dear creature evidently wished to see him before the family were stirring for the day. It would not do to disappoint her, or keep her waiting in the raw chilly air of the morning; no—he would instantly commence his toilet. And poor Bobby, in the firm belief that he was about to meet his lively, lovely romp, commenced, at the witching time of night, after a snap of cold meat and half a bottle of sherry, dressing for the interview at early dawn. It is impossible to mirror the brightness of the polish that he conferred upon his new Spanish leather gaiter boots; endless were the barbatric manipulations bestowed upon his cheeks and his chin, which eventually rivalled in smoothness the dressed hide of the kid. Various were the pantaloons and many were the vests that were donned, ere the particular taste of mister Robert Muggridge was satisfied. The tying of his cravat, for stocks were then and there unfashionable, occupied him more than an hour; the polishing of his tunketry, the curling and oiling of his wig, the brushing of his broad-rimmed hat, and the putting-on of his last new coat of the best port-tinted broad cloth, were matters of deep deliberation and resolve. But the primeest agony of the toilet, the sublimation of the *beau ideal* was yet to be effected—a pair of delicate, straw colored, tight-fitting, kid gloves were drawn with solemn and slow deliberation over the tips of the digits of mister Robert Muggridge; it was an effort requiring peculiar skill, and nothing less than the experience of a dandy who daily uses up a pair of "gentlemen's best superfine," could pretend to place the cuticle-coverings in their unwrinkled fitness. A braided ribbon was festooned over the ample vest, and a fashionable lepine deposited in the dexter pocket, while an eye-glass, of corresponding value, peeped from the sinister side. A natty gold-headed *whangee*, or cane, was daintily handled by the fascinating Bobby, who, after many an admiring glance in the Psyche, started forth to attend to his appointment. The glory-visaged Phœbus made his appearance at the same instant, and darted his beams with inquisitive eagerness into the face of the full-dressed, middle-aged, young gentleman, who was so busily engaged in the service of the God of Love.

Mister Robert Muggridge carefully picked his way along the footpath of the muddy street that formed the principal thoroughfare of the humble town. Josey Hunks, the methodist chandler, was taking down the three shutters of his little shop as Bobby passed mincingly by; the straight-haired puritan groaned audibly as he gazed upon the dandy trappings of our hero, who he supposed had been engaged all the past night in the service of Satan. The stunted pot-boy of the White Lion, while washing his beer tray at the parish pump, strained his gooseberry eyes in a long stare, and wondered why squire Bob hadn't been to bed. The little workhouse girl, that had just been inducted into the mysteries of housemaidery, rested on her long-handled broom, as she was washing the steps of the lawyer's neat brick tenement, and after a gaze of solemn earnestness at the well-dressed mister Muggridge, vented her wonder in the sounds "Oh, my!"

Several hinds who were hastening to their labor, stopped in the pathway, and stared with surprise at the unwonted spectacle; but the resolute Bobby wended on his way, till he gained the corner of the park wall, near the turnstile. His heart beat tumultuously as he approached the rendezvous, but the object of his hopes was not in sight. He resolved to wait patiently. Thoughts of the future, the joyous, rosy-tinted future, glided over his agitated brain; he mentally resolved to take his young wife to London for the honey-moon, and if her father or her uncle did the gentlest

thing—if they came “down with the stumpy”—why, he might indulge the Parisians with a residence in their capital.

A petticoat flaunted in the morning breeze! it is the—no, it isn't. Foolish! how could he mistake the dairy maid for the lady of his love!

Some ploughmen, who were turning up an adjacent fallow, stood in a little group, and whispered their opinions of the “town swell,” who was still at the corner. A shepherd's dog disliked the appearance of our hero, and, planting himself at about six feet from mister Muggridge's heels, commenced an agitating bark, remarkably staccato and bold in its execution, with an enlivening movement every now and then at the shins of the frightened gentleman against the wall. Bob bought off his adversary, a cowardly proceeding, by flinging half a crown to the shepherd, and desiring him to withdraw his animal.

“God bless my soul—why, its nine o'clock!” said the agitated Muggridge, as he looked at his lepine. “Well, early, very early in the morning, may, in a lady's vocabulary, mean half-past nine, or even ten. Gallantry will sustain my courage, I trust, but I must confess that I feel tired, and, oh, lord! how I do want my breakfast! This sharp morning breeze seriously affects one's appetite!”

“What bee'st stuck here vor?” said an old beggar woman, who was hobbling her way to the next village. “Thee hasn't lost thee way, hast thee—or bee'st thee standin' her vor a waager!”

A shilling bribed the old woman to silence, and secured her retreat.

“I must have made a mistake,” soliloquised Muggridge, as with laborious perseverance he essayed to reach the precious missive from his coat pocket. “No—the words are *very* early in the morning! She could not have been here before me! Dear me, dear me, I feel as if I should drop; and its half-past ten, I declare.”

A slight titter, of a feminine sprightliness, accompanied by a rustling of gowns, and a grating sound as if the edge of a ladder was being dragged against a brick wall, induced our hero to look around. He instantly became aware of the presence of his beloved, who, in company with a wicked looking Abigail, was peeping over “the corner of the park wall, near the turnstile.”

Just as Bobby doffed his beaver, and began a salutatory bending, the waiting maid exclaimed in a loud whisper, such as the actors use when the persons at their elbows are not intended to hear an observation that two thousand individuals at many yards distance distinctly understand—“*Lawks, miss, see how old Muggy is bedizened up!*”

“Good morning, angelic maiden,” said our hero; “I have been waiting in the dews of heaven”—

“What is the day of the month, mister Robert Muggridge?” said the little lady.

“THE FIRST OF APRIL, dearest girl,” said the unconscious victim.

The feminines burst into a cachinnatory duett that roused the anger of the shepherd's dog, who again beset the heels of our hero. The ploughmen caught the infection of the lady's laugh, and roared a jolly bass. A subdued giggle was heard from the interior of the park; and mister Robert Muggridge, now fully aware of “his most excellent fooling,” endeavored for a moment only, to join in the universal laugh—but his vanity gave way—he roared, but laughed not. Suddenly, he turned to make his escape through the turnstile, but the envious post-way's narrow capacity prohibited the possibility of egress. The forks or arms of the turnstile embraced the corporation of Mister Muggridge, and held him as in a vice. In the furor of his struggles, his hat dropped from his head; a wicked sapling grew near the pathway—one of its tendril-like branches fastened itself amid the luxuriant curls of the auburn wig that covered the bald pate of Mr. Bobby. Another wriggle, and that bald pate shone uncovered in the glare of the glad April sun. “The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;” mister Robert Muggridge bolted down the lane, homeward bound, under a press of sail that soon carried him beyond the reach of the enemy's shot. The London coach, which passed through the town in the course of the day, bore him away ere the joke had become generally known, and the billiard room, the whist club, the pigeon match, and the White Lion, were never again graced with the presence of mister Robert Muggridge.

W. E. B.

APRIL. A SONNET.

FAIR, fickle month, now peevish as a child
That frets in middle of the Pleasures' bowers;
Now winsome as a bride betrimmed with flowers,
Laughing like wit when exquisitely wild,—
How like art thou to grief by hope beguiled,
When thou look'st smiling through short, gusty
showers!
How like to joy, that laughs, yet ere an hour's
Quick flight weeps in the arms where most he
smiled!—

Yet welcome, April! for thy blessed womb
Gave greatest Shakspeare birth—he who, like
thee,
With mingling tears and smiles, strewed mo-
destly
Creation's fields with flowers of deathless bloom:
Proud be young May of her sweet floral crown,
Be prouder thou, fair month, of his supreme
renown!

OMNIANA.

Every thing by starts, but nothing long.
Dryden.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
Cowper.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

SINCE the sad experience of my school-boy days to this present writing, I have seen little to sustain the notion held by some folks, that school boys are the happiest of all mortals. Says one of the wittiest writers of the day:—"What are the beatitudes of a scholastic paradise? To be fagged, flogged, thumped, coerced to mental labor, and constrained in personal liberty. This may be all very proper and salutary, (as is physic) but it is not happiness; and there is rarely, very rarely, an instance of a boy, while he is in one of these prisons of the body, and tread-mills of the mind, who is not always wishing to get out of it, and to get home."

READING.

"Reading," says Tessian, in his letters to the prince of Sweden, "is of universal advantage. In perusing the writings of sensible men, we have frequent opportunities of examining our own hearts, and, by that means, of attaining a more certain knowledge of ourselfness, for we find that we are more sensibly touched with incidents, or reflections, of a certain nature; and on the contrary, that we pass over others without the least emotion." Thus it is easy to discover which of our passions predominate; and which, consequently, require the most attention. We learn to love virtue, and to shun vice. By reading we also learn to judge of the different style of various authors, and insensibly improve our own. If we happen to be blest with a strong memory, we not only recollect frequent lessons, and examples for our own conduct, but have many opportunities of instructing those with whom we converse. And if our memories are not the most extraordinary, it is very certain that reading will, at least by degrees, improve our taste, our understanding, and our elocution.

AGE.

The infirmity of falsifying our age is at least as old as the times of Cicero, who, hearing one of his contemporaries attempting to make out that he was ten years younger than he really was, very drily remarked, "Then, at the time you and I were at school together, you were not born."

FRIENDSHIP.

{ People may say what they please about a similarity of opinions being necessary to friendship; a similarity of habits is much more so. It is the man you dine, breakfast, and lodge with, ride or play with, that is your friend—not the man who likes Virgil as well as you do, and agrees with you in an admiration of the music of Bellini and Von Weber. }

UNAVOIDABLE RUBS.

However well regulated may be one's temper, by the aid of religion, philosophy, and a great intercourse with mankind in the different situations and circumstances of life, he who has acquired the highest attainments in the art of self-control, will, nay must, acknowledge the occasional jostling of his complacency by the rubs it falls to the lot of none to be exempted from.

THE GOODS OF LIFE.

Speaking of these, Sir William Temple says:—"The greatest pleasure of life is love—the greatest treasure is contentment—the greatest possession is health—the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine is a true friend."

THE SHAMROCK.

It would seem from an account given by the late Rev. John Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," that this plant, used as the national cognizance of Ireland, is *trefoil*; and of the species used in husbandry commonly called *clover*. It is said that when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, in the year 433, the pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him, he requested to be heard, and endeavored to explain God to them as the Trinity in Unity, but they could not understand him, until plucking a trefoil from the ground, he said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these leaves, to grow upon a single stock?" It is said this illustration produced immediate conviction on his hearers.

DANCING.

"I am an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurdis—"but I had once my dancing days as you have now, yet I could never find that I could learn half as much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fire-side, and all the circumstances, all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the *good* woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her."

EXTRA. HOUSE TO LET.

An advertisement in the (London) Times newspaper, of July, states that there is "To let, in thorough state of repair, a most capital house, with the exception of the ground floor, which is *distinct from the other part, etc.*" This house must surely have been built upon the long supposed preposterous principles adopted by a set of architects called aerial castle-builders, and must doubtless possess delightful bird-eye views of the surrounding country, though situated in the heart of the town.

PRIDE OF DRESS.

Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw, at that celebrated festival, some young men of Rhodes arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is *pride*." Afterwards, meeting some Lacedaemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This is *also* pride."

YES, I'LL FLY TO THE PRAIRIE.

IN ANSWER TO DR. MITCHELL'S POPULAR POEM.

BY C. H. H., PHILADELPHIA.

Yes, I'll fly to the prairie—I'll fly there with thee—
 And happy we'll be, love, oh, happy we'll be—
 Our life in calm pleasure shall glide sweetly by,
 Like the music that's breathed from love's tremulous sigh—
 The beautiful fawn, bounding gaily away,
 We'll watch in its fearless and light, graceful play;
 And then on our coursers outstrip the fleet wind,
 And leave in the chase the swift deer far behind.

The woodman may talk of his shade and his trees,
 But the wild, boundless prairie, love, *ever* will please;
 I'll gaze on its beauties, and think, then, with pride,
 That thou art its master, and I am thy bride—
 The sweet scented flowers spring up at our feet,
 As if with their fragrance our presence to greet;
 Thou shalt weave me a garland, to twine in my air,
 Of the "rose of the prairie" and jessamine fair.

And at night—hand in hand—when the summer winds die,
 With ecstasy hush'd, we will gaze on the sky;
 And fancy we hear sweet, faint music afar,
 Breathed forth from each distant and glimmering star.
 Each day shall bring joy, and each evening repose—
 At night, we'll be happy as when the sun rose—
 Our life in calm pleasure shall glide swiftly by,
 And together we'll pass to our "mansion on high."

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavily, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now

Byron.

CONCLUSION

MANY trivial incidents which transpired during our hunting I pass over as unworthy of recounting, and proceed to the boldest deed that perhaps was ever attempted by man; although many might say that necessity might drive us to attempt any thing. After passing through so many perils for no other reasons than revenge, Girty and I came to the conclusion that we might reap the double advantage of revenge and profit in the same expedition. Cincinnati was becoming now quite a village. There were two hat shops in the place, and they wanted furs, and as we were too poor to buy traps, they clubbed in, and bought us enough of those necessary articles to supply them with skins, and we again—despite the numerous examples we had had of Indian hatred—prepared for an expedition to our old hunting ground. Indians were now becoming troublesome, and so many false tales had been told of their prowess and cruelty, that no man appeared willing to accompany us; and we were glad of it, for we preferred being alone, and trusting to our own woodcraft and courage, than having fellows with us who might only be in the way when most needed. We took a horse along to carry the traps, furs, etc., and started one afternoon about four o'clock. We carried out of town that day, with us, an exuberance of animal spirits—we shouted, we sang, we danced, and with a thousand other indications of our joy, we passed along through the thick wilderness, utterly regardless of all future troubles—which, after all, is the wisest philosophy—the only true philosopher's stone! About dark we encamped, and hobbling our horse, turned him loose to pick up his supper. We built a large fire, and, after cooking supper, recounted all of our adventures, and all of the adventures of other people, till we grew tired, when we lay down, and wrapped our blankets around us to sleep. We had lain but a few moments when Girty stealthily arose. I instinctively followed his example, for I was always on the alert.

"You may sit here and I will bring you a present," said Girty. "Do you not see yonder fiery eye balls?" pointing in the direction with his finger. But his sight was keener than mine, for I could not see them.

"Then I will bring them to you, and you can see them by the light of the fire."

"Then I will go along with you," exclaimed I—for my pride was a little touched with Girty's last remark—but he would not consent.

"You stay here; and when you hear me halloo come to my assistance, for I may want a *corps de reserve*—stir up the fire."

I staid behind, and Girty started to shoot the panther, as we took it to be. For a long time I listened, but heard no sound; and for the first time since we had started I now heard every nocturnal cry of birds and animals—sounds, which we never notice, unless listening thus attentively; for our ear becomes familiar with them, as is the same with any sound which becomes monotonous—the tick of a clock for instance. At length I heard the crack of a gun, and my impatience to join in the sport became irresistible. I seized my rifle, and bounded off in the direction of the sound. Before I had ran two hundred yards, I heard a second crack, and I increased my speed to a literal flight; but in tumbling over logs, I lost my direction, and a third crack informed me that I had ran too far to the west. I soon rectified my mistake, and ran with all my might, for a suspicion flashed across my mind that Girty might be shooting at something more than a panther; for these animals were not very plenteous in that part of the country.

I had not gone far when I met our horse, which had broken the ropes that bound his feet, and was running with all his might and snorting, as is peculiar with those animals when frightened. I called to the horse and he stopped, and permitted me to walk up to him—he was trembling with fear. I mounted him and rode in the direction in which Girty was firing, with all the speed I could, for I was now confident that Indians were lurking about, since nothing but Indians can so frighten a horse, and this animal possessed the power of smelling them if any where near. I found Girty, who had been shooting at a panther; but it was so dark he could not shoot straight, for he had not yet killed it, although from the unnatural noise it made, he had certainly wounded it. We steered for the camp, and when within about two hundred yards from the fire we beheld an Indian standing between it and us. He was in a stooping posture, and apparently reconnoitering. Girty took a deliberate

aim and fired at him. He yelled, and disappeared. We went to the fire and found all safe, packed every thing on our horse, and started on our journey.

We reached the Miami without any other accident to disturb us, and set our traps. The river was in good order for trapping, and otter slides were around us in abundance, and promised a plentiful harvest; the sky was clear, and the smokiness of the atmosphere indicated a continuance of the beautiful weather. The second day after we arrived, we were visited by Daniel Reed, who lived about two miles from where we were trapping. He had bought some land at government prices, had erected a small log cabin, cleared his patch of ground, and despite the deadly enmity of the savages, was with his wife and her sister, living there—like myself many years before—he was trusting all that was valuable to him on earth, to so capricious a fate. He was just starting to Cincinnati to buy powder and lead, and a few other necessary articles, and begged of us as a favor that we would sleep in his house at nights—“for the women,” said he, “are not afraid during the day, but as soon as night comes, they begin to talk about Indians and panthers. If you stay,” continued he, “till I come back, I will reward you with as much powder and lead as you want.” We promised to sleep in his house, and shaking us affectionately by the hand, he went off whistling, little anticipating the fate that awaited his wife, whom he loved with an ardent worship, for he could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and his wife appeared to be quite a girl. It is a wise dispensation of providence that man is blinded, so as to see no farther than the present. What a world of misery is thereby saved! What an eternity of torture in anticipating that which would not be so awful as the anticipation! Still many do strive to search the inscrutable future; for 'tis thus that man is ever seeking the means to render himself miserable, and would consequently be so, did not the laws of the allwise maker prevent it.

We set our traps before dark, and, taking our horse with us, we started for the house of Reed. It lay a mile and a half from the banks of the Miami river, in a beautiful level plat of rich land, covered with huge oak trees, which reared their tall heads in the air, and protected the house from the wind. Things looked neat about the premises, and the oak floor was as white as it could be made. It was the boast of a female in those days to keep a clean house with her own hands, while at the present age it appears to be their boast that they are utterly ignorant of all domestic learning. That night passed off pleasantly; we sat up late before a bright fire, and recounted to the women a few of our merriest adventures—for we would not tell of any others for fear of frightening our auditors—who listened with great glee. We then retired to bed—time passed rapidly by, and apparently in a few moments we were awakened by the sun's light. We hurried up, and partaking of a good breakfast, bade our friends farewell till evening.

“If any thing frightens you, and you think danger is near, blow your tin horn, and we will come to your aid.”

This precaution of mine they promised to observe—and we hurried off to take the game from our traps, and rebait them for the next evening. It required the greater part of the day to skin our game, stretch out the skins to dry, and rebait. About four o'clock we got through with our work, and started for the house. The evening was beautiful—the sun sank behind the horizon unobscured by clouds; the birds sang merrily, and the fawns skipped by us gladly, unconscious that we were their deadly enemies, but then we did not harm them; we never killed such an inoffensive creature till necessity drove us to it in order to supply our own actual wants.

We arrived at the house, and found our new friends busily preparing our supper; and while they were thus engaged, Girty and I shot at a mark for amusement. We continued this sport till supper time, when we had remaining but four bullets each. As the evening was warm, with a brisk air stirring, we sat outside of the house. Every thing was done wrong that evening; but fate so decreed it—we sat till about nine o'clock listening to Girty's tale of his first and last courtship, which was interesting to me, as he had never before told it to me, and it was none the less interesting to the other listeners, particularly the unmarried one—who heard every word Girty uttered, for she had taken a particular fancy to my friend from the first moment she saw him.

“I came from North Carolina,” said Girty, “and I will tell you what was the cause of my coming to this wild country. I was about twenty years of age, if I recollect aright, when I first beheld Sally Smith. She was a beautiful brunette—of artless manners, and full of life, and at first sight I was completely captivated. I loved her with all the strength of a first love. She seemed to me above all other females I had ever beheld, in respect to beauty and amiability, and I determined to marry her from the moment I first saw her; but it appears this beauty did not look upon me with the same feelings of love with which I looked upon her; but on the contrary bestowed all of her affection upon one Bill Winton—a big awkward fellow, who happened to be born rich. My spirit was then like an untamed lion's, and I could not brook disappointment. When I found out the truth of the matter, and that the girl whom I loved was already engaged to be the wife of another, I, of course, got into a desperate passion. I did not sleep that night, but lay awake devising means to make away with my rival. Many were the plans that I thought of, but nothing suited my purpose. I was determined to kill him, but could devise no death cruel enough. About daylight I arose, ill humored, through want of sleep and disappointment. His farm lay next to my father's, and thither I went. I shouldered my gun, telling my father I was going out to shoot squirrels, and after putting in my rifle a large

load, I hurried to his house. I skulked in the woods near it for some time, but could get no sight of my rival; at length my patience gave way, and I marched boldly up. Bill was at the door with his arms folded. I stood at such an angle from him that the corn-crisb hid me from his view—he offered a fair mark for my rifle, and my blood boiled with revenge. I cocked my gun and aimed it at his heart; but as I aimed a sense of shame stole upon me, for thus cowardly taking advantage of one unarmed, but I was determined that he or myself should die, and I did not care much which. I uncocked my gun, and walked up to him; he gazed at me with a look of contempt, and turned to walk into the house, but before he had walked two steps, I had my hand upon his coat collar.

He was much larger than I, but he had mere flesh, and although I was not so stout, I was full as strong.

“What do you mean, fellow,” said he, at the same time jerking my grasp loose.

“Do you consider yourself a brave man or a coward?” said I, in a low voice, for I did not wish to disturb any of the family.

“Why do you ask me that, sir?”

“Because,” said I, “if you consider yourself a man of metal, follow me.”

He deliberately thrust his hands in his pockets, and followed me out of the door. I will give him the credit of being a brave fellow, if he did cheat me out of a wife.

“I want you to bring your gun with you,” said I, “for I wish to try who is the coward.” He did not change countenance, but turning about, he disappeared, and soon returned with his rifle.

“There has been a deadly enmity for some time existing between our families,” said he, (which was the case,) “and we will now end it with blood.”

“Follow me, and cease your prating,” I only exclaimed. I took a course for the thickest woods, where we stopped.

“Do you see yonder stump,” said I. He nodded assent, while he grasped the trigger of his gun.

“When I get there, and say ‘ready,’ you are at liberty to shoot me, and you can rest assured I will shoot you, sir, if I can.” He again nodded assent, and I started for the stump, and stood by its side; I raised my gun and gave the word, but instead of firing he sprang behind a tree, and I quickly followed his example. We skirmished for some time, but I proved the most experienced woodsman; I soon deceived him, and he fired and missed me, and commenced loading, but I gained a march on him and got a shot, and he fell. I did not wait a moment to see if he was dead, but I awoke to the dreadful reality—that I had killed a human being, and would be hung. I hurried off as I then was, in a western direction, —.” Girty was here interrupted by a distant cry similar to that of a turkey. We looked at each other, and our gazes conveyed the same meaning.

“What did you stop for, Mr. Girty?” asked Mrs. Reed.

“I thought I heard the cry of a panther, and I would not mind shooting you one of those creatures to-night.” Then turning to me with a look which conveyed a meaning that I could not mistake, he said, “suppose, S—, you go and shoot the creature, while I finish my story.”

“Is there much necessity,” said I, in an indifferent tone as I could command.

“Why, I think,” said Girty, in the same indifferent way, “you had better go, for these women, I dare say, never saw a panther.”

They both urged me to shoot the panther, so I went in and got my gun. In order to create no suspicion, I leaned against the door side for a few moments, and while I picked my flint that my gun might be sure, I asked, “and did Bill Winton die?”

“Oh, no—he was only slightly wounded, and was about soon after I left—but go and shoot your panther, and mind that you keep a *sharp look-out*, or he might injure you.”

As soon as I got into the woods, I hurried stealthily in the direction I heard the fatal gobble. My heart beat loud, and I labored under an anxiety which was before a stranger to me. I was scared at every stir of the breeze; still I did not wish to return, for it was not fear that I labored under, but nervousness.

After going about two miles, I sat on a log and listened to every slight sound that I could catch; but I heard nothing that made me fear the proximity of Indians, and finally I became composed. I sat on this log for, perhaps, an hour, listening, when the crack of a rifle in the direction of the house brought me on my feet, and I hurried home as fast as I could run; and that was not very fast, for although the moon shone brightly, the woods were so thick that I could not see the logs. I had not ran far when another crack reached my ear, which was immediately followed by others in such quick succession that I could not count them. I hurried forward—I knew what was the matter—that the house was attacked by Indians—but I was now cool and determined; I no longer trembled. Soon a bright blaze came over the tree tops, and I heard the demoniacal yells of the exulting savages.

“Oh! my God! save Girty,” I exclaimed, in my agony, as I rushed up to the very edge of the woods, and not more than one hundred yards from the house. My anticipations were realized. On the ground lay the dead wife of poor Reed, while her murderers were dancing around the house with their guns cocked, waiting to shoot any person who might rush out. The house—particularly the bottom part—was all on flames, and the roof was catching. What could I do but look upon the horrible scene? for should I fire, death would be my portion. I lay still, but my heart was ready to burst, as I saw the flames slowly crawl up the roof of the house, and the dense smoke come out from

the inside. Still like a hero, Girty laid four Indians dead on the ground—every one of his balls went true. At length the whole house was in flames, and I had just made up my mind to rush among the flames and die with my friend, when all at once the roof burst out—the burning brands were scattered in every direction, and Girty, covered with fire, leaped from the roof of the house among the savages. O! it was an awful leap!—the savages fell back with affright, so sudden was the apparition presented among them. Girty drew his knife, and plunged it into the breast of one who appeared to be their leader, and leaving the knife in the wound, he bounded off in the direction I lay hid. The savages soon recovered from their consternation, and with a hellish yell twenty rifles were fired at the fugitive. I sprang from the log as Girty neared me, and yelling to the extent of my voice; I shot dead the nearest Indian. The rest retreated back behind the burning house; probably thinking me a company coming to the rescue. Girty seized me by the arm, and we ran for about two miles and reached the Miami river where my poor friend sank upon the ground. We had just emerged from the woods and the light of the moon fell upon his face—it was deadly pale. My joy was turned into grief—"Girty," I exclaimed, "Girty, my dear Girty, speak—are you hurt?" I raised him in my arms, and placed him against a log—his lips grew pale—he clutched me by the arm, and raising himself partly up, exclaimed—"I have kept my oath, and your family is revenged." His eye lost its lustre—his grasp slowly loosened, and he sank upon the log—Thomas Girty was dead. My brain grew giddy—I became sick at heart—the woods whirled, and I fell upon the body of my friend insensible. When I awoke the sun was at its meridian.

Nearly half a century has passed away since these scenes were enacted, and still one of the principal actors survives; but time has been busy with him. The old man has acted his part on the stage of life, and the dark curtain will soon descend, which will hide him for ever from those who now read of his last act. Still his palsied limbs support his feeble body, as he totters along to visit the grave wherein lies buried his friend, and his own heart. Here he may be seen from the moment the first songs of the birds awaken the morning, till the declining sun reflects the shadows of the tall trees far away to the east—here, he bends over the mound, and strews upon it the first flowers that welcome the sun; but he drops no tears—the fountain has run dry. Tears! they are for the hopeless alone—but the old man's bosom swells with joy; for he knows the time is not far distant when he will meet his friend to part no more. Years have passed away since that small grave-stone was erected—thousands have been born and passed away from this earth—the young, and the beautiful, and the happy—yet he who has asked death a hundred times, still survives. The furrows of time are deep in my brow, and my old limbs are withered and powerless—the [diseases] of age have stolen upon them; no longer do my eyes possess their eagle keenness, but rayless and dim, they convey but faint impressions to my weary brain. The machine has worn out; all human passions have diminished to nought. What are the praises or the contumelies of the world to me? They are not worthy of a single thought.

Reader, I take you by the hand, for we now part, and perhaps, for ever. Long years of health and contentment may be yours; the blessings of peace reign around you; and upon this luxuriant soil wealth may be showered upon you; but while you enjoy it, cherish one feeling of remembrance for the old man who fought for those blessings, and who is now—after clearing the way for so many to advance—living in indigence—no arm is stretched forth to relieve his wants—no benevolent hand to smooth his pillow.

J. M. S.

Dayton, Ohio.

SILENCE. A SONNET.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THERE are some qualities—some incorporate things
That have a double life—life aptly made,
The type of that twin entity which springs
From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.

There is a two-fold *Silence*—sea and shore—
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,
Newly with grass o'ergrown. Some solemn graces

Some human memories and tearful lore,
Render him terrorless—his name's "*No More*."

He is the corporate Silence—dread him not!
No power hath he of evil in himself;
But should some urgent fate—untimely lot!
Bring thee to meet his *shadow* (nameless elf,
Who haunteth the dim regions where hath trod
No foot of man)—commend thyself to God!

FABLES IN RHYME.

FROM THE POLISH OF ARCHBISHOP KRASICKI.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D. PHILADELPHIA.

THE TWO PAINTERS.

Two painters, once 'tis said, there were,
Each bore a wond'rous name;
But one far o'er the other stood
In point of noisy fame.
The best no cash nor blessing got,
The worst one had them both, I wot.

The first his portraits made from nature,
True to the copied one;
Correct in every form and feature,
With faithful care 'twas done.
The last drew little on truth's store,
Embellishing from fancy more.

THE CHILD AND THE ROD

The father whipped his child because
He was so slow to learn;
Imagining the smart would make
Him smarter to discern.
But e'er that way again he trod
His son and heir had burned the rod.

Next time when little John deserved
A heavy punishment,
The father, to the usual place,
To find his weapon went.
And, as 'twas missing, he was fain
To use instead his walking cane.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

A shepherd shearing sheep one day
Declaimed most zealously
Upon the care was ta'en of sheep,
From utter charity.
How they had homes to rest their feet,
And in the winter food to eat.

The sheep he held was mute—
The angry peasant cried,
"Ungrateful! no acknowledgment."
When calmly it replied—
"Well, God must pay men for their care:—
From what is made the coats they wear?"

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

"Why weepest thou?" a youngling bird
To older one appealed,
"Art thou not better in this cage
Than in yon dangerous field?
For me the prison-house and care,
'Fore danger and the open air."

"Peace!" said the elder bird, "be still!
Within this thou wert born;
But I have known the hallowed sweets
Of freedom in life's morn.
Bright liberty once sunned my brow,
I weep that I'm a prisoner now."

THE ATHEIST.

There lived somewhere, in olden time,
A proud philosopher,
Who, fixed in his opinions, thought
That he could never err.
Progressed through life without assistance,
And scoffed the thought of God's existence.

But sickness came, and with its pangs
Came loss of fortitude;
And he who measured heaven's space,
And farther'st planets viewed,
Came, not alone a God to know,
But all the fiends of hell, also.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

BY S. J. CURR, NEW YORK.

COUNT KARL WILHELM ANSTIEN was early celebrated for his superior talents, and won at college great credit for his profound scholarship. He was possessed of a large estate in the north of Germany, and his family was one of the most ancient and distinguished in the whole of Europe. Upon the death of his father, the young count chose a trusty old servant, in whose honesty he had full confidence, and to him he gave the charge of his whole property, determined to spend all his time at his books.

Chemistry was his favorite study—astronomy his pastime and recreation. From the last he was gradually led into astrology, and living in a country famous for its mysterious legends, it is not remarkable that the mind of the young student, being early impressed with the horrid tales of the Hartz mountains, should cling to the supernatural influence of the stars with all the stubborn determination and fixedness of his countrymen.

Astrology had a great influence upon his future life; for, being fond of the marvellous, every little incident, good or ill, was attributed to the favorable or malign influence of particular stars. His closet was strewed with papers marked with curious hieroglyphics, and quires of horoscopes filled his trunks and covered his table. At last, however, the philosopher's stone attracted his undivided attention, and he devoted the whole of his time to the discovery of this stupendous secret. The perpetual motion was of little consequence in his eye, when compared with the magnificent results to be obtained by the possession of the grand wish of the alchemist.

It is to count Alstien that mankind are indebted for the discovery of many valuable earths, and a great variety of chemical preparations, before unknown to the scientific student. It was he first disclosed the properties of mummia, and recommended the compound afterwards so celebrated in the relief of rheumatic affections. It was he first gave the idea of the detonating powder, and although the faculty have basely endeavored to rob him of the credit, the fact is sufficiently well established to brand for ever his villanous slanderers. You can scarcely mention a single chemical invention of the age in which he lived, but is in some way connected with the distinguished name of count Karl Wilhelm Alstien.

During the prevalence of an epidemic which carried thousands to the grave, he was induced to visit Paris and London. There he examined into the nature of the disease, and out of three hundred patients in the former, and over four hundred in the latter city, he lost but eleven. He neutralized the affects of the plague by new and powerful acids discovered by himself.

After this, he retired to one of his castles upon the Niesse, and day and night he was in his study, poring over his books, casting horoscopes, and experimenting with his crucible. Eight years of his life were passed in the utmost seclusion, and devoted to his favorite pursuit.

At the end of this period, he had, as he supposed, nearly arrived at the conclusion of his labors. He was able to produce certain metallic appearances from peculiar earths, and all that he now wanted was a particular description of clay. With this he did not doubt but he could produce the philosopher's stone, which would turn all things into gold.

While in London, as we have already stated, a specimen of clay from America was shown him, which he doubted not was the very article he so much wanted, and he was induced now to make a voyage to this country, in consequence of a singular dream.

He had fallen asleep beside his little furnace upon a bright moonlight night, and it seemed to him in his vision that a beautiful female form stood beside him, her feet wet with the dew of the mountains, which sparkled like water rattling upon yellow leaves in the fall. In her hand she bore a fresh wild flower that had been torn up by the roots, to which were attached particles of the very clay he was in pursuit of. As he gazed in rapture upon the lovely form, she gradually changed into the American eagle; but still the flower was there, grasped in the talons of the proud bird. He snatched at the object of his ardent desire—the eagle vanished from his sight, and he awoke.

For many days this dream haunted him, and so great was the impression it made upon his mind that he resolved immediately to embark for the colonies of America. Having made arrangements by which he could obtain at intervals the revenues of his immense estates, he took ship and sailed for this port, where he arrived early in the spring. He remained in New York only long enough to make himself acquainted with the geological formation of different parts of the country, and then travelled to the west, to penetrate the wilderness in search of the long-sought earth.

Count Alstien went to Pittsburgh, thence to St. Louis, and from thence among the Indians, where he travelled from tribe to tribe, constantly upon the look-out; but it was not until the fall of the second year, that he discovered the long desired article upon the banks of the Arkansas river, about four hundred miles from its mouth, and upon one of the immense prairies of that beautiful country. Although it was in the dusk of the evening when he found the clay, so great was his joy, and so

ardent his desire to perfect his wish, that he immediately took out his crucible, built a fire of dry grass, and commenced his refining operations. He threw a portion of the earth into the receptacle and it flashed and cracked for some minutes. When the noise and light had subsided, he gathered more grass, and in his search for the driest blades, he found the carcass of a dead eagle. On turning over the bird, he saw a flower grasped in its claws. It was the same flower and the same eagle which he had seen in his dream nearly three years before.

He was now confident of success, and leaped for joy; and he took the pretty weed from the bird and cast the roots of it into the crucible. He had no sooner done this than the bird was restored to life, and uttering a piercing shriek, flew directly to the heavens.

The astonishment which this created caused count Alstien to pause a moment in his operations; but he soon concluded that the bird could only have been stunned, and that in moving it he had restored it to consciousness.

He replenished the fire, and, placing his watch on a stone beside him, pursued his burning with more assiduity than ever. As he emptied the contents of a small vial of the extract of mummia into the crucible, the contents rose in bubbles to the top, and drops of bright yellow rolled about the mixture.

When the hands of his watch pointed twelve, he again heard the flapping of the eagle's wings, and looking toward the river, he beheld the waters rising in a pyramid from the centre. At first he contemplated escape, but as the wavy mountain did not appear to break, but formed a solid mass, he gazed in wonder and admiration upon the singular phenomenon.

He added to the mixture one drop of lizard's blood, and a feather from the wing of the eagle, which he had unconsciously plucked while taking the flower from its claws. Instantly, the clouds became dark, and the moon was concealed. The only light that pierced the darkness of the night was thrown from the liquid mountain of the Arkansas river. The waters rushed in torrents down the steep sides of the pyramid, with a continual noise, like the loudest thunder, and a pure white cloud hung upon the top of the roaring pile, as if to curtain it from Alstien's eager gaze. The mound did not diminish in size, but drew its current up through the centre as fast as it fell over the sparkling sides.

Presently, the cloud rose slowly from its resting place, and the count discovered an angelic form standing upon the very pinnacle of the river mountain. It was the same lovely figure that had blessed his vision in his own country; but as he viewed in wonder and amazement, he perceived that she wore delicate silver wings upon her heels, wrists, and shoulders. By her side, stood the bald eagle of America, and a large white owl. As the mixture in the crucible became hotter, first the owl flew towards the count, and uttered a shriek that rung for minutes over the flat prairie. The contents rose to the top, and the eagle, leaving the side of its mistress, rose in the air, made a broad circle in the heavens, and, sinking to the earth, took up its station near the owl.

The centre of the mixture rose to a point, and, bursting open, threw out a golden flame that reached far above the head of the experimenter, as he stood erect beside the crucible. At this moment, the spirit glided gently from its watery throne, and paused not until it reached the spot on which the count was fixed. In a sweet and heavenly tone it addressed him.

"What would'st thou, daring mortal, with the spirit of the golden clay?"

"Wonderful genii," said the count, "all my days have I labored to discover the means of turning all things into gold, and now I do beseech thee instruct me in the mysteries of alchemy."

"Dark and fearful is thy request," returned the genii, "but I have not the power to deny thee. Thou hast summoned me from my purple arbors beneath these quiet waters, where I have reigned in wealth and luxury thousands of years; but let me tell thee, foolish man, the secret is full of terror and disappointment. The philosopher's stone has been in the possession of millions, but they have been unconscious of the treasure they held. Thou thyself hast had it many years, but knew not how to use it. Seest thou the ring that even now is in the crucible?"

He looked, and perceived a small gold ring at the very top of the mixture.

"Draw it from its resting place, and put it upon thy first finger. Fear not the fire; it will not burn thee."

The count hesitated but a moment, and then, snatching the bauble, he did as he was bid. No sooner had he touched it, than the mountain of water began to sink in the river, nor did it stop when it reached the level of the banks, but went down until it formed a hollow as deep as it had been high. The spirit drew a line around the spot where they were standing, and the earth rose up until it formed a boat. The genii sat down beside the count, and the eagle and the owl put their claws into the bow of the vessel, and flew with it to the bank of the Arkansas. Thousands of beautiful spirits rose from the waters, singing most enchanting music, and as they hovered about their mistress and the count, the boat glided down the waters. The whole party sunk beneath the wave, and the stream assumed its usual appearance.

When he saw his danger, count Alstien would have leaped from the barque upon the shore; but an invisible power held him in his seat. The waters rushed over his head, and he expected to be overwhelmed in an instant; but the same power which had prevented his escape, now protected him, and a cover was thrown over him which held the waves from touching his person, and he breathed as freely as he ever did upon the surface of the blooming earth.

With the rapidity of lightning they descended to the very centre of the world, and then rose as speedily for some seconds. The gurgling of the waters could no longer be heard, and the air was filled with the richest and most delicate perfumes. Presently they came to a magnificent garden, and myriads of golden lights flung their brilliant rays upon roads paved with ingots of precious metals, and forests of small trees bearing fruit resembling diamonds, and all kinds of valuable stones.

The count now perceived that what he had imagined a boat, was changed to splendid azure car, and it was drawn not by the owl and the eagle, but by beautiful winged animals such as he had never seen before in all his travels. The speed, too, was reduced, and instead of dashing impetuously along, they moved slowly through the shining rows of trees, so that he had time to admire the bewitching scene by which he was surrounded. He was delighted with the charming prospect before him, and beseeched the fair genii that she would stop the car whilst he gathered some of the fruit, but she reminded him that he was in search of the philosopher's stone, and when he had received it, these fruit would leap from their branches into his lap.

They now approached a gay temple, where all was life and joy. Through the decorated windows he could perceive light spirits dancing to harmonious music, performed by an invisible band, and delicate winged creatures were gathering on the vast portico to welcome the genii who sat beside him. As the car halted in front of the temple the crowd on the piazza surrounded their queen and her guest, and sung this song:—

Welcome to the earth again,
Sweet Artina, welcome home.
Send the shout through every plain—
Our queen, our queen! Artina's come.

The golden ringlets quickly bring,
The purest perfumes o'er her fling,
Songs she ever loved we'll sing,
Sweet Artina, welcome home.

Kindest maid of heavenly birth,
Sweetest mistress, welcome home,
Sovereign still of all the earth,
From thy throne no longer roam.
The golden ringlets quickly bring,
The purest perfumes o'er her fling,
Songs she ever loved we'll sing,
Loved Artina, welcome home.

Whilst they were singing, Artina took the count by the hand, and led him into the temple. She seated him upon her throne, and, taking a place beside him, waved her hand, when all the spirits joined in one grand chorus, and danced before their sovereign.

As they moved lightly over the floor of pearl, suddenly a table rose before the throne, covered with all kinds of delicious fruit, and the queen motioned to the count to eat. He reached to one of the dishes, but his hand could not clutch the article he wished. The lights grew dim, and a horrid yelling was heard without. The walls of the temple shook like the leaves of a slender tree in a storm, and the count began to fear that the edifice would soon come tumbling about their ears. The dancing fairies screamed with terror, and crowded together behind the golden pillars of the spacious hall. Laying her hand upon the count's arm, Artina bade him take her seat, whilst she took possession of her throne.

Suddenly a large trap-door in the floor of the temple flew open, and beasts with hideous forms and fiery eyes rose from the earth beneath. Their bodies resembled lions, and they had arms like men. In their right hands they bore various weapons, and in their left torches that shed a blue and death-like light upon the surrounding objects. Twelve of these horrid creatures formed a circle round the trap, and then rose a form still more fearful, with tongue of flame and wings of fire. As soon as this last had reached the floor, the trap closed, and he stood upon it. Artina addressed him:—

"Why are my peaceful and happy domains disturbed by the presence of thy disgusting slave?"

"Artina," replied the beast, "I am the keeper of the golden mines, and mortal cannot approach the sacred deposits until I consent. Why is thy guest here?"

"Fearful spirit," said Artina, "he has the signet which thou dar'st not disobey, and if he use it rightly hereafter, though freed from thy presence, thou shalt deal out to him the most precious of thy treasures."

"Sorceress, thou liest!" exclaimed the monster, "and thy temple shall perish, and thy gold and jewels shall be stored in the sacred mountains!"

So saying, he was about to seize Artina, when the count caught him by the throat with his left hand. The queen whispered "thy right, thy right hand!"

BEAUTY'S DECAY.

The count raised his right hand, but the moment the magic ring touched the beast, he fell prostrate before the throne of Artina, and exclaimed, "I am thy slave, what wouldst thou?"

"Depart, for ever, from this temple, exclaimed Alstien, "and be thou the slave of Artina."

"Down, monster, with thy myrmidons," cried Artina, "and before the day is past fill my grotto with the choicest fruits of earth. Heap it with precious gems, and spread a couch of softest down of earth for my guest, thy master."

As she concluded, the trap again opened, and the griffin and his followers sunk into the earth beneath. As soon as they had disappeared, Artina thus addressed the count, "Now thou has done more for me than all the attentive spirits I have about me. Untutored thou didst speak the charm that broke the spell by which I have been held in bondage to the griffin, I shall be no longer troubled with his presence."

The remainder of the day was spent in feasting, dancing and music; and as the night came on, Artina lead the count to the grotto. The griffin had fulfilled his orders; the elegant retreat was filled with precious ores, and a luxurious couch was spread in the centre, surrounded by pillars of gold, diamonds, and pearl. Here Artina, perceiving that the count grew drowsy, told him she would now instruct him relative to the philosopher's stone. He listened attentively while she spoke thus:—

"The ring I have given thee contains the object of thy search. The eagle which visited thy study left a feather upon the table, which got mingled with thy papers, and deposited in one of the drawers. When thou returnest to thy home, rub the ring with that feather, and the secret will be thine. Had'st thou not freed me from the presence of the griffin I should not have suffered thee to depart; but the great service thou hast rendered me has caused me to favor thee. Sleep, and thou shalt soon be restored to thy home."

She left the grotto, but her spirits hovered around it, and sung until the count fell into a profound slumber.

The sun was high in the east when count Alstien awoke. He looked for the pillars of gold, diamonds, and pearl, but they had vanished. The grotto was gone, and he was sleeping upon the ground by the banks of the Arkansas, on the same spot where he had seen the genii. The crucible was there, but the fire had gone out, and the clay was dry in the earthen vessel.

"Can it have been a dream!" exclaimed he, in anguish, "and are all my hopes to be thus blasted in a moment. Are all my years of toil and labor to produce nothing?"

He felt something strange upon his hand. It was the magic ring. "No, Artina," he cried, "thou hast not deceived me. The secret I have, and I will hasten home to do thy mysterious bidding."

Gathering some of the clay, and packing up his vials and the crucible, he began to retrace his steps. He returned to New York, and sailed in the first vessel for Bremen, whence he made his way as soon as possible to his castle on the Niesse, where he found all his papers just as he had left them years before. Nothing had been disturbed—the old steward had taken excellent care of the property entrusted to his supervision, and the estate was in a flourishing condition. He hastened to his study. The moon threw her calm light through the window that opened toward the mountains, just as she did when the spirit and the eagle first visited his chamber. With eager hands he unlocked the drawer of his secretary, and the first article his eyes fell upon was the sacred feather. He snatched it impatiently from its resting place and rubbed it upon the ring. He could perceive no change. He forced the quill part around the inside, and unconsciously touched a secret spring. The ring fell in two parts, and he discovered engraven upon it these words—

"Industry is the Philosopher's Stone. By it wealth shall be thine."

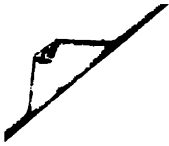
He threw it down in anger, but his anger did not last long, for he soon picked it up and replaced it upon his finger, vowed that he would profit by the lesson which had cost him so much anxiety—so much labor and so many sleepless nights. He lived for many years after, devoting his whole time to scientific pursuits, but never again did he resort to idle mixtures to turn clay to gold. He died one of the wealthiest noblemen of the country, and left many excellent works which have been the constant study of chemists since his death.

BEAUTY'S DECAY.

BY THOMAS CAREW, 1620.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fire;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flame must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Order'd thoughts and calm desires,
Heart with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!



COLUMBUS.

A HISTORICAL POEM.

BY FREDERICK WEST, ESQ., NEW YORK.

CANTO THIRD.

THE VOYAGE.

As when some weary traveller nears the home
To which his heart has drawn him, feels his frame,
Before deliberate, nerved with new life;
So did Columbus, in his narrative,
The end of his probation being nigh,
Recount his voyage and its consequence.

“O! faith, thou art all mighty here,
And miracles within thy sphere
May be performed. The scripture saith
Mountains may be removed by faith;
By faith for seventeen tedious years
I combated, with doubts and fears,
And triumphed—perseverance stood
A rock in faith. It mattered not
That disappointments were my lot,
Many and strong. Faith through the night
Waited the morning’s dawning light;
Faith did at last the mountain move,
Of prejudice against me strove.

The squadron sailed, and Palos’ shore*
Receded. The bright waters bore
Me on their bosom, their own child,
Then had my heart with transport wild,†
Exulted, but I feared my crew
No faith like mine, their spirits knew,
To man their hearts. The bitter tears
Of fond affection fed their fears
When we embarked. They left the shore
As those who part to meet no more;
And more than half believed the sea
Destined their sepulchre to be.

“I blame them not. If pitchy night
Darken’d Spain’s sages’ menial sight—
If prelates deemed impassable—
If not a passage straight to hell—
These unknown seas—in ignorance
Grim terror could be no offence;

I only feared their fears might mar
The glorious light of hope’s bright star,
And sank this fear of their control
An incubus upon my soul.
So passed the day—upon its close
The virgin’s vesper hymn arose.

“There is a sweet benignity
In prayer and praise, most dear to me;
How sweet in life, where rank decay
Moulders us gradual away,
Where disappointments constantly
Tear from the heart its dearest joy.
Where death in sudden awful form:
Sword, fire, plague, thunderbolt, and storm,
Snatches us in a moment hence,
Showing our strength, its impotence.
How sweet to look where power and might
Supreme in gloriousness and light
For ever reign, and in fond prayer
Humbly command the spirit there.
The ills of life which seemed to rise
Towering above us to the skies
In this, our more expanded sight,
Have but the mole-hills pigmy height.

“On the third day a Caravel
Splintered its rudder. It was well
That the Canary Isles were nigh,
We put in for them presently.
The circumstance upon me weighed,
I feared that I had been betrayed;
The bark disabled purposely:
It was impressed unwillingly
Into the service. I perceived
The spirit that might mar me. Grieved
T’ encounter such impediment,
I roused myself to circumvent
Each obstacle, I now foresaw,
Would round my fated voyage draw;

* The squadron consisted of three small vessels. the Santa Maria, on board of which Columbus hoisted his flag—the Pinta, commanded by Martin Alonso Pinzon, accompanied by his brother, Francisco Martin, as pilot—the third, the Nina, commanded by Vincento Yanez Pinzon. These vessels contained one hundred and twenty persons in all. Columbus set sail on Friday, the third of August, 1492.

† The exultation of Columbus at finding himself, after so many years of baffled hope, at length fairly launched on his grand enterprise, was checked by his want of confidence in the resolution and perseverance of his crews. It may be as well to state here that the incidents narrated in the voyage are all historical facts, and that the reader who wishes for more full information upon the subject, cannot do better than to possess himself of that great national work, Irving’s Columbus.

Finding no other vessel, we
Repaired the bark and put to sea.

" We passed the peak of Tenerife—
The superstitious crew's belief,
Seeing it spout forth smoke, and fire,
Was, that it warned them to retire,
Nor dare the pathless waters. Fear
Hung on each circumstance, to scare
Their souls. Ev'n with the cause explained
Terror within their hearts remained.

" Ignorance is a hag of night ;
Knowledge, a spirit robed in light ;
Ignorance makes a man a slave,
Knowledge—bold, free, erect, and brave :
Happy that land through whose confine
Knowledge in strength and might shall shine,
Even as the sun—chasing away
The mists of ignorance—the sway
Of evil passions. There shall man
Then in his maker's image—scan
His maker's works. Then shall he feel
The strength doth liberty reveal.
Tyrants and bigots may unite
To keep the world in slavish night,
Let but the light of knowledge cast
On earth its rays, their power is past.
Knowledge is strength—knowledge is power,
Power for the million. In that hour
Men learn the riddle they shall be
From the strong arm of *mercere free*—
Defy the tyranny of sod,
And own no sovereign lord but God.

" Danger encompassed me—my crew
Were quailing, stout in heart were few.
King John, upon my watery track,
To capture me, and bring me back,
Had sent three Caravels, and they
At Ferro's Isle were under weigh.
All things seemed inauspicious. Yet
Was I confident. All sail I set,
But the wind calmed for three long days ;
At length from these adverse delays
I was relieved. The stiff'ning wind
Bellied the canvas—now behind
Stood Ferro, the extremest land,
Which, to our mariners, did stand
The teeming earth's far sentinel,
Beyond whose ken no life could dwell.
Back, in the distance, that same day
It faded from our sight away.

" When the last trace of land was gone,
And the salt desert they looked on,
And nothing met the anxious eye,
Could claim the heart's affinity,
No trace of life on every side,
The boundless waters swelling wide.
The crews despaired—their courage fled,
They looked upon themselves as dead,

Cut off from man and life—the wave,
Their dark, cold, lonely, dismal grave :
Behind them was their sunny Spain,
Before them the mysterious main
Peopled with terrors. The strong ties
Of home—hearth—kindred—filled their eyes
To overflowing. Hope effaced,
On the men's visages I traced—
The living stream, the iron cheek
From the pent lids at length did seek,
And wetted, though for many a year
Till now, unconscious of a tear.
Danger in flesh they still had braved,
Nor quivered, but their minds enslaved,
Nor quivered, but their minds enslaved,
Saw phantoms they could not control,
Which held in awe each trembling soul.
I still consoled them with such cheer
As from man's heart may banish fear,
Painted the glories of the land
Upon whose shore our pious should stand,
The wealth that each would share, then bade
Their spirits be no more dismayed.

" I had given orders to each bark,
That sailed in company, to mark,
Should accident divide us, when
Seven hundred leagues were passed, and then
They should lie to from dead midnight
Till morning's dawn ; for land in sight
About that distance must appear.
For mine own part the craven fear
Of mine own crew induced a cheat,
(The time's sad exigence to meet,)
I put upon them. Every day,
From the ship's log I took away,
Some leagues achieved. A true record
I still kept privately on board.
I felt my project on a hair
Might split, and that my utmost care
Must sleepless watch, lest the bright goal
Should be debarred my anxious soul.

" I watched for hours incessantly ;
Sleep, the rest needed, seemed to me
Almost superfluous—I've read
Of Hindoo votaries, who've led
A life of torture, that has mocked
Nature's strong laws, our reason shocked
In its belief—* of those whose eye
Has braved the sun's intensity,
Nor blighted—of long vigils kept,
That seem beyond endurance—slept,
Has my unbelief. The mind,
In its intensity confined
To some fixed object, for a time
Does triumph over nature. Mine
Has triumphed ! In the lengthened night,
When terror has forgot its fright,
And the tired mariner, in mind,
Has wandered to the friends behind
Sorrowing he's left, and the dark seas
Have vanished for the orange trees

* We read of this species of religious self torture among the Hindoos, and our own talented coun-
tryman, Catlin, bears testimony to similar tortures endured by the Mandans and other Indian tribes.

Midst which, a boy, he wandered—when
 In spirit he is there again,
 And their sweet breath his fancy steeps
 In joyous pleasure, as he sleeps—
 When on the deck the watch alone
 Hath kept his vigils with my own ;
 Still have I stood and in the skies
 Fancied some star my enterprise
 Might shine upon with holy light,
 To guard it through the sleepy night.

“The stars! the glorious stars! heaven's book,
 I ne'er could on its bright page look,
 Nor feel my soul exalted. They,
 As bright ministers, have seemed to say,
 Peeping from heaven's blue vault, 'behold
 He in his own right hand doth hold
 Our glories, and he bids us shine
 Upon this troubled world of thine ;
 He who to darkness thus gives light,
 Is with thee, in the silent night,
 And he can guide through perils drear ;
 Confide in the supreme, nor fear.' ”

“Ye midnight monitors! Ye bright
 Beatitudes! Ye clothed in light!
 Incomprehensible! Sublime!
 Voicelessly eloquent! 'Tis thine,
 From the desires with which is fraught
 Our earthly heart, to lift the thought,
 And to the other of thy sway,
 To lift the spirit from the clay
 That hems it in, and bid it roam
 In fancy to the far off home
 Beyond thy lustre. My rapt soul,
 Lifted by thine divine control,
 Has all forgotten, for a space,
 Its transient fleshy resting place,
 And panted for the glorious sphere
 From which it deems 'tis banished here ;
 The happy home—the bright abode
 Of spirits blessed—enshrined with God.

“Three days from Ferro, floated past
 The ruins of a stately mast ;
 With their own terrors deep imbued,
 Sadly the wreck the sailors viewed,
 It was the dark destroyer's spoil,
 In their own planks might shortly coil.

“Two hundred leagues from Ferro's isle,*
 Five days from land, watching the while,
 I noted a phenomenon
 Not marked before. As we sailed on
 The needle varied. Day, by day,
 As we advanced, some points away
 From the north star it veered. I knew
 If 'twas proclaimed, the timid crew
 Would stand appalled. But, vain disguise,
 It met the pilots' searching eyes,

They were dismayed; they deemed the laws
 Of nature changing from some cause
 Unknown; as if the influence
 Of a New World, the incompetence
 Of the old science made appear:
 But their most terror-stricken fear,
 Was that the compass' virtues lost,
 Without its guide they would be toss'd
 At mercy of the winds and waves
 Till in the deep they found their graves.
 I told them then, and since believe
 That the true steel does never leave
 The point unknown, invisible,
 To which it holds. But that right well
 'Twas known, the north star had its change
 And revolution, and did range
 In circle round the pole each day,
 They were content—their fears gave way.

“On the sixth day, two land birds flew
 About the ship, and cheered the crew
 With happy omen. The next night
 A falling meteor, bathed in light,
 Renewed their terrors. It might be
 That in this unknown, dreaded sea,
 The fragments of each by-gone world
 Consumed by heaven in wrath, were hurled;
 And, therefore, yet had no one durst
 Trespass upon a spot accursed.
 There was no wild or strange conceit
 Their terrors did not jump to meet.

“The favoring winds for some days blew
 From east to west. Our vessel flew,
 With all its wings expanded, on ;
 Thus of our voyage leagues we won.
 If any thing the hearts could cheer
 Of men were paralysed with fear.
 This was the time. The atmosphere
 Was in its sunny glories clear,
 The air was fresh'ning, yet not cool ;
 The mornings brightly beautiful,
 As Andalusian spring time—all
 Was wanting to complete the thrall
 Was the sweet song of nightingale,
 In that bright land floats on the gale :
 At eventide, to mind was brought,
 The miracle the Saviour wrought.
 The sea in ruby tints did shine,
 And seemed the waters turned to wine.

“As we advanced, the waters bore
 Patches of weeds, such as of yore,
 As Aristotle writes, did fright
 The ancient mariners. Our sight
 They blessed, for many recently
 Washed from the land appeared to be.
 The men exulted—every eye
 For wished-for land strained anxiously ;

† That is not five days from Palos, but from Ferro. The dates are henceforth taken from Ferro, the last extremity of land of the old world. The vessels at this time had been from Palos forty-one days.

The clouds, upon the horizon hung
To north, looked land, and every tongue
Urged me to steer there, but I knew
These were illusions, such as few
But those well skilled might not believe,
But those well skilled could not deceive ;
A fairy land, by fancy made,
Approached, as airy dreams would fade
A fond delusive witchery—
The ignis fatuus of the sea.

“ Again the waters clear expanse
Met the inquiring sailor’s glance :
No sight of land, and day by day
Large tracts of ocean passed away
Far in their wake. As on they sailed
O’er the vast blank, their spirits quailed.
Already they had voyaged o’er
Seas that had no’er been trod before,
And on—on—on—appeared to be
The waters of a boundless sea.

“ A new fear rose, and instant spread
In the men’s hearts an added dread ;
The favoring wind which still had blown
From east to west, the only one
Might be, that o’er these waters swept !
In the men’s cheeks the horror crept
Of such a thought, which to their Spain
Barred their return. I strove again
To cheat their fears with reason’s breath,
From this more dread than daily death.
On the twelfth day, the swift wind veered,
And though adverse, the sailors cheered.

“ At this time singing birds, are found
In groves and orchards, flew around
The ship. They came with morning’s light,
And flew away again at night.
Their notes bade hope dawn yet again
In the cowed bosoms of the men ;
Who hailed the song as harbinger
Of land, they deemed must now be near.
I hailed the song as voice from heaven,
To cheer their fainting spirits given,
And never yet was minstrelsy
So dear to them—so dear to me.

“ The thirteenth day a dead calm fell—
The waters owned no billowy swell ;
And though light winds from south-west blew,
They ruffled not the sea, which grew
Calm as a lake, but covered o’er,
Far as the eyesight could explore,
With thick’ning weeds. The craven men
With fear were paralysed again ;
Some deemed the weeds would cling around
The vessel, until it was bound
In lasting fetters, even as those
Within the frozen ocean close
Round the devoted bark, and lie
Till the doomed inmates starve and die :
Others conceived the horrid fear
That shoals and sunken rocks were near,

On which the ship would strike and stay
Until it rotted to decay,
Piecemeal, within a wilderness
Of waters, mocking their distress.
They hoped not aid from human hand,
Nor to escape to foreign land.
In every point they viewed the case,
Death grimly stared them in the face.
Death swift or slow—death, horrible
Death—death incontrovertible ;
I sounded with the lead, but found
No bottom, still their fears had bound
Them in such rank disease of mind,
Despair was ever there enshrined.
The constant calms, they said, would keep
Them ever on the shoreless deep.
Their murmurs rose. Their rage bespoke
The gathering storm, which had it broke
Had fallen on my head. At last,
The seventeenth day, the sea upcast
In heavy swell, again dispelled
The fear, till then their reason quelled.

“ A holy calm fell on my soul,
Which hence mocked even doubt’s control ;
No natural cause—no storm, no wind,
Heaved up the waters, calm, confined—
It was His voice which worked the spell
Performed the Red Sea’s miracle :
Even as to Moses, so to me
In this my sad extremity,
Heaven in its might appeared. I felt
His presence, and my spirit knelt
In grateful trust. As low I bent
I felt myself His instrument.

“ Oh, the bless’d power, to look beyond
The present hour ! With rapture fond
Fell strength in weakness by the aid
Will in our need not be delayed :
Dangers may threaten—storms may rise,
Darkness may steal upon our eyes,
Terrors surround us, and grim death
Seem as enamoured of our breath,
Still we are calm. These do but seem
And fade like horrors of a dream.
Need had I of this faith—my crew
Ere this, still more impatient grew,
My hope failed to convince them. They
Were plunged in yet a new dismay,
Should the provisions fail ! Each eye
Told that the thought worked fearfully.

“ One night, when they supposed I slept,
The crew a solemn council kept ;
My thoughts were picturing the fame
Of earned success, when mine own name
Of uttered from the future, brought
At once my anxious wandering thought.
‘ A scheming desperado,’ cried
The speaker, ‘ and we’re all allied
To one who, having naught to lose,
And all to gain, cannot but choose

To urge us on. He values not
 His life in this assay one jot
 That he has staked on the bare chance,
 Success his interests may advance.
 If his own life were all, 'twere well;
 His folly then might ring his knell,
 And his ambition meet that death
 Which desperate deeds encompasseth.
 But 'tis not all. In the same mould
 Our lives are cast, if still we hold
 On to his will. The moaning wave
 That sings his requiem is our grave;
 And we obeying madness' breath,
 Are authors of our every death.
 Shall we press onward then, or force
 This madman from his insane course?
 You do not fear his voice in Spain?
 'Tis impotent as on the main
 'Tis mighty. He has neither friends
 Nor interest to make amends
 For foreign birth. No Genoese
 Against Spain's sons may war when these
 Have done what ne'er was done before;
 And leagues and leagues have travelled o'er
 Seas where no flag has fluttered. Spain
 Will welcome us to land again,
 (Our darling land,) our wisdom own;
 Which life from recklessness hath won:
 And there are those of high estate
 Whose hearts would be with joy elate
 To find the visionary's scheme
 Unto the world proclaimed the dream
 It is. Then let us now compel
 A course for home, beloved so well,
 And all obedience firmly spurn
 To our own land bars our return.'

“ ‘We will! we will!’ they cried. One said,
 ‘His blood let be on his own head
 If he refuse. Let the dark sea
 The visionary's cradle be,
 And let him find upon its bed
 The grave in quest of which he's led
 So many gallant hearts to death,
 Perhaps, with his accursed breath.
 We can give out that, too intent
 Reading the stars, a ship's lurch sent
 Him in the billows from aid's reach,
 And who our statement should impeach!’
 This black and bloody plan proposed,
 Was by no single voice opposed.

“ I turned away—my pallet press'd,
 And sank into as sweet a rest
 As love itself may fondly own
 When dreaming of a passion won.
 For ere upon my couch I laid,
 My heart in fond assurance said:—
 ‘Thou who dost mark a sparrow's death,
 Didst give and canst redeem my breath;
 No power of man can circumvent
 Thy own inscrutable intent:
 No earthly threat my soul can shake,
 My life is thine, not theirs to take.’

“ There came with the miraculous swell
 Favoring winds—I knew full well
 That if my theory was true,
 Land shortly must appear in view.
 Martin Alonzo Pinzon, too,
 Thought, with myself, that our course drew
 Nigh to Cipango. As I porcd
 Upon my chart, our site explored,
 A joyous shout the Pinta sent,
 The stilly silence fiercely rent—
 ‘Land! land!’ Martin Alonzo cried,
 ‘Land! land!’ was echoed far and wide.
 'Twas land appeared, and every eye
 Hailed the blessed vision rapturously;
 Joy sat where joy for many a day
 Had been a stranger. Hope's glad ray
 Beamed on each dusky countenance,
 And banished gloom with such bright glance
 As sunbeams on the cold dark earth
 With golden lustre call to birth.
 Upon my knees I fell, and poured
 My grateful thanks to the adored;
Gloria in excelsis rose
 From Pinzon's bark, and at the close
 My own glad crew the heavenly strain
 Poured forth in rapture yet again.

“ The seamen, mad'dened with delight,
 Clomb the mast-head, and thence the sight
 Confirmed. All now was ecstasy:
 They laughed, embraced, and wept to see
 Land which they'd longed, hoped, prayed for,
 bless
 Them in the depth of their distress.
 Each eye strained tow'rds it, 'till night's shroud
 Gathered it in its sable cloud;
 The morning dawned, our rapture fled,
 The land—a mist—in vapour sped.

“ From this time signs of land upheld
 The hearts had else with terror quelled;
 But hope on hope was prostrate cast,
 Till signs infallible at last
 Were deemed delusions—mockery all—
 As if enchantment worked this thrall
 Which placed the nectar to the lip
 Forbidding it the juice to sip—
 And bade the thought Elysium mark,
 To paint a hell more stern and dark.

“ And now the whispering discontent,
 Like muttering thunder, found full vent,
 And burst with fury on my head.
 ‘No more they'd tempt their fate,’ they said,
 ‘In travelling on a shoreless sea,
 The waters of eternity.’
 Fiercely they bade me, one and all,
 Find swift deliverance from this thrall,
 And leave a vain delusive track
 Ere 'twas too late, and bear them back.

“ I strove by gentle words, by prayers,
 Promise of wealth that should be theirs,
 With nine-tenths of their voyage won
 Not to abandon, ere 'twas done,

This glorious venture. I went o'er
 All they'd endured since their home-shore
 Faded behind them; and I asked
 Was it in vain that they had tasked
 Endurance thus? and answered No!
 A bright reward its rays would throw
 Around their brows, and such bright fame
 Should gild the lustre of each name
 Of us adventurers, that no light
 More glorious should grace men's sight:
 But if with wild insanity
 They turned from the discovery,
 Now just consummate, all the past,
 Courage, endurance, would be cast
 Into oblivion, while the ray
 Of our attempt should light the way
 For other hearts, less bound by fear,
 And all the glory men hold dear,
 Precious, and lasting, they would tear
 From ours, on their own brows to wear.
 It was in vain, the clamorous crew
 More maddened and impatient grew.

"I urged no more—I prayed no more,
 But by the duty which each bore
 His Sovereign's will, I did *command*
 In their obedience each should stand,
 Nor mock Spain's will. And more that I
 Commissioned for discovery
 Of India's coast, would not turn back
 With craven fear on homeward track,
 Let come what might of their intent
 To mutiny and circumvent
 The cause, 'till by God's will I'd found
 The shores for which our barks were bound.

"They drew apart, and whispered low;
 I stood alone, and eyed them so
 And feared them not. Though from each eye
 Of this now open mutiny
 Glared murderous thoughts, which did but wait
 To grow familiar—my estate
 With all my golden hopes to cast
 For ever in the silent past.
 'Twas strange, I hardly cared to live,
 I felt that man awhile might give
 Th' ambitious schemer's scound name
 To cold contempt, or deeper shame;
 But well I knew posterity,
 From the black pitch in which might lie
 My memory, would wash it white,
 And bathe it in truth's chrystal light.

"The following day such signs of land
 Appeared as all could understand;
 A branch, whereon fresh berries grew,
 A reed, a small board, came in view,
 And, above all, a staff carved by
 Some unknown means, most curiously,
 Banished all gloom. The mutineers
 Sent to the winds their long nursed fears.

"Again, as usual, at day's close
Salve Regina to heaven rose.
 Then I addressed the sobered crew,

And all God's goodness brought to view;
 How he had brought them o'er a sea
 Where no rude wind coursed furiously,
 But gentle favoring breezes blew
 That to the destined land still drew
 Their barks, and when their fears arose
 Did in his might such signs disclose
 As cheered them on. I bade them trust
 From this the eternal and all just.

"I bade each vessel now lie by
 From midnight, till the eastern sky
 Was tinged with morning's dawn. Its light
 I deemed would bring us land in sight.
 I bade a good look-out be kept—
 'Twas needed not, none that night slept.

"Evening closed in. Once more with night
 The mask that dressed my face in light
 Dropped from it. The anxiety
 That racked my soul shone in my eye.
 I knew the morning light must bring
 Ruin or fame upon its wing;
 And though I felt I'd rather die
 Than yield to terror slavishly,
 Yet still the fervent hope was mine
 To live to see the great design
 Had been my study day and night
 Accomplished to the world's broad sight.

"Night! how I loved thee! Thou to me
 Companion wert when none but thee
 Owned fellowship. I never dressed
 My face in smiles, when ill at rest,
 To gaze on thee, but, as a child,
 Mirror'd each passion that beguiled
 The passing hour. Thou blessed night!
 Which giv'st the wretched brief respite.
 By me wert worshipped, for the balm
 I ever drank from thy sweet calm;
 Which thou, as loving my devotion,
 Didst give to quiet each emotion
 Of the vex'd heart, which fretful day
 With feverish force had called in play.

"I strained my eye over the vast
 Expanse of waters. There was cast
 No shadow on the far off sky;
 My feverish fears could now belie
 Doubts, hopes, emotions, troop on troop
 Marshalled before me, as a loop
 Was opened in my brain—for these
 Wild and fantastic phantasies
 Had peopled it, since I had caught
 First dawning of the glorious thought.
 But still no land—all phantasy!
 No sweet fond bright reality.

"Suddenly, as to mock my sight,
 Dancing afar, a glimmering light
 Appeared—I gazed most anxiously,
 Fearing it but a mockery
 The o'erwrought sense had raised. Yet still
 It danced before me palpable.

I closed my eye, yet almost feared
 To shut the light out that so cheered
 My soul. Again I raised my eye,
 No—it was there—no mockery—
 A faint clear glimmering light—the star
 Of Bethlem to my hopes, which far
 Pointed the haven. Ah, pigmy fire!
 No new found star could e'er inspire
 The wrapt astronomer of night
 With such wild, fervent, fond delight,
 As thy pale flickering beam—the sun
 Proclaimed my wondrous voyage done.
 'Tis circumstance which gives the glory
 To trifling things renowned in story:
 A glove a moment's space hath staid
 Upon the fingers of a maid—
 A flower, has lingered on her breast—
 A leaf, her rosy lips have pressed,
 Is to the lover costlier, more
 Dearer, and nobler than the store
 The miser doats on—so that light
 Was to my heart than sun more bright.
 Two gentlemen to where I stood*
 I called. The self same light they viewed,
 And deemed it torch in fisher's boat,
 Upon the rippling waves afloat.
 In four hours more the Pinta's gun
 Assurance gave that land was won,
 It was, and I had lived to see
 The truth of my fond theory.

"It was a moment when my soul
 Seemed as 'twould burst its bonds' control,

And mount into the starry sky
 In bliss of too vast ecstasy
 For earthly bearing. Since that time
 Far spreading honors have been mine;
 But not the joyous shout of Spain
 That welcomed me with such acclaim
 As mocked the pealing thunder's voice—
 Not when a nation did rejoice—
 Nor sovereigns hailed me as if I
 Had lent their sceptre dignity
 And been their brother—no; nor when
 Proud Salamanca's learned men
 Who had despised my theory,
 Dowed low to my discovery—
 Not then has been my swelling breast
 With such wild ecstasy possessed
 As stirred it now. It could not bear
 Again such God-like bliss to wear.
 Then was the immortality
 Of ages manifest to me,
 And each with honor swelled my name
 "Till all the earth echoed my fame.

"I do but mock my feelings then
 Striving to give them breath. But when
 Expression can be given to thought
 Swiftly as in swift fancy wrought,
 When utterance can brightly cast
 The future, present, and the past,
 In words shall own as brief a space
 As come the emotions they would trace,
 Then could the feelings lie expressed
 Which now lie buried in my breast."

* These were Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segoria.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

THE WARFARE OF THE CLOUDS.

BY A SOUTHRON, WILMINGTON, N. C.

A NIGHT of darkness—roars the moaning breeze,
 Like some fell demon, tortured to despair,
 Or storm-king wheeling through the lurid air,
 And sighing sadly with the groaning trees:
 Palled in dark vapor, is the glorious sky,
 And hid in gloom is every beaming star;
 See the dim clouds, careering from afar,
 And floating o'er the azure fields on high,
 And fast, and thick, the pattering rain drops fall,
 And the loud tempest roars with wildest glee,
 Clouds, misty wanderers, wreath an ebon pall,
 And storm, and darkness, hold their revelry—
 Oh! night! thou hast thy stern and dreariest form
 When reigns supreme the daring spirit of the storm!

THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS RODMAN.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PASSAGE ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF NORTH AMERICA EVER ACHIEVED BY CIVILIZED MAN.

CHAPTER IV.

[WE left our travellers, on the fifth of September, apprehending a present attack from the Sioux. Exaggerated accounts of the ferocity of this tribe had inspired the party with an earnest wish to avoid them; but the tale told by the friendly Ponca made it evident that a collision must take place. The night voyages were therefore abandoned as impolitic, and it was resolved to put a bold face upon the matter, and try what could be effected by blustering. The remainder of the night of the fifth was spent in warlike demonstration. The large boat was cleared for action as well as possible, and the fiercest aspect assumed which the nature of the case would permit. Among other preparations for defence, the cannon was got out from below, and placed forward upon the cuddy deck, with a load of bullets, by way of cannister shot. Just before sunrise the adventurers started up the river in high bravado, aided by a heavy wind. That the enemy might perceive no semblance of fear or mistrust, the whole party joined the Canadians in an uproarious boat song at the top of their voices, making the woods reverberate, and the buffaloes stare.

The Sioux, indeed, appear to have been Mr. Rodman's bugbears *par excellence*, and he dwells upon them and their exploits with peculiar emphasis. The narrative embodies a detailed account of the tribe—an account which we can only follow in such portions as appear to possess novelty, or other important interest. *Sioux* is the French term for the Indians in question—the English have corrupted it into *Sues*. Their primitive name is said to be *Darcotas*. Their original seats were on the Mississippi, but they had gradually extended their dominions, and, at the date of the Journal, occupied almost the whole of that vast territory circumscribed by the Mississippi, the Saskatchewan, the Missouri, and the Red River of Lake Winnipeg. They were sub-divided into numerous clans. The *Darcotas* proper were the *Winowacants*, called the *Gens du Lac* by the French—consisting of about five hundred warriors, and living on both sides of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of the Falls of St. Anthony. Neighbors of the *Winowacants*, and residing north of them on the river *St. Peters*, were the *Wappatomies*, about two hundred men. Still farther up the *St. Peters* lived a band of one hundred, called the *Wappytooties*, among themselves, and by the French the *Gens des Feuilles*. Higher up the river yet, and near its source, resided the *Sissytoonies*, in number two hundred or thereabouts. On the Missouri dwelt the *Yanktons* and the *Tetons*. Of the first tribe there were two branches, the northern and southern, of which the former led an Arab life in the plains at the sources of the Red, Sioux, and Jacques rivers, being in number about five hundred. The southern branch kept possession of the tract lying between the river *Des Moines* on the one hand, and the rivers *Jacques* and *Sioux* on the other. But the Sioux most renowned for deeds of violence are the *Tetons*; and of these there were four tribes—the *Saonies*, the *Minnakenozzies*, the *Okydandies*, and the *Bois-Brulés*. These last, a body of whom were now lying in wait to intercept the voyagers, were the most savage and formidable of the whole race, numbering about two hundred men, and residing on both sides of the Missouri near the rivers called by Captains *Lewis* and *Clarke*, the *White* and *Teton*. Just below the *Chayenne* river were the *Okydandies*, one hundred and fifty. The *Minnackenozzies*—two hundred and fifty—occupied a tract between the *Chayenne* and the *Waterhoo*; and the *Saonies*, the largest of the *Teton* bands, counting as many as three hundred warriors, were found in the vicinity of the *Warreconne*.

Besides these four divisions—the regular Sioux—there were five tribes of seceders called *Assiniboins*; the *Menatopæ Assiniboins*, two hundred, on *Mouse* river, between the *Assiniboin* and the *Missouri*; the *Gens de Feuilles Assiniboins*, two hundred and fifty, occupying both sides of *White* river; the *Big Devils*, four hundred and fifty, wandering about the heads of *Porcupine* and *Milk* rivers; with two other bands whose names are not mentioned, but who roved on the *Saskatchewan* and numbered together, about seven hundred men. These seceders were often at war with the parent or original Sioux.

In person, the Sioux generally are an ugly ill-made race, their limbs being much too small for the trunk, according to our ideas of the human form—their cheek bones are high, and their eyes protruding and dull. The heads of the men are shaved, with the exception of a small spot on the crown, whence a long tuft is permitted to fall in plaits upon the shoulders; this tuft is an object of scrupulous care, but is now and then cut off, upon an occasion of grief or solemnity. A full dressed Sioux

chief presents a striking appearance. The whole surface of the body is painted with grease and coal. A shirt of skins is worn as far down as the waist, while round the middle is a girdle of the same material, and sometimes of cloth, about an inch in width; this supports a piece of blanket or fur passing between the thighs. Over the shoulders is a white-dressed buffalo mantle, the hair of which is worn next the skin in fair weather, but turned outwards in wet. This robe is large enough to envelop the whole body, and is frequently ornamented with porcupine quills (which make a rattling noise as the warrior moves) as well as with a great variety of rudely painted figures, emblematical of the wearer's military character. Fastened to the top of the head is worn a hawk's feather, adorned with porcupine quills. Leggings of dressed antelope skin serve the purpose of pantaloons, and have seams at the sides, about two inches wide, and bespotted here and there with small tufts of human hair, the trophies of some scalping excursion. The moccasins are of elk or buffalo skin, the hair worn inwards; on great occasions the chief is seen with the skin of a polecat dangling at the heel of each boot. The Sioux are indeed partial to this noisome animal; whose fur is in high favor for tobacco-pouches and other appendages.

The dress of a chieftain's squaw is also remarkable. Her hair is suffered to grow long, is parted across the forehead, and hangs loosely behind, or is collected into a kind of net. Her moccasins do not differ from her husband's; but her leggings extend upwards only as far as the knee, where they are met by an awkward shirt of elk-skin depending to the ankles, and supported above by a string going over the shoulders. This shirt is usually confined to the waist by a girdle, and over all is thrown a buffalo mantle like that of the men. The tents of the Teton Sioux are described as of neat construction, being formed of white-dressed buffalo hide, well secured and supported by poles.

The region infested by the tribe in question extends along the banks of the Missouri for some hundred and fifty miles or more, and is chiefly prairie land, but is occasionally diversified by hills. These latter are always deeply cut by gorges or ravines, which in the middle of summer are dry, but form the channels of muddy and impetuous torrents during the season of rain. Their edges are fringed with thick woods, as well at top, as at bottom; but the prevalent aspect of the country is that of a bleak low land, with rank herbage, and without trees. The soil is strongly impregnated with mineral substances in great variety—among others with glauber salts, copperas, sulphur, and alum, which tinge the water of the river and impart to it a nauseous odor and taste. The wild animals most usual are the buffalo, deer, elk, and antelope. We again resume the words of the Journal.]

September 6. The country was open, and the day remarkably pleasant: so that we were all in pretty good spirits notwithstanding the expectation of attack. So far, we had not caught even a glimpse of an Indian, and we were making rapid way through their dreaded territory. I was too well aware, however, of the savage tactics to suppose that we were not narrowly watched, and had made up my mind that we should hear something of the Teton at the first gorge which would afford them a convenient lurking-place.

About noon a Canadian bawled out "The Sioux!—the Sioux!"—and directed attention to a long narrow ravine, which intersected the prairie on our left, extending from the banks of the Missouri as far as the eye could reach, in a southwardly course. This gully was the bed of a creek, but its waters were now low, and the sides rose up like huge regular walls on each side. By the aid of a spy-glass I perceived at once the cause of the alarm given by the voyageur. A large party of mounted savages were coming down the gorge in Indian file, with the evident intention of taking us unawares. Their calumet feathers had been the means of their detection; for every now and then we could see some of these bobbing up above the edge of the gully, as the bed of the ravine forced the wearer to rise higher than usual. We could tell that they were on horseback by the motion of these feathers. The party was coming upon us with great rapidity; and I gave the word to pull on with all haste so as to pass the mouth of the creek before they reached it. As soon as the Indians perceived by our increased speed that they were discovered, they immediately raised a yell, scrambled out of the gorge, and galloped down upon us, to the number of about one hundred.

Our situation was now somewhat alarming. At almost any other part of the Missouri which we had passed during the day, I should not have cared so much for these freebooters; but, just here, the banks were remarkably steep and high, partaking of the character of the creek banks, and the savages were enabled to overlook us completely, while the cannon, upon which we had placed so much reliance, could not be brought to bear upon them at all. What added to our difficulty was that the current in the middle of the river was so turbulent and strong that we could make no headway against it except by dropping arms, and employing our whole force at the oars. The water near the northern shore was too shallow even for the piroque, and our only mode of proceeding, if we designed to proceed at all, was by pushing in within a moderate stone's throw of the left or southern bank, where we were completely at the mercy of the Sioux, but where we could make good headway by means of our poles and the wind, aided by the eddy. Had the savages attacked us at this juncture I cannot see how we could have escaped them. They were all well provided with bows and arrows, and small round shields, presenting a very noble and picturesque appearance. Some of the chiefs had spears, with fanciful flags attached, and were really gallant-looking men. The portrait here annexed is that of the commander-in-chief of the party which now interrupted us, and was sketched by Thornton, at a subsequent period.



Either good luck upon our own parts, or great stupidity on the parts of the Indians, relieved us very unexpectedly from the dilemma. The savages, having galloped up to the edge of the cliff just above us, set up another yell, and commenced a variety of gesticulations, whose meaning we at once knew to be that we should stop and come on shore. I had expected this demand, and had made up my mind that it would be most prudent to pay no attention to it at all, but proceed on our course. My refusal to stop had at least one good effect, for it appeared to mystify the Indians most wonderfully, who could not be brought to understand the measure in the least, and stared at us, as we kept on our way without answering them, in the most ludicrous amazement. Presently they commenced an agitated conversation among themselves, and at last finding that nothing could be made of us, fairly turned their horses' heads to the southward and galloped out of sight, leaving us as much surprised as rejoiced at their departure.

In the meantime we made the most of the opportunity, and pushed on with might and main, in order to get out of the region of steep banks before the anticipated return of our foes. In about two hours we again saw them in the south, at a great distance, and their number much augmented. They came on at full gallop, and were soon at the river; but our position was now much more advantageous, for the banks were sloping, and there were no trees to shelter the savages from our shot. The current, moreover, was not so rapid as before, and we were enabled to keep in mid-channel. The party, it seems, had only retreated to procure an interpreter, who now appeared upon a large gray horse, and, coming into the river as far as he could without swimming, called out to us in bad French to stop, and come on shore. To this I made one of the Canadians reply that, to oblige our friends the Sioux, we would willingly stop, for a short time, and converse, but that it was inconvenient for us to come on shore, as we could not do so without incommoding our great medicine (here the Canadian pointed to the cannon) who was anxious to proceed on his voyage, and whom we were afraid to disobey.

At this they began again their agitated whisperings and gesticulations among themselves, and seemed quite at a loss what to do. In the meantime the boats had been brought to anchor in a favorable position, and I was resolved to fight now, if necessary, and endeavor to give the frebooters so warm a reception as would inspire them with wholesome dread for the future. I reflected that it was nearly impossible to keep on good terms with these Sioux, who were our enemies at heart, and who could only be restrained from pillaging and murdering us by a conviction of our prowess. Should we comply with their present demands, go on shore, and even succeed in purchasing a temporary safety by concessions and donations, such conduct would not avail us in the end, and would be rather a palliation than a radical cure of the evil. They would be sure to glut their vengeance sooner or later, and, if they suffered us to go on our way now, might hereafter attack us at a disadvantage, when it might be as much as we could do to repel them, to say nothing of inspiring them with awe. Situated as we were here, it was in our power to give them a lesson they would be apt to remember; and we might never be in so good a situation again. Thinking thus, and all except the Canadians agreeing with me in opinion, I determined to assume a bold stand, and rather provoke hostilities than avoid them. This was our true policy. The savages had no fire arms which we could discover, except an old carabine carried by one of the chiefs; and their arrows would not prove very effective weapons when employed at so great a distance as that now between us. In regard to their number, we did not care much for that. Their position was one which would expose them to the full sweep of our cannon.

When Jules (the Canadian) had finished his speech about incommoding our great medicine, and when the consequent agitation had somewhat subsided among the savages, the interpreter spoke again and propounded three queries. He wished to know, first, whether we had any tobacco, or whiskey, or fire-guns—secondly, whether we did not wish the aid of the Sioux in rowing our large boat up the Missouri as far as the country of the Ricareca, who were great rascals—and, thirdly, whether our great medicine was not a very large and strong green grass-hopper.

To these questions, propounded with profound gravity, Jules replied, by my directions, as follows. First, that we had plenty of whiskey, as well as tobacco, with an inexhaustible supply of fire-guns and powder—but that our great medicine had just told us that the Tetons were greater rascals than the Ricarees—that they were our enemies—that they had been lying in wait to intercept and kill us for many days past—that we must give them nothing at all, and hold no intercourse with them whatever; we should therefore be afraid to give them anything, even if so disposed, for fear of the anger of the great medicine, who was not to be trifled with. Secondly, that, after the character just given the Sioux Tetons, we could not think of employing them to row our boat—and, thirdly, that it was a good thing for them (the Sioux) that our great medicine had not overheard their last query, respecting the “large green grasshopper;” for, in that case, it might have gone very hard with them (the Sioux). Our great medicine was anything but a large green grasshopper, and *that* they should soon see, to their cost, if they did not immediately go, the whole of them, about their business.

Notwithstanding the imminent danger in which we were all placed, we could scarcely keep our countenances in beholding the air of profound admiration and astonishment with which the savages listened to these replies; and I believe that they would have immediately dispersed, and left us to proceed on our voyage, had it not been for the unfortunate words in which I informed them that they were greater rascals than the Ricarees. This was, apparently, an insult of the last atrocity, and excited them to an uncontrollable degree of fury. We heard the words “Ricaree! Ricaree!” repeated, every now and then, with the utmost emphasis and excitement; and the whole band, as well as we could judge, seemed to be divided into two factions; the one urging the immense power of the great medicine, and the other the outrageous insult of being called greater rascals than the Ricarees. While matters stood thus, we retained our position in the middle of the stream, firmly resolved to give the villains a dose of our cannister-shot, upon the first indignity which should be offered us.

Presently, the interpreter on the gray horse came again into the river, and said that he believed we were no better than we should be—that all the pale faces who had previously gone up the river had been friends of the Sioux, and had made them large presents—that they, the Tetons, were determined not to let us proceed another step unless we came on shore and gave up all our fire-guns and whiskey, with half of our tobacco—that it was plain we were allies of the Ricarees, (who were now at war with the Sioux,) and that our design was to carry them supplies, which we should not do—lastly, that they did not think very much of our great medicine, for he had told us a lie in relation to the designs of the Tetons, and was positively nothing but a great green grasshopper, in spite of all that we thought to the contrary. These latter words, about the great green grasshopper, were taken up by the whole assemblage as the interpreter uttered them, and shouted out at the top of the voice, that the great medicine himself might be sure to hear the taunt. At the same time, they all broke into wild disorder, galloping their horses furiously in short circles, using contemptuous and indecent gesticulations, brandishing their spears, and drawing their arrows to the head.

I knew that the next thing would be an attack, and so determined to anticipate it at once, before any of our party were wounded by the discharge of their weapons—there was nothing to be gained by delay, and every thing by prompt and resolute action. As soon as a good opportunity presented itself, the word was given to fire, and instantly obeyed. The effect of the discharge was very severe, and answered all our purposes to the full. Six of the Indians were killed, and perhaps three times as many badly wounded. The rest were thrown into the greatest terror and confusion, and made off into the prairie at full speed, as we drew up our anchors, after reloading the gun, and pulled boldly in for the shore. By the time we had reached it, there was not an unwounded Teton within sight.

I now left John Greely, with three Canadians, in charge of the boats, landed with the rest of the men, and, approaching a savage who was severely but not dangerously wounded, held a conversation with him, by means of Jules. I told him that the whites were well disposed to the Sioux, and to all the Indian nations; that our sole object in visiting his country was to trap beaver, and see the beautiful region which had been given the red men by the Great Spirit; that when we had procured as many furs as we wished, and seen all we came to see, we should return home: that we had heard that the Sioux, and especially the Tetons, were a quarrelsome race, and that therefore we had brought with us our great medicine for protection; that he was now much exasperated with the Tetons on account of their intolerable insult in calling him a green grasshopper (which he was not); that I had had great difficulty in restraining him from a pursuit of the warriors who had fled, and from sacrificing the wounded who now lay around us; and that I had only succeeded in pacifying him by becoming personally responsible for the future good behavior of the savages. At this portion of my discourse the poor fellow appeared much relieved, and extended his hand in token of amity. I took it, and assured him and his friends of my protection as long as we were unmolested, following up this promise by a present of twenty carrots of tobacco, some small hardware, beads, and red flannel, for himself and the rest of the wounded.

While all this was going on, we kept a sharp look out for the fugitive Sioux. As I concluded making the presents, several gangs of these were observable in the distance, and were evidently seen

by the disabled savage; but I thought it best to pretend not to perceive them, and shortly afterwards returned to the boats. The whole interruption had detained us full three hours, and it was after three o'clock when we once more started on our route. We made extraordinary haste, as I was anxious to get as far as possible from the scene of action before night. We had a strong wind at our back, and the current diminished in strength as we proceeded, owing to the widening of the stream. We therefore made great way, and by nine o'clock, had reached a large and thickly wooded island, near the northern bank, and close by the mouth of a creek. Here we resolved to encamp, and had scarcely set foot on shore, when one of the Greelys shot and secured a fine buffalo, many of which were upon the place. After posting our sentries for the night, we had the hump for supper, with as much whiskey as was good for us. Our exploit of the day was then freely discussed, and by most of the men was treated as an excellent joke; but I could by no means enter into any merriment upon the subject. Human blood had never, before this epoch, been shed at my hands; and although reason urged that I had taken the wisest, and what would no doubt prove in the end the most merciful course, still conscience, refusing to hearken even to reason herself, whispered pertinaciously within my ear—"it is human blood which thou hast shed." The hours wore away slowly—I found it impossible to sleep. At length the morning dawned, and with its fresh dews, its fresher breezes, and smiling flowers, there came a new courage, and a bolder tone of thought, which enabled me to look more steadily upon what had been done, and to regard in its only proper point of view the urgent necessity of the deed.

September 7. Started early, and made great way, with a strong cold wind from the east. Arrived about noon at the upper gorge of what is called the Great Bend, a place where the river performs a circuit of full thirty miles, while by land the direct distance is not more than fifteen hundred yards. Six miles beyond this is a creek about thirty-five yards wide, coming in from the south. The country here is of peculiar character; on each side of the river the shore is strewed thickly with round stones washed from the bluffs, and presenting a remarkable appearance for miles. The channel is very shallow, and much interrupted with sand-bars. Cedar is here met with more frequently than any other species of timber, and the prairies are covered with a stiff kind of prickly pear, over which our men found it no easy matter to walk in their moccasins.

About sunset, in endeavoring to avoid a rapid channel, we had the misfortune to run the larboard side of the large boat on the edge of a sand-bar, which so heeled us over that we were very near getting filled with water, in spite of the greatest exertion. As it was, much damage was done to the loose powder, and the Indian goods were all more or less injured. As soon as we found the boat careening, we all jumped into the water, which was here up to our arm-pits, and by main force held the sinking side up. But we were still in a dilemma, for all our exertions were barely sufficient to keep from capsizing, and we could not spare a man to do any thing towards pushing off. We were relieved, very unexpectedly, by the sinking of the whole sand-bar from under the boat, just as we were upon the point of despair. The bed of the river in this neighborhood is much obstructed by these shifting sands, which frequently change situations with great rapidity, and without apparent cause. The material of the bars is a fine hard yellow sand, which, when dry, is of a brilliant glass-like appearance, and almost impalpable.

September 8. We were still in the heart of the Teton country, and kept a sharp look-out, stopping as seldom as possible, and then only upon the islands, which abounded with game in great variety—buffaloes, elk, deer, goats, black-tailed deer, and antelopes, with plover and brant of many kinds. The goats are uncommonly tame, and have no beard. Fish is not so abundant here as lower down the river. A white wolf was killed by John Greely in a ravine upon one of the smaller islands. Owing to the difficult navigation, and the frequent necessity of employing the tow-line, we did not make great progress this day.

September 9. Weather growing sensibly colder, which made us all anxious of pushing our way through the Sioux country, as it would be highly dangerous to form our winter encampment in their vicinity. We aroused ourselves to exertion, and proceeded rapidly, the Canadians singing and shouting as we went. Now and then we saw, in the extreme distance, a solitary Teton, but no attempt was made to molest us, and we began to gather courage from this circumstance. Made twenty-eight miles during the day, and encamped at night, in high glee, on a large island well stocked with game, and thickly covered with cotton-wood.

[We omit the adventures of Mr. Rodman from this period until the tenth of April. By the last of October, nothing of importance happening in the interval, the party made their way to a small creek which they designated as Otter creek, and, proceeding up this about a mile to an island well adapted for their purpose, built a log fort and took up their quarters for the winter. The location is just above the old Ricara villages. Several parties of these Indians visited the voyagers, and behaved with perfect friendliness—they had heard of the skirmish with the Tetons, the result of which hugely pleased them. No farther trouble was experienced from any of the Sioux. The winter wore away pleasantly, and without accident of note. On the tenth of April the party resumed their voyage.]

ADDITIONAL SKETCHES FROM
THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!—*Camp.*

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

ROAMER of the stormy main—
SCORNER of the hurricane—
RULER of the ocean flood—
CHILD of tempest, fire, and blood—
TERROR of the western tides,
Everlasting IRONSIDES—
Listen on thy distant sea,
Glory strikes her lyre to thee.

THE last sketch of the log of Old Ironsides is finished. It now remains for me to bring her eventful history down to the present hour, and then to leave her to her imperishable glory. Upon the return of Mr. Livingston from France, she went out to the Mediterranean, under the command of Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, as the flag ship of the American squadron in that sea. In 1839, she returned to Norfolk, Va., where she was slightly repaired, and then sent to New York. At New York, she received the Minister of the United States to Mexico; and, under the command of Commodore Claxton, ran down the coast to Tampico. Thence she spread her sails for the western Pacific, where she arrived the same season—and where her flag now floats amid the glories of the setting sun. Her commanders have been brave and lucky men. Her officers have been gallant spirits. Her decks have never been soiled by the foot of a conqueror—nor has her ensign-peak been dishonored by an enemy's flag. Nobly has she fulfilled her youthful promise; gallantly has she withstood that flag whose meteor fold struck terror to the world. Many times has she been in the very jaws of the enemy, and as often has she glided away upon the gentle breath of the morning, with her drums beating, her colors flying, and her cannon frowning upon the astonished foe. Her course has been onward—the ends of the earth have seen her—the isles of the sea have rejoiced at her coming, and the tyrant's minion has dipped his blood-stained flag to her as she swept along on her ocean path, with her old sides echoing to "the anthem of the free."

It is with feelings of deep regret that I am compelled to bid adieu to the subject of my sketches. Long and pleasantly, old ship, have we travelled along in company; now amid the thunder of battle, and now amid the piping of the dreadful tempest; now hanging upon the blood-tinged wave, and now scudding like a flash of lightning along the breakers of a terror-spreading lee. Varied has been thy life—far and wide has spread thy fame—history delights to dwell upon thee, and memory has marked thee for ever. Upon thy anchor, hope, angelic hope, makes her throne; fleetness rides upon thy yard-arm; terror perches upon thy cannon's rim, and victory flies upon thy bugle note.

I see thee still in thy glorious beauty. I see thy star-glittering banner streaming proudly to the wind of heaven. I hear the ripple singing sweetly before, and behold the dark waves closing fearfully behind thee. The sea-eagle perches upon thy top-mast—the sun's last ray of crimson splendor kisses the western billow, night closes her curtains upon the ocean, and thou art hid from view.

Farewell, Old Ironsides.

JESSE ERSKINE DOW.

Washington, March 8, 1840.

A CRITICAL NOTICE OF THE
PICTURE GALLERIES OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY A RECENT VISITER.

THE steps of the young artist have chiefly been directed to the galleries of the south of Europe. It is in them that he has studied the works of the great masters, and gazed upon the matchless productions of the Italian schools. The galleries of the North have as yet been little visited, and their contents are only known to a few. Often, in his pilgrimages, must the artist have heard of the great works which formerly adorned the palaces of the Italian nobles, but which have long since disappeared from their walls. Want of money or want of taste has induced their owners to part with them, and the greater number have found their way into the hands of the potentates or nobility of the North, who have thought to establish a high opinion of their judgment, and to afford a protection to the arts, by purchasing indiscriminately whatsoever, in the shape of a picture, has been offered in the market. It cannot but be expected, that among the vast quantity of trash, and the numerous collections that have been thus transported from Italy, there should be many pictures well worthy of the artist's study, and of established fame. It is to be regretted, however, that many have passed into the possession of noblemen who do not think fit to allow them to be inspected by the public, or into the hands of a monarch who affords little opportunity to the artist to study them. We should not recommend an artist to visit the North of Europe alone for the sake of the arts—he will find little encouragement or facility afforded him for examining or copying pictures.

We propose to offer a few remarks upon the picture galleries of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg, and on the state of the arts in general, in those cities. We will commence with Copenhagen.

The picture gallery of Copenhagen is in the attics of the Royal Palace. The visiter having ascended some five or six pair of dirty back stairs, is ushered into a cold bleak suite of rooms, of decent size, indeed, but in the same primitive state as they were left by the brick-layer. Not a chair, or a piece of furniture of any kind, except an old three legged table, on which lie some half-a-dozen dusty catalogues for sale, contribute to the comfort of the visitors. No doors exclude the cold-giving draughts which whistle through the long line of apartments. The half-painted wood, and half white-washed ceiling, are in perfect harmony. No pale-faced artist bends industriously over his easel undisturbed and unconcerned, long accustomed to the prying curiosity of impertinent visitors. Beware lest your enthusiasm for the fine arts only gets repaid by a thorough good cold! Such is the gallery at Copenhagen. How different from the tribute of Florence, with its red benches and crimson curtains intercepting the strong rays of an Italian sun, and casting a mellow and agreeable light upon the divine works which it contains! How different from those long corridors, thronged with artists of all nations! Having introduced our readers into the precincts of the place, we will proceed to say a few words on its contents.

This gallery is chiefly celebrated for its specimens of the Dutch and Flemish masters, and contains but few fine pictures of the Italian school. The total number of pictures in the collection is one thousand and fifty-two. Jonah preaching to the Ninevites, a large picture, the figures being of the natural size, is perhaps the most remarkable. It is the work of Salvator Rosa, and the painter received eight thousand ducats for it, an enormous sum even for his works. His receipt is still preserved. The prophet stands at the gate of a temple, his hands outstretched, and his countenance full of inspiration. Several old men listen with profound attention and with feelings variously portrayed, to the words of the preacher. A mild tone of coloring, well suited to the dignity of the subject, pervades the picture. Those who may be only acquainted with the gloomy forests and banditti, or the solitary caverns and rocky passes of Salvator Rosa, will in this work see the wonderful power of the man. We shall have occasion to mention another of his productions hereafter, which will tend still more to illustrate the universal genius of those Italian painters, of whom Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci were the great progenitors. A sea piece, by sun-set, of the same artist, is another fine specimen of his powers. We scarcely remember any other picture in the Italian school which deserves any mention. The usual love of discovering illustrious names for pictures is as conspicuous here as in most other European galleries, and the sacred names of Leonardo, Raphael, and Corregio, are very unworthily supported by some singular productions. A St. Francis, by Ribera, displays much of the great force of that master, but is not to be ranked among the best of his works. The Dutch and Flemish schools boast some very fine specimens, and here is the strength of the collection. The landscapes of Albert Everdingen are particularly remarkable. Indeed we never saw a finer specimen of this master than his large view in Norway in this gallery. The torrent dashing over the rocks, the thin mist which hangs over the foaming waters, and the dark pine, are represented with admirable skill and truth to nature. The wild character of the scenes which this painter

loved to portray, and the boldness of his subjects, have justly entitled him to the appellation of the "Northern Salvator Rosa." A landscape at sun-set, with figures by John and Andrew Both, is a wonderful picture, and perhaps the most valuable in the collection. The sunny warmth of the sky, the admirable beauty of the distances, and the elegance of the figures, rival the great works of Claude. This gallery possesses a pair of the innumerable portraits of Charles I. and his queen by Vandyke, which are not unworthy of the master. The works of Rubens here are but few. In the portrait of the Abbé du Sterrens, that painter has used a bright crimson ground, an experiment which only such a consummate master of colors would have ventured upon. There are many other remarkable pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and amidst a considerable quantity of trash, the connoisseur will find productions worthy of better company.

There are several apartments devoted to the works of the Danish school. Among the most esteemed at Copenhagen are the pictures of Balthasar Denner. This painter is chiefly known for his portraits, which are finished with a most extraordinary minuteness. He had no genius and very little taste. He contented himself with industriously portraying every hair of his sitter, every pore in his skin, and every bristle in his unshaved beard! He may certainly on this score lay claim to a species of originality! The *custode* however points out his pictures as the most valuable and the most worthy of note in the collection. This painter was born at Hamburgh, and having attained some reputation for his ability in portrait-painting in the Danish court, accepted an invitation to this country from George I. Here, however, he met with little success, and was compelled to re-seek his former patrons. His portraits at Copenhagen are numerous.

The interior of a sculptor's studio, painted by a young artist of the name of Bendz, is a production of very singular merit. A young sculptor is modelling from a half-naked soldier, in a room crowded with busts and casts, over which the light is thrown from a high window with considerable skill. The coloring of the picture is crude and cold, and there is much in it open to censure, but still the faults which are apparent would most probably have been remedied by the study of the works of the great masters in Italy, whither the young artist was sent by the Danish government. He died lately in Rome at the early age of twenty-three, having displayed the most promising marks of genius. Among the numerous productions of Danish artists, there is scarcely one that merits a moment's attention. The subjects are chiefly domestic and ill conceived, and worse executed. It is singular that there are several pictures in the gallery, representing both bombardments and the capture of the city by the English.

Denmark can boast of having produced the most eminent sculptor of the present day. When Canova closed his brilliant career, Thorwaldsen, as if by the unanimous voice of Europe, took his high position in the arts, and established his claim to the first place among living sculptors. It is not to be wondered that his native place contains many of his works. Among the most remarkable are his Saviour and twelve Apostles, which adorn a new church in Copenhagen. These statues were sculptured in Italy, and are not as yet all placed, the plaster casts occupying their pedestals. The Saviour stands over the communion table; his face is inclined downwards, and his hands raised in the act of benediction. The figure is noble and dignified, and the drapery arranged with great skill. A group—St. John preaching in the wilderness—adorns the pediment of the same church, and is of great beauty, but too much elevated to insure its full effect. We saw it before it occupied its present position, and to much greater advantage. The bassi relievi on the great staircase of the palace are too well known to require description; they are engraved and have met with a just reputation. The studio of this artist contains also many admirable works.

A school of painting and sculpture has long been established at Copenhagen, of which Thorwaldsen is now the director. Daily instruction is here given to students, who meet generally of an evening, and have drawings and casts of the most celebrated statues provided for them. The children of the lower orders, and those who during the day have other occupations, and do not intend to study the arts as a profession, are allowed to attend gratis, and the school boasts a large number of pupils. Every encouragement is thus afforded, and if a student shows a remarkable proficiency, he is sent to Rome to pursue his studies. Still as yet the Danish school can boast of no eminent name. It is to be hoped that, under the direction of Thorwaldsen, it will do better things. This eminent man is now descending fast into the vale of years, and has returned to his country that his bones may be laid amongst those of his fathers. The enthusiasm with which he was received by his countrymen may well be excused. How much more honorable is this tribute to genius than the noisy acclamations which too frequently greet a high-sounding title!

Of the public monuments of Copenhagen we can say little in praise.

The royal gallery of Stockholm is, like that of Copenhagen, within the palace walls. It boasts, however, a more comely appearance, but there is still the same want of students; and the arrangement of the pictures and sculptures show a lamentable want of good taste, and no great knowledge of the arts. Two rooms of moderate size are devoted to the pictures, and are capable of holding about half the collection, the remainder being sent to seek their fortunes in a small dark winding staircase. The collection is not very extensive, containing, we should imagine, between four and five hundred pictures. It cannot be expected that any order or regularity should be observed in their disposition. Italian, Dutch, Swedish, ancient and modern, are jumbled together with wondrous con-

fusion. There are few works of merit. A beggar-boy, attributed to Murillo, which is a duplicate, or we should rather say a copy, of that in the Dulwich gallery, stands too high to admit of minute examination; it appears, however, crude and ill finished, and we may be allowed to question its originality. A large scriptural subject, the Crown of Thorns, by Ribera, is a remarkable picture, and a fine specimen of the master; two small cabinet pictures by Teniers and Bega, and three hunting pieces by Snyders, are the only other pictures which require notice.

This collection possesses few pictures of the Swedish school, and those few are of very little merit. As far as we are able to judge, painting is now at a low ebb in Sweden. Of sculpture we can speak more satisfactorily. The sculpture gallery is well calculated for the purpose, but the objects which it contains are arranged without any reference to date or taste, a mere outward appearance of regularity being apparently aimed at; antique and modern, sacred and profane, being mixed together without any distinction, plainly showing, that the learned gentleman who is the director and has the arrangement of the gallery, although endowed with a considerable degree of voluble civility, has little true feeling for the fine arts. There are, however, in this portion of the royal gallery many objects of great value. The most celebrated is the Endymion, from the Adrian Villa, purchased by Gustavus III., for the enormous sum of twelve thousand ducats. It is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of the antique in existence, and Stockholm is happy in its possession; but we fear that it is kept too closely under lock and key to be of any use to young artists. There are also numerous vases, architectural and sepulchral ornaments, and busts, Greek and Roman, of considerable beauty. The most remarkable part of the collection to a foreigner are the works of Sergel. Although this sculptor is little known beyond the city where his chief works exist, yet he well merits the high rank which has been assigned to him by many travellers. Some pronounce him superior to Thorwaldsen, and the rival of Canova. Without fully acceding to this opinion, we may venture to affirm, that there are few of the works of Thorwaldsen which are superior to the best of Sergel. Of his works, the Cupid and Psyche in the royal gallery is considered the best: we do not, however, assign it the first place. Some parts of the group are of extreme elegance, but we do not think the execution altogether equal to the conception. Psyche has disobeyed the injunction of the god, who is about to wing his way from the earth; she, half-stretched upon the ground, struggles to retain him, whilst he disengages her clasped hand, his countenance betraying the mingled feeling of tenderness and duty. In many parts of the group the execution is coarse, and particularly in the body and neck of the Psyche, which is altogether inferior to the other figure. A Faun in the same collection, by the same artist, is an admirable work, and fully establishes his character as a great sculptor, his profound knowledge of the human frame, and his careful study of the antique; in the public monuments of Stockholm that Sergel is particularly remarkable; of these the statue of Gustavus Eric is, to our taste, the finest. The monarch is leaving the senate-house, opposite which the statue is erected. He is supposed to be returning from the first assembly of the body which he called together; the attitude is commanding and majestic; and there is a striking simplicity in the arrangement of the drapery. The metal is peculiarly fine. That of Gustavus III., also in bronze, stands at the edge of the noble sheet of water, which washes the stairs of the Royal Palace. The situation is admirably chosen; and the statue of great beauty. We scarcely remember to have seen a city where the monuments are in better taste and better executed than at Stockholm.

The royal apartments in the palace, viz. those of the queen, the prince royal, and the princess, are each in possession of a small collection of pictures. Those belonging to the queen are the best, and among them are a few good specimens of the Dutch school. In the other apartments, a large landscape, by Domenichino, is the only remarkable picture; the rooms being crammed with those ornaments which generally decorate the rooms of a palace, and malachite tables and vases of porcelain, remarkable for their size and beauty, mostly presents from the Russian autocrat—for such baubles have the rights of man been bought and sold in the North! A statue of Hero, in the apartments of the Crown Prince, by Bijstrom, is of great beauty. This sculptor, who was a pupil of Sergel, enjoys a very great reputation at this time in Sweden, and he well deserves his fame. Among the most remarkable of his works, we may mention his Hebe and his Hope, both of which are in his studio at Stockholm. His draperies are elegant and classic, and his works testify his study of the antique. He has less affectation than Sergel, but, at the same time, less imagination.

The present state of painting in Sweden, is, as far as we are able to venture an opinion, not very satisfactory. The encouragement afforded to this art cannot be very great, for few can afford to purchase pictures. Those which are to be found in the royal gallery do not convey the most favorable impression of the present state of the art. The walls of the chapel, in which lie the ashes of the illustrious Gustavus Vasa, in the cathedral of Upsala, have lately been adorned with a series of pictures, illustrative of the most remarkable events of his life. The work was entrusted by government to one Sandberg, and it is ill conceived and ill executed, the whole thing literally drowned in an ocean of sky-blue and gold. It conveys altogether but a poor impression of the state of painting. Sculpture seems to meet with more encouragement. A Pantheon is about to be erected by the king, for the reception of the statues of the Swedish monarchs, and the most celebrated of her heroes. Colossal statues of Charles the Xth, XIth, XIIth, and XIIIth, and Gustavus Vasa, have already been completed, and with the exception of that of Charles the XIIIth, are the work of Bijstrom. That of

Charles the XIIIth is by one Fogelberg, a young man who gained a great reputation in Sweden by his Odin, a colossal statue of considerable merit. He is now in Italy. Other statues are ordered of Bijstrom, Fogelberg, and Lundberg, the pupil of the former. Such men as Sergel and Bijstrom may contribute to form a good school of sculpture in Sweden.

How different from the galleries of Copenhagen and Stockholm, in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg! The imperial and the despotic pervades even the temple of the arts! The visiter—for, alas! we fear the student is not a frequenter of those gilded rooms—is ushered into a vast suite of apartments, blazing with the riches of the East and of the West. The malachite of Siberia, the gold of the Ural, and the silks of China surround him, and detach his attention from the real riches of the place. A spruce servant, squeezed into the imperial livery, and tingling with lace, follows his footsteps, and keeps his anxious eye upon every movement, lest he should chance to mistake one of the imperial snuff-boxes for his own—and then bows him out, making a considerable demand upon his pocket. The plebeian frock-coat is not admitted within these sacred walls. The rooms are choked with ornaments. We cannot enjoy pictures, when, in moving backwards or sideways, in some slight degree of forgetfulness, and with some little enthusiasm, we run the very probable chance of pitching over a vase of jasper, or floundering in a bed of crockery. This excess of magnificence, too, detracts from the real object of your visit. If you chance to go with a native—we speak from experience—you will find that he cares nothing about pictures, and insists upon dragging you by the button-hole to see a present from the Sultan or the Schah—a snuff-box or a pipe that you ought heartily to wish at the bottom of the Neva, which rolls beneath the window. We would rather wander in the stern nakedness of Copenhagen, than amongst these prodigal appendages of royalty. In the Hermitage, the ornaments are the primary object—the pictures a secondary one. There are, however, in this collection, pictures of extraordinary merit, and such as have obtained a long-established European celebrity. The Houghton, Malmaison, Crozat, Giustiniani, and other renowned galleries, have contributed to form it; and the numerous agents and emissaries of Russia, have considered it a point of national honor to lay their hands upon every picture that could be obtained. It was in this mode that the justly celebrated Houghton collection left England, to the eternal disgrace of all those who pretended to patronize the arts in that country. It is in this mode that some of the best pictures are daily passing into the hands of the Emperor.

The rooms of the Hermitage are in general of considerable size; but the light is almost universally bad. There is no catalogue of the pictures; and the visiter is left to himself to discover those which are most worthy of notice.

It would much exceed our limits to give a detailed account of the pictures of the Hermitage; and we must only make a few general remarks.

The gallery possesses one or two fine Raphaels; especially a Holy Family, lately purchased for the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty thousand roubles: there are many pictures attributed to the master, but notorious impositions. Of Michael Angelo, it only possesses one specimen—a Gany-mede—and the picture is not very authentic. A Holy Family of Leonardo da Vinci, is a fine picture; and, we believe, an original. It contains four figures. The infant is on the knees of the mother, and struggles to uncover her breast; to the right and left are figures of St. Joseph and St. Catherine. Of the works of Titian, the Hermitage contains no good specimen. Of Salvator Rosa, it possesses one of the finest pictures with which we are acquainted—"The Prodigal Son!" There is one figure alone in the picture—that of the youth who is kneeling among his cattle. The feelings of grief and despair are admirably portrayed in his uplifted countenance; and his hands are stretched towards heaven in the greatness of his misery. The story is told in the most masterly manner; and the tone of coloring well adapted to the subject. It fully proves that this great painter had genius enough to have placed him in the first place of the highest branch of the art. "The Prodigal Son," and "Jonah Preaching to the Ninevites at Copenhagen," are two of the most remarkable pictures in the North. This wonderful work was originally in the Houghton collection. There are one or two more pictures by the same master in the Hermitage. "The Consultation of the Sages upon the Immaculate Conception," by Guido, is a well-known picture, and has been engraved. It is one of the finest in existence of the master. The pictures we have mentioned, are the best in the Italian school. In the works of the Dutch and Flemish masters, the Hermitage is exceedingly rich. Three rooms are filled with Rubens and Vandykes alone; and there is, perhaps, no finer collection of the works of Rubens in Europe. The works of Rembrandt are exceedingly numerous, and in the best preservation. Of this master, there are thirty-nine pictures in one room, and many may be placed amongst his finest productions. Another room contains above forty pictures of Teniers, and some admirable specimens. In an adjoining apartment are hung fifty-four by Wouvermans, amongst which may be found some of the finest efforts of his pencil. "The Flight into Egypt," of Berghem, is a fine picture. The Paul Potters are numerous—that from the Malmaison collection is the most celebrated.

There are many works of the French school; a few fine Poussins, but no remarkable Claudes.

Of the English school we believe Sir Joshua Reynold's "Infant Hercules" is the only specimen. It is to be regretted that, in this picture, a confusion of allegorical figures, which crowd and distract the attention from the principal object, have to a great degree destroyed the effect which the wonderful conception of the child is otherwise calculated to produce. If the child had been there *alone*,

grappling with these slimy monsters with no help at hand, how much more forcibly would his position have appealed to our feelings!

The Spanish school contains some fine pictures; they are chiefly from the collection of Hope of Amsterdam.

The collection of the Hermitage being closed, except to those who obtain an order from the director, is, we fear, of little real service to artists. We believe that there is rarely such a thing known as a student being allowed to copy any of its treasures. Sometimes, indeed, a fine picture is taken down, but only for the purpose of being sent to the Gobelins, where it remains some years subject to the degrading process of being copied in needle-work for the ornament of the imperial palace, or as a present to conciliate some foreign potentate. Such a vast and magnificent gallery cannot, therefore, contribute much towards forming a school of Russian art. The great and only use of a national gallery is, that the artist and the public should always have access to those productions, which are universally admitted to be standards of taste. And most monarchs in Europe, who had spent a great part of the revenue which they receive from their people in collecting pictures, have thrown their galleries open to the public, and permit young artists to study in them. But in Russia it is less the love of art that induces the collector to purchase, than the love of ostentation. The pictures which exist in St. Petersburg are of very little service towards forming the taste of Russian artists; and this may be seen by an inspection of their works existing in the Hermitage, of which there is scarcely one that could attract our attention. Except Bruloff, there is no Russian artist of any celebrity in St. Petersburg. Alexander was compelled to have recourse to an Englishman to paint the portraits of his generals in the campaign of 1814. Mr. Dawes received fifty pounds a-head for as many of them as could be procured to sit; and by this employment and the patronage of the emperor in other respects, he was able to save a very considerable fortune. There is scarcely a house of any note in St. Petersburg which does not possess one of his portraits. The merits of Dawes as a portrait-painter are generally acknowledged. His likenesses are good and much esteemed in Russia. The chief portrait-painter now living at St. Petersburg is an Englishman of the name of Wright; his abilities are respectable.

There is an academy of painting in this city; the rooms, which are frequented by the students, possess very bad copies of good pictures, which we should imagine are of little advantage to them. It has yet produced no artist of any merit, although honors and rewards are distributed very liberally and with due solemnity.

Of the public statues in St. Petersburg the most celebrated is that of Peter the Great, the work of Falconet, a Frenchman. It is too well known to require any description, it well merits its high reputation. Those which have been since erected display that vanity and bad taste for which the Russians are peculiarly distinguished. That of Souvorof is ill executed and ill conceived. This general is in the dress of a Roman warrior; his right hand wields a drawn sword, in his left he holds a shield, behind which are the pontifical tiara and the crowns of Naples and Sardinia. Those of Kutusoff and Barclay de Tolly represent those generals trampling on the banners and eagles of France.

The paintings which adorn the churches are generally bad copies of celebrated pictures. Those which represent the Virgin, or the saints, are covered with silver, except the face, feet and hands.

Many of the nobility have extensive collections of pictures, to which, generally speaking, access may be gained by foreigners.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THE owl's watch is set on the old abbey wall,
 The sea-gull has flown to her nest,
 The pale moon has risen, and day's golden orb
 Has sunk in the lap of the west.
 Then haste, man the boat with hearts stout and true,
 The bravest and best of our band,
 'Ere another night close, far away from our foes,
 We will sleep in a stranger land.

There are none left behind who a tear would let fall
 For our fates whatso'er they may be,
 Each no longer a slave, on shore or the wave,
 Shall still lead the life of the free.
 And when at the board with joy we meet,
 Our cups to this toast we'll drain,
 "That dear spot of earth, in the land of our birth,
 The home we shall ne'er see again."

THE HÖLLENTHAL.

A TALE OF SUABIA.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILA.

"I would not give a glass of sour beer for all your stale traditions of the Hartz mountains," exclaimed a dark hook-nosed student seated in the farthest corner of the room. "I have a poor opinion of your Prussian monster—your spectre of the Brocken. He is a sulky spirit, and but seldom shows his cloudy form. The Devil's Pulpit! the Witches' Altar! Walpurgis Eve!—or Devil's Sabbath—fine taking names, do doubt; they have enticed many a credulous traveller to the inhospitable region of the Hartz, to send him back again grumbling at being swindled into visiting a series of mole hills dignified by the name of mountains, remarkable for nothing but bad roads, infamous fairs, charcoal burners, miners, and roguish landlords."

"Goëthe thought something of the Hartz," said a young *bursch*, with his mouth full of Gottingen sausage; * "for he has immortalised the passage of the Brocken."

"Goëthe's talents could have immortalised any place, young sausage muncher," said the dark student. "Goëthe seized upon a popular superstition, the Walpurgis Eve, and he carried his hero through the common and generally received account of the horrors of that sight, embellished by his own illimitable fancy; I am not speaking of fiction—I am speaking of the natural fact; there is nothing in the Hartz to excite the mind of the visitor, or produce more than a slight feeling of mystery and fear. The fancied horrors of the Walpurgis Eve become a farce when we look at the common place character of the scenery selected as the *locale* of the Devil's Sabbath, or rather for his annual worship by the millions of his followers, the vermin of our mother earth. There is not a hill side in my own Carpathia that does not offer a more romantic and befitting scene for infernal worship than the most gloomy dell in the whole range of the Hartz."

"Right, worthy Transylvanian; your country is the most devilish of the two."

"In its appearance and fitness for magic spells and diabolical incantations, I mean, sir cavalier. Our mountains boast an attitude exceeding eight thousand feet; the platform of the Brocken does not exceed three thousand, I believe. We boast also"—

"You do; and you have some reason as regards the gipsies of your native land, who hover on the borders of civilization from the shores of the Black Sea to the head waters of the Vistula. They swarm in the recesses of your boasted mountains—we never see more than a stray specimen or so here."

The black student was silent for the rest of the night.

"Has any of the *burschen* present ever passed through the Valley of Hell?" uttered a burly quick-speaking voice from behind a dense cloud of tobacco smoke, in the right hand corner of the room, adjoining the fire.

"Not yet," was the answer of the gipsy's adversary.

"You mean the Höllenthal, between the Schwarzwald of Baden and the placid waters of the Rhine," said another. "I have made my way along its paths, and can speak as to the excellence of the wooden clocks made there, and of ugliness of the women. Not a glimpse of female beauty is to be obtained in the travel of the whole of that wheel-cobbling circle of Suabia."

"But how did you pass the Höllenthal? as the plodding Englishman travels, boxed up in the Fahr-post or Eilwagen, as if resolved not to see the beauties of the country he has travelled far to inspect? or as the hasty American rides, from post to post, with horse-killing expedition and despatch? or as the frivolous Frenchman ravel, busied in idle chat and senseless mummerly? Did you take your knapsack on your back, your *ziegenhein*† in hand, and the short rifle of the hunter on your shoulder? Did you pursue the cow-path along the flat banks of the Rhine, or the still more insipid route of the general tourist by the wagon road? or did you strike boldly into the depths of the Höllenthal, among the spurs of the mountains and the sombre dells and the eternal pines of the Black Forest? did you dare to scale the heights of the Feldberg, or were you content to wander among the water courses of the Mourgthal? I have made myself familiar with every granite plateau of the mountains, and every glade and streamlet of the woods. I can recount the history of each crag-built turret, and the legends of the gloomy hollows in the pass of Hell."

"How came you by this local knowledge, *bursch*?"

"I first drew breath at Hirschsprung, the centre of the Höllenthal; my father was the principal guide to Moreau in his famous retreat through this romantic valley; and the glory achieved by my parent in that enterprise determined me to make myself acquainted with the intricacies of this wondrous valley from Freyburg to Steig. A thousand rills wash the roots of the pines growing in the Schwarzwald or Black Forest of Baden, and many mighty rivers have their sources in its hill

* How is it that university towns in Europe are generally famous for the excellence of their sausages? Gottingen, Jena, Oxford, Cambridge, and Bologna attest the truth of the remark.

† A travelling staff in general use among the German students, so named from the place where they are made.

sides—but I know them all, and can point out the destination of the bubbling spring, and tell as I straddle its basin, whether its waters are to glide among the vineyards of the Rheingau, and be eventually lost in the mighty rush of the German ocean, or whether it is to swell the “dark rolling Danube,” and run a course of nearly two thousand miles before it laves the shores of the Crimea or receives the sack-bound victims of the Turk.”

“Well said, bursch. I knew not that you were so learned in the ways of water and water courses. Come, let us replenish our schnapps and kirschwasser, and do you tell us one of those same legends of the Höllenthal, or Valley of Hell.”

“Aye, but you must not suppose that our valley presents nothing but gloomy pictures—we have sunny landscapes and golden vales, and forest lakes of most surpassing beauty; it is in the abrupt and tangled mysteries of our dark forest glades, in the forbidding horror of the overhanging masses of stone that suddenly choke the pass and seem to bar the traveller’s way with insurmountable difficulties—in the unearthly whistling of the pine tops in the mountain blast—in the strange entwining of their snake-like branches and the crawling of their yellow roots upon the surface of the rocky soil—in the multiplicity of dark and creeping streams that seem to double round the traveller’s path in endless coil—in the frequency of wooden crosses erected by the path side to denote the execution of a murderer or the death of some luckless wayfarer—in the numerous donjons and turrets that bristle on the trackless crags, with each its tale of deadly crime in days gone by. I remember me of one of these same turrets which bears the name of ‘The Raven’s Tower.’ It stands on an isolated rock in the most inaccessible gorge of the mountain, and surrounded by scenery of the most dismal nature in the Höllenthal. The small *thal* or valley beneath the tower is devoid of the usual vegetation; a granite rift or gully tells of a distant earthquake; and a spur of the Feldberg terminates in an extinct volcano, scarcely a hundred toises from the turreted crag. Yet we are told that it has been inhabited, and the size of the tower, and the roofless quadrangle at its foot, are evidences of the truth of the report.

“It is most likely that the tower was erected, in common with other donjons and towers in the Höllenthal, somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Swiss had established their independence by the treaty of Westphalia, after three hundred years hard fighting against the powers of Austria and France. Many of the soldiers of fortune and the disbanded captains who had been battling under the banners of the above nations, passed through Suabia in their way from the mountains of Helvetia, and as inclination prompted, built their donjons near certain passes, and made the adventurous traveller and the neighboring farmer pay toll and tythe. Some of our noblest families can trace their origin to no higher source, without the aid of fictitious genealogic and lying scrolls and tales of dead men’s deeds. It is said, and the peasants hand these tales down from generation to generation with unaltered diction and amount of fact, that one of these freebooter heroes, with some half dozen of his men at arms, resolved to fortify the isolated crag as described above, and compelled the peasants to work in their behalf. The chief is said to have been a proud and cruel lord, fierce in his anger and unforgiving in his revenge. After a few years’ residence, some of his companions died, and others left him for a more congenial land, so that he remained with but one stern and hard old man, in possession of the ill-gotten *chaussee-gelt* which had accumulated in many years of rapine. At last, the Graf Vorsfede, for such was the name of the chief, who had fought long in the ranks of the Landwehr,* was appointed by the emperor to a margraviate on the banks of the Inn. He hastened, with his ancient companion in arms, to secure the reward of his services, and the inhabitants of the Schwarzwald were glad at his departure.

“But he was not long away; the shadow of the tall donjon had scarcely dialled its annual round when the dark valley was again the abode of the Mark Graf, who brought with him a fair haired damsel, of tender age and most exceeding beauty. A grisly dame supplid the place of the old soldier, who had been left in charge of the duties of the Mark; to her care, the young girl was especially confided, during the hunting excursions of Vorsfede. In her little rambles on the hill side or by the meanderings of the forest stream, the old crone still kept a watchful eye upon the young prisoner, as if she feared that the foul fiend would spirit her away. And whispered reasons were given by the simple foresters for this especial watchfulness and care; it was said that the Mark Graf had stolen the girl from her home in the fastnesses of the Bohmer-wald; and fearing the interference of her friends, had conveyed her to his donjon in the Höllenthal till the fierceness of the pursuit were over, or the young girl had learned to love her rude betrayer.

“It was said also that she had left in her native vallyes a young hunter on whom she had bestowed her heart; that in her abduction, she had shrieked to him for assistance, and that Vorsfede had left orders with the old soldier to watch for the passage of the youngster if he should attempt to cross the Mark in her pursuit; and the old crone muttered in her gossipings that there was little doubt but that the hunter would be well cared for.

“That the lady pined for her liberty, or her lover, was evident to the few inhabitants who resided in the dreary neighborhood of the turret. She strolled sadly along in her daily walks, followed closely by the old woman, to whom she never condescended to speak, although her silver-toned voice was

* Meaning literally, The Defence of the Country; a name applied to the National Guard or Militia of Germany.

freely used in colloquy with the wives and daughters of the humble neighbors, among whom she became exceedingly popular; and more than one of the rough sons of Suabia declared their readiness to assist the lady in her sad distress, but that they dared not brave the vengeance of the Mark.

"In spite of the old crone's vigilance, the lady obtained several interviews with a young man, of fair stature, who came in secret to the Höllenthal, and remained perdue in the hut of a certain woodman. His wife entertained the old guardian in the front chamber while the lady stepped into the small back room, to hold converse with the stranger, under pretence of comforting a sick child. Her flight from the donjon was arranged; a stout forest nag was concealed within a short distance, and the young man was directed to pass to the West, till he struck the Rheinstraass, when he was required to push for the French frontier, where he might defy pursuit. The next day, the Graf went forth to hunt at early dawn; the lady left her couch, and despite the cries of the enraged beldame, mounted behind the young man, who pushed his willing steed to the appointed pass. It is not known where they crossed the path of the Graf, but an hour had scarcely elapsed ere the woodman, as he went to the exercise of his craft, met the ferocious chief, leading the horse of the runaways, with the bodies of the lady and her lover flung across the animal's back.

"Vorsfede must have suspected the woodman's agency, for he threatened the man, as he passed, with such direful vengeance, that the forester hastened home, and packing up a few necessaries, started with his family for the residence of a friend who resided higher up the Höllenthal. The remaining half dozen of the peasants that dwelt near the Graf's donjon, also left their huts till the dreaded fury of the chief should have passed away.

"Three weeks elapsed ere the woodman had courage to venture in the fearful vicinity of the turreted crag. He was surprised at the countless flight of ravens that hovered around the donjon's top, yet seemed as if they feared to light. The lower gate of the path from the *thal* to the crag was fastened, and the door of the dwelling beside the turret was newly barred on the outside. It was evident that the Graf and his companion hag had left the place, yet the woodman had not the heart to essay an entrance till he had summoned his comrades to his assistance. After some delay passed in useless but cautious knocking at the portal, the foresters broke open the well-fastened door, and hastened, with a divining fear, to search the turret from its cave-like cellar to the battlemented top. A sight of horror excelling aught that the records of diabolical malignity can produce, met their astonished sight. The girl was there—alive—a mouthing, jibbering, maniac. When the brutal Graf encountered the fugitives in the forest, the young man jumped from the horse, and with drawn sword, dared him to the fight. Vorsfede intimated a desire to parley, and, professing unbounded love for the lady and respect for her protector, gradually drew near to the unsuspecting pair, till, watching his opportunity, he knocked the lady from her seat by a stunning blow with his left arm, and as the young man started forward to catch her, the Graf ran him through the body with his hunting sword. Upon their arrival at the donjon, the lady recovered from her swoon; she was taken to the top of the turret, and chained alive to the dead body of the youth, by the Graf himself—the man who had sworn to her so many oaths of never-ending love and adoration. The corpse was fastened to a grating fixed in the stone flooring of the turret's roof; escape was impossible, even if she had wished to court an instant death by precipitating herself, with her offensive burden, from the battlements to the rocks beneath. The Graf was insensible to her prayers—her shrieks for pity; the ruffian who had robbed her of her virtue and professed to live but in her smile, heard her agonized supplications with a sneer, and left her to a slow and dreadful death. He hastened from the tower, taking with him the old crone, and, fastening the entrance, fled from the Höllenthal with a savage determination of completing his revenge.

"Who can describe the anguish of the young girl when left enchained to the bleeding form of him who had lost his life in her defence?—left too, without a hope of rescue, but in a death of most appalling shape. The heats of the meridian sun and the dampdews of night, which fell alike on her unprotected head, were as naught to the fearful companionship forced upon this gentle creature, in the drear gorges of the savage mountain and the black and endless woods. It were vain to attempt a relation of her sufferings from hunger, and its fearful attendant, thirst. The dullest imagination can conceive the horrors of her gradual decay—till reason fled from its oppressed abode, and then—in savage obedience to the ungovernable craving, she fastened her teeth in the neck of the half-putrid corse beside her, and glutted her insane appetite with the flesh of him she loved. The ravens, smelling carrion, had poised with greedy beaks above her head; her last remaining strength was used to keep the foul creatures from her food. With blood-stained mouth and ghastly smile that told the vacant mind, she welcomed the foresters to the groaning tables and well spread feast made by her parents to honor her return. The exertion broke the over-strained strings of her heart—she died ere they could remove her from the turret's roof.

"The woodmen examined the papers found on the body of the young man, hoping to meet with a reference to his home—they found it not—but a letter was discovered in the dress of the girl that showed how futile was the jealousy of the Graf, how needless his revenge. The young man was the lady's only brother!

"Vorsfede was never heard of more. His donjon has never again been tenanted; indeed, such is the horror of its blood-stained walls, that few persons have ever been hardy enough, even in the broadest daylight, to explore the recesses of THE RAVEN'S TOWER."

A CHAPTER ON SCIENCE AND ART.

CONJECTURAL DISCOVERY OF A NEW PLANET.—By means of glasses just invented by count Decuppis, an observer is enabled to look at the sun without any inconvenience from its rays—the disc appears of a perfect whiteness, and all the firmamental objects have an equal distinctness. By the aid of his new glass, the count lately observed on the face of the sun a small black spot, entirely free from penumbra, and of perfectly spherical form, which had advanced upon the disc, describing an arc of about seven minutes. Repeated observations convinced him that it had, in the meantime, advanced towards the sun's limb, as much as two minutes and thirty seconds. Presently it disappeared. All astronomers will agree in supposing the object a small planet, hitherto undiscovered, and passing over the sun's disc at the period of survey. Its perfectly round figure, its blackness, the smallness of its diameter, its motion, and the absence of penumbra fully warrant the conjecture. The event is one of the highest importance in an astronomical, or indeed in any point of view. A twelfth world has been added to our system. It will no doubt receive the name of its discoverer, Decuppis.

THE ROYAL GEORGE.—The submarine operations in respect to this ship have been unsatisfactory but full of interest. Col. Pasley has concluded his labors for the present, but will resume them about the first of June. The wreck is said to be enveloped in total darkness, and completely imbedded in mud. Some means may perhaps be suggested by which light can be diffused below. Lanterns have been tried, to no purpose. The divers assert that even on the brightest days of summer, when the sea is perfectly calm, they can scarcely see an inch before them. During the experiments, 12,940 pounds of powder have been consumed. More than one hundred tons of the wreck have been recovered, and placed in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, with five brass and six iron guns; and all expenses have been more than paid by the value of the articles recovered. The advantage to the anchorage is beyond calculation.

THE PYRAMIDS.—A discovery has been made, in the neighborhood of these monuments, of a great number of apartments and cavities communicating with each other; also, at a distance of many miles in the desert, of the foundations of decayed pyramids, whose very granite blocks are dissolved to dust. Who shall tell the vast antiquity of these remains? The pyramids which stand firm to-day about Cairo are universally admitted to be four or five thousand years old. There must be something wrong yet about our chronology.

SINGULAR SCIENTIFIC ERROR.—In the infancy of rail-road speculation, the engineers resorted to a thousand laborious contrivances with a view of overcoming an obstacle which had no real existence. It was assumed that the adhesion of the smooth wheels of the carriage upon the equally smooth iron-rail must necessarily be so slight, that if it should be attempted to drag any considerable weight, the wheels would only be whirled round, while the carriages would not advance. A patent for an invention to remedy this fancied inconvenience was actually taken out by Mr. Blenkinsop, in 1811.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE DAGUERRETYPE.—Numerous improvements have been lately made in the beautiful art of photogeny. The baron Seguier has exhibited an instrument constructed by himself, with many ingenious modifications, having for their objects a diminution in size and weight, and a simplification, in other respects, of the entire apparatus. Several of the conditions which have been announced as required for the success of the process, may be dispensed with. It is probable, now, that the operations of the art may be rendered practicable in the open country—even those nice and delicate ones which, at present, seem to demand protection against too strong a light. An objective glass has been constructed by M. Cauche, with the view of redressing the image obtained in the Daguerreotype; this image is now presented reversed, a circumstance which has the bad effect of destroying all *vraisemblance*. The Abbé Moignat has been endeavoring, in conjunction with M. Soleil, (a name quite *à propos*), to introduce the light of oxy-hydrogen gas as the principle of illumination to the objects intended to be represented. M. Bayard is said to have fully succeeded in taking impressions on paper. Mr. Fox Talbot, in England, has also done this.

In America, we have by no means been idle. It has been here ascertained that instead of the costly combination of glasses employed by M. Daguerre, a single Meniscus glass produces an exact and brilliant result. We have also found that we can do without the dilute nitric acid in photogeny, as well as in lithography. The process is thus greatly simplified; for the use of the acid has heretofore been considered one of the nicest points in the preparation of the plate. When unequally applied, the golden color is not uniform. Now, it is only necessary to finish the polish of the plate with dry rotten stone, well levigated and washed, using dry cotton to rub it with after-

wards. We make the iodine-box, too, much shallower than does M. Daguerre. With his box, from fifteen to thirty minutes exposure of the plate was required before the proper color was produced. Four inches will be deep enough; and there should be a tray, an inch deep, fitting into the bottom of the box. Upon this tray the iodine is to be spread, and then covered with a double thickness of fine gauze, tacked to the upper edge of the tray—supports being fastened in each corner of the box, at such height as will admit of the plate being lowered to within an inch of the gauze.

ELECTRICAL COPYING.—The new process of copying medals and other works of art on copper, by means of voltaic electricity is an invention of interest and importance. In the manufacture of plated articles and other ornaments, it is often desirable to copy ornamental work, such as leaves, flowers and arabesque mouldings, and the ordinary process is very difficult, and therefore very expensive. Mr. Spencer's late invention affords a cheap and easy method of performing what is required. By its means the rich ornaments on antique plate, or any similar work, may be copied with entire accuracy—a perfect fac-simile being taken in copper, which may then be silvered or gilt. In the art of button-making the voltaic action is used with advantage; a cast from any pattern of button may now be readily moulded in a few hours, and with little labor. Button-makers formerly required two or three sets of a particular pattern to complete one of which the die was wanting.—The whole application of the voltaic action is excessively simple and certain—the necessary apparatus may be procured for sixpence.

MARBLE LETHOIDE.—In St. Petersburg, a method has been discovered of giving to the softest stone the hardness, and color, and consequently the polish of marble. The invention is regarded as of high importance, and of certain application. The whole details have not yet reached us—but the process appears to be analogous to that of the scagliola manufacture. The prepared substance is termed marble Lethoide.

PNEUMATIC ENGINE.—Mr. Levi Bissell, of Newark, N. J., is said to have perfected a pneumatic apparatus, by means of which to employ the atmospheric air as a motive power. This design, in its general terms, is by no means new, and its reduction to practice has been found expensive. Mr. B.'s seems to be the old project—that of constructing pumps at convenient distances on a rail-road of air-pipe, which latter is to be exhausted of air. What is said in the papers about condensed atmosphere, with portable condensers, is probably a misunderstanding.

RED RAIN.—In Gassendi's "Life of Peiresc," the phenomenon of *red-rain* which has so often excited the wonder of the ignorant, and the attention of the learned, is very plausibly accounted for. About the beginning of July, 1608, large drops of what was then generally termed "the bloody shower" were observed in the vicinity of Aix, upon the walls of villas, hamlets, and towns. M. Peiresc had found a chrysalis of a remarkable size and form, and had inclosed it in a box. He thought no more of it until, hearing a buzz within the box, he opened it, and perceived the chrysalis changed into a beautiful butterfly, which immediately flew away, leaving at the bottom of the box a red drop of the size of a shilling. As this occurred about the time the shower was supposed to have fallen, and when a great many butterflies were seen in every direction, he properly concluded that the drops in question were excrementitious matter voided by the insects. Looking more closely, he found the drops seldom upon the upper surfaces of objects, but generally in cavities where insects might nestle. He also noticed that they were to be seen upon the walls of those houses only which were near the fields, and not upon the more elevated parts of them, but merely as far up as the butterflies were accustomed to flutter. The common butterfly in England deposits a red fluid very much as described by Peiresc.

INGENIOUS INVENTION.—A pair of skates, invented by Mr. William Wallace, of Newtown Ardes, watch-maker, are in the highest degree creditable to that gentleman's scientific skill and perseverance. The machinery of this little locomotive is so arranged that it is equally serviceable on ice or on a smooth foot-path, (a flagged footway, for instance.) It consists of two perpendicular plates of iron, with pieces inserted between them, to allow a free rotary motion for three wheels, revolving along the extent covered by the foot. These wheels revolve in the action of skating, and, with the addition of a horizontal plate of wood, elevate the sole of the foot above the surface. There is, also, a large wheel at the toe-end, with a ratched or click-wheel attached, on the outside of one of the perpendicular plates, for the purpose of keeping the one foot from retrograding, while the other is progressing forward.

[There is nothing that is very novel in Mr. Wallace's invention; in our boyhood we used a pair of skates made as above described. A certain M. Perrine undertook for a wager to skate across the gardens of the Tuilleries, at Paris, in the month of August, 1829—he wore instruments made in a similar manner to Mr. Wallace's. The Ravel Family have, for the last twenty years, used exactly the same sort of skates in one of their ingenious dramas—The Skaters of Wilma.]—Eps. G. M.

The Devil's Child.
DER TEUFELSKERL.

A TALE OF GERMAN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY S. DUNLAP ADAIR, SABLESLE, PA.

Vorandern fuhl' ich mich so klein
Ich werde stets verlegen seyn. — Goethe's Faust.

It would have been difficult to convince Diedrich Rodenheiser by any species of ratiocination that he was not born to be laughed at. Diedrich was not only clownishly rustic in his demeanor, but sometimes significantly inelegant in the employment of his enunciative member. If his history from the time of his first ambulatory effort until the termination of his terrestrial sojourn were dramatized, it would form a "Comedy of Errors" wonderfully excitative of uproarious cachination.

During the time of Diedrich's undiscerning adolescence he was the author of a mischievous mistake, now forgotten, which impelled his feminine parent in a paroxysm of chagrin to dub him "Der Teufelskerl," which appellation from that time he held by a life tenure. He always hated to see any one laugh unless he was cognizant of the cause of merriment, for he was sure to imagine himself the butt.

Diedrich had two sisters, Wilhelmina, the elder, Susannah, the younger, neither married, but both marriageable at the time of which we write, and Suse, as her name was affectionately abbreviated by her mother, was a half hour or thereabouts her brother's junior.

It is somewhere noted in authentic history, that under the reign of one of England's sovereigns (good queen Bess as like as not) no damsel was permitted to marry until she had manufactured for her own use a complete set of bed and body linen. So under the sapient government of the Rodenheisers, the *Schluppivinkels*, the *Schminkflackchens*, and the *Ochlschlaegens*, who colonised half a township of Pennsylvania, the latitude and longitude whereof have not been definitely ascertained, every maiden was required before her bridal to be the artificer of "*her things*," as they phrased it, the most prominent of which were a feather bed and apparel appertinent, an extra calico quilt of ample size, and two others of miniature dimensions, the stuff for the fabrication of all which was furnished by the parents with religious strictness on the morning of the daughter's fifteenth birth day. For what purpose the pair of diminutive quilts were designed, we, the writer, were never curious enough to inquire.

On the maiden's marriage, she was conveyed to the habitation of her spouse, in a two wheeled cart, or ordinary farm-wagon, sitting upon the aforesaid wordly estate, with which it had pleased a gracious providence to enable her parents and her own hands to bless her, while the happy husband trudged behind the vehicle driving a cow, two sheep, and a pig, the young bride's marriage portion, the which species, though no where spoken of in Littleton, may, without doing unpardonable violence to legal terms, be referred to the head of dower *ex assensu patris*.

Now, notwithstanding it was essential to matrimonial eligibility that the young maid could exhibit "*her things*," and name them her own workmanship, yet *fictione legis*, she was permitted to call herself their fabricator, though she herself had never put a stitch in them, the whole having been accomplished by the friendly labor of her female associates. Although to the casuist this might seem criminal in conscience, assuredly it was a harmless fiction compared with many of the falsities which that perverter of truth, the lawyer, crowds within his comprehensive maxim, *qui facit per alium, facit per se*. It was the custom, therefore, for all the girls in the neighborhood, upon invitation of a confamiliar, to congregate of an afternoon at her abode, and aid her in her quilting.

Wilhelmina and Susannah being now both of marriageable age, it was meet that the requisites to matrimonial eligibility should be perfected, the *materiel* for which had for some time lain in an oaken chest of antiquated form, and pre-eminent capacity. Accordingly on the fourth day of March, Anno, one thousand eight hundred and somewhere about thirty, all the younglasses residing within a circle of two and a half miles radius, were gathered at a quilting on the second and uppermost floor of the Rodenheiser's domicile. Three corners of the room were furnished for family dormitories, the fourth was occupied as a nursery by a feline mother, for whose comfortable repose and that of her six sightless younglings Diedrich had humanely provided a pair of his old woollen trowsers. Along the walls were suspended medicinal herbs, Bologna sausages, half-worn frocks, and worse worn petticoats, arranged with singularly careless neatness, and admirably portraying the providence, frugality, and economy, of the Rodenheisers.

Diedrich had never yet *gone out*, and it was the old woman's resolve that on this occasion he should introduce himself to female society, an attachment for which, permit us parenthetically to remark, is an eminent preservation to a young man's morals.

"Diedrich," said the old one, "go up shtairs to de girls, its no poys dere yet; go 'long mit you."

"Vell, vell, by sure," retorted the obedient son, "but ven I goes dere I knows not vat to shpeak."

"*Du Teufelskerl*, go to de girls, and say, ah, you little rogues, you shtole my heart."

Between the inner and outer sides of his coat pocket, Diedrich shared in equal proportions not less than a square yard of bandanna, and jerked up above his ears his calico shirt collar, and jerked down almost low enough to meet the waistband of his pantaloons his red flannel waistcoat, and puckered his mouth into irregular corrugations, and then strutted up stairs. The girls intently plying their needles noticed not, or feigned not to notice his presence, until having crossed his arms upon his back, he curved his body into an arc of ninety, and interpolating his phrenological developments, between the heads of a couple of ladies, whose cheeks were *flowered* but not with the rose, and thrusting it half way across the quilt, exclaimed—

"Ah, you little rogues, you shtole my shtomach."

"You heart, you mean," said Wilhelmina, who, alone amid the titters of the company, preserved a grave countenance; "your heart, you mean, brother,"

"Vell, vell, by sure," answered Diedrich, "it is mere all one, I knowed it was something apout my pelly."

Susannah blushed, Wilhelmina scowled, some half dozen nervous girls shrieked, the rest laughed *in alto*, and the descendants of Grimalkin terrified by the tumult, struck up *contralto*.

It was too much for Diedrich's sensitive soul; shortening the chord by which the reader may imagine him subtended, and removing his hands to the bottom of his breeches' pockets, he slowly and sadly walked down stairs, where his mother opened upon him a volley of hard names, cunningly suspecting that the confusion which she heard above had been occasioned by some misadventure of her unfortunate son.

By the time supper was announced, the old lady had recovered from her ire, Susannah from her mortification, Wilhelmina from her indignation, the other ladies from their discomposure, the feline progeny from their alarm, and Diedrich from his abashment. To him, therefore, was assigned the duty of waiting on the ladies at the table, and before him was placed a fowl for amputation and dissection. Diedrich lacked skill in comparative anatomy; the knife was obstinate, the fork let go, and the fowl was projected into the lap of a lady on the other side of the table. Susannah shrewdly directed the laugh from her brother to herself, by proposing to help the lady to gravy.

A sensation of calefaction was visible in the young man's countenance as he precipitately left the table. When he attained the door, he made rapid strides to the barn yard, and hid himself in the corn-crib, where he remained until the tenebrosity of night had dispersed the ladies each to her own home.

Many a histron has failed in his debüt and afterwards become no despicable performer, and although perhaps this dogma was not made the premises upon which Diedrich based his conclusion, certain it is, that he did not deem the mishaps of his first effort to play the agreeable, as any omen that he could not by farther practice become quite an acceptable beau.

With Kattarina Schminkflecken, Diedrich was desperately in love, but she was ignorant of it, for he had never more than spoken to her when he went to her father's to borrow a hay-fork, or some other farming utensil; and no young lady ever suspects a gentleman's love for her before he has unequivocally declared himself. Miss Schminkflecken had been detained from the quilting by frost-bitten heels, which Diedrich before his mischance thought a very unlucky, but afterwards a very happy, circumstance. Now, however, that he had entered upon his career of gallantry, he determined that if the lady's infected heels would suffer her attendance at the country singing school on the ensuing evening, he would not be oblivious of some attention to her.

The next evening came, as next evenings always do come, and Kattarina was at the singing; healthfulness having been restored to the hinder protuberances of her discous feet by a cataplasm of roasted turnips.

With that peop'e of primitive simplicity and non-derivative manners, and at that popular aggregation, a country singing, each lady held her own candle, her digital scaliness, the consequence of laborious housewifery, being concealed by kid-skin gloves, and they again protected from the unctuousity of the luminary by a slip of paper wrapped around its base.

Diedrich *secum volens*, in what way he should do obeisance to Kattarina, observed that her candle burned dimly, and must be snuffed. His heart vibrated, and his visage became calified as he approached her, and after the manner of others tended her his fingers for a pair of snuffers. In his sinister hand he took the candle, and in the execution of his office burned the fingers of his dexter! he threw the adusted cotton into Miss Schminkflecken's lap, and dropped the oleaginous cylinder into Hannah Ochenschlaeger's. Kattarina's new calico had the head of a humming bird burned out of it, and Miss Ochenschlaeger's barred flannel was most ungallantly greased. Every body laughed, even the grave teacher of crotchets and quavers roared though a whole stave. Diedrich rushed out of the house, taking with him the wrong hat, and was seen no more that night, except by his father's old negro, who just as the clock struck "the wee short hour ayont the twal," tumbled him out of his, the negro's, bed, into which the blundering wight had crept by mistake.

Diedrich swore by his mother's night cap that this should be his last blunder, but he was sealed

in his nativity a blunderer, and was therefore forsworn in less than a fortnight, as will be seen by the sequel.

Reader of the Gentleman's Magazine, hast any knowledge of *strauss* dance? Nay! Wast never at a *strauss*? Then we have a good mind "to write thee down an ass." Whilst we pity we cannot but denunciate the poor gosling-souled oppidan, whose peregrinations extend not beyond his own fumid atmosphere, who knows nothing of rural fun and frolic, who breathes freely only in a drawing-room, whom no motion in concert pleases but that of the cotillion, quadrille, or vulgar waltz, and whose auditory instrument is shocked by an old-fashioned tune on a cracked fiddle.

Away with every sort of dance but the *strauss*—the merry, noisy, intellectual *strauss*.

With the hope that it will enable the uninstructed, whose eye may rove over our scribblings, justly to appreciate this favorite country pastime, we shall endeavor to convey some idea of it.

The time and place having been appointed, an *aufscher*, overseer, or director, is selected by the youngers, whose duty it is to provide for the frolic a supply of "notions," such as kerchiefs, gloves, hose, and the like. No gentleman is allowed to participate in the dance who brings not with him a female partner, nor is any permitted to bring more than one.

When all are assembled, a lighted candle, having a small string fastened to it: at any distance from the flame, is placed on the floor above, through which a gimblet hole suffers the twine to pass down into the room. To the lower extremity of this string is attached a key, or other weight sufficient to keep it tense, which hangs over a table set in the centre of the room. A chalk line is drawn on the floor opposite, to which and on one end of the table sits *der aufscher*, holding in his hand a small rod. The company form a circle round the table, male and female alternating, the prize is proclaimed, glove, stocking, or plug of tobacco; and the gentlemen contribute each a trifling sum, rated according to the value of the article and the number of competitors. The rod is then handed to the person in the ring, who toes the chalk line, the fiddler wriggles his elbow, and off they dance around the table. When the possessor of the rod has completed the circle, he hands it to the individual immediately behind him, who, when she in her turn has danced her round, passes it to the next, and thus it continues passing until the candle above, which of course is unseen by the rivals, burns through the string, and the weight falls upon the table. The music and dancing instantly cease, and whoever is then in possession of the rod is adjudged the prize. If a gentleman win he presents the reward to his partner, provided it be an article usable by a lady.

The same precedence is repeated until all the merchandise is disposed of, the table is then banished the room, and the whole party hoe it down in straight fours and set dances, till the hour when "ghosts wandering here and there, troop home to church-yard." This is what we *kintra* folk call a *strauss*.

Resume we now our story.

A few evenings after Diedrich Rodenheiser had been laughed out of the singing room, he met the apple-dumpling-cheeked Kattarina Schminkflecken at a *strauss* dance. No female had accompanied him thither, and he was consequently compelled to occupy the unpleasant situation of a restless, envious, jealous spectator.

None but a Dickens could describe, or a Cruikshank sketch, the clumsy attitudes into which Diedrich writhed his body, as he sat in the corner, upon an inverted half bushel measure, watching intently the circumitions of Kattarina in the dance. So annoyed was the poor fellow by the reciprocity of smiles between her and the beaux that it was impossible for him to retain any one position for an instant. He who has been in love may imagine—we, who have not, cannot delineate—the feelings and bodily contortions of Diedrich Rodenheiser. He was uncomfortable, that is certain, and who would not have been, in love as he was, deprived of a participation in his darling's amusement, and she manifestly delighted with others' attentiveness.

A young man's eye will sometimes deviate to a lady's ankle, and, when seized with this tendency, however much he may strive to change its direction, it *will*, in spite of him, incline thitherward. This unaccountable propensity of man's visual organ is greatly augmented if the lady within his vision be tripping it "on the light fantastic toe." It is not remarkable then, that Diedrich occasionally fixed his gaze thus low upon Kattarina, as she circinated near to his locality, especially as the remembrance of the affair at the singing made him somewhat diffident about looking her in the face.

A dance was just concluded, which added to Miss Schminkflecken's personality a pair of clocked stockings, when Diedrich descried, as the successful circuiter tripped across the room, a piece of black mantua riband disengage itself from somewhere in the vicinity of her foot, and, sinuating in serpentine curvatures, fall stealthily on the floor. This incident was the first that had occurred during the evening which could afford him an opportunity of exhibiting any politeness to his dulcinea. Springing forward with such violence as to knock a stave out of the half bushel measure with his heel, he caught up the apostate riband, and followed its rightful owner to her seat. Diedrich exceeded himself in gracefulness, when with an easy flexion of the body, he extended to her the forefinger of his right hand, bearing its silken pendant, and, smiling, said—

"You dropped your shoe-string, Kitty."

Kattarina vouchsafed no response, but in a twinkling eluded observation through the door. A universal laugh reverberated through the room, and Diedrich calmly and philosophically turned

about and abandoned the house, and the next morning abandoned his home. Unconscious of having perpetuated any blunder, he supposed the mirth of the company to have been occasioned by Kattarina's scornful treatment of him, but what could have actuated her to such conduct he was unable to surmise. The poor fellow was not sufficiently familiar with the tidiness of a young lady's invisible habiliments to imagine that the renegade riband which he so politely attempted to restore to its original possessor had relieved itself from the performance of an unwhisperable office and not that of a latchet. By the by, it was downright prodigality of Miss Schminkfleckchen to appropriate the commodity of the mercer to a purpose which could as well have been answered by a like quantity of red tape at a penny a yard, or other material of equal cheapness.

Ah! how poignant is the disdain of her one loves, and what awful consequences sometimes result from it. Some weeks after, the public prints divulged the name of Diedrich Rodenheiser, in a list of passengers blown up by the explosion of a steam-boat boiler, on the Ohio river. The unhappy man by blundering on board the steamer, blundered into futurity.

A RETROSPECT.

ALL is not gloom—upon our paths
 Though lowly they may be,
 Is sometimes thrown a flush of joy,
 A sunburst o'er the sea—
 That wild, wild sea, the human heart,
 Across whose depths are driven,
 Alike the tempest's furious wrath,
 And peaceful breath of heaven.

Tho' bitter seem the world's cold smiles,
 Tho' false its friendships prove,
 Tho' changeful as the summer sea
 Its fondest dreams of love,
 The thought of some unclouded hour
 Still glimmers from afar,
 And though by distance dimmed, its ray
 Is memory's brightest star.

There was a time! 'tis thus we brood
 O'er feelings chilled, and hopes forsaken,
 When life was like the April day—
 By tears and smiles alternate shaken;
 When sorrow's mantle pressed but lightly;
 Affliction was unknown;
 When pleasure, won us by her smile,
 And joy was all our own.

O! memory, thou art to me
 The dew-drop to the sun-parched flower,
 The frozen fount within the heart
 Unsealing by thy magic power—
 Lifting the veil old Time has drawn
 Closer with every wasted year,
 'Till manhood's perished joys return,
 And youth's wild visions re-appear.

From mists that shroud the fading past
 Like spirits to my presence crowd,
 Some who, time-wearied, sunk to rest,
 And some in manhood's beauty bowed;
 The fair young girl whose snowy brow
 Was beauty's resting place,
 The infant with its eye of light,
 And mirth bespeaking face.

My mother! (O! if ever yet
 To man a boon were given,
 A light to guide his feeble step
 From erring paths to heaven—
 To fill his breast with hopes of bliss
 Beyond this "vale of tears,"
 It is the memory of that love
 Which blessed his infant years.)

Again I hear thy happy voice
 Its precepts fond impart,
 Again the sunshine of thy smile
 Glows warmly on my heart;
 I seem to stand within the home
 Which once thou loved'st well,
 Again I feel thy parting kiss,
 And hear thy last farewell.

And thou, sweet sister, lowly laid
 Within the church-yard's pale of gloom—
 (Alas! that I should live to plant
 The rose beside thy humble tomb,)
 I feel that o'er my sinful way
 Thou'rt bending now with holy care,
 The same as when on earth ye knelt
 To bless me with a sister's prayer.

And thou, too, loved of "other days,"
 My boyhood's earliest friend,
 How with the memory-painted group
 Doth thy fond image blend—
 Again thou'rt standing by my side,
 Again I see thy face,
 The while contending as a child
 In childhood's happy race.

And thus they pass—a shadowy throng
 Who mingle with our dreams,
 Breathing around our fainting hearts
 Like music tones of streams—
 Awaking from their silent sleep
 Fond thoughts of wasted years,
 'Till, musing o'er their brightness lost,
 Our eyes suffuse with tears.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Perils in the Woods; or, The Emigrant Family's Return. With Engravings. Effingham Wilson, London.

We picked this pretty looking volume from a bookseller's shelves, shortly after its importation; we were attracted by its ad captandum title, by several well executed plates, and the general neatness of its mechanical execution. But in these enumerations alone consists its excellence—the contents are a mass of impossible and ignorant relations concocted by some hireling scribe who professes to detail adventures in the United States of America without possessing a school-boy's knowledge of its interior geography, or exhibiting the remotest acquaintances with its productions and national peculiarities. We are unacquainted with the writer, who is described in the title page as the author of "The Wanderer's Cave," "Tom Starboard," and other works of equal celebrity—a celebrity, that like the author, has not yet crossed the Atlantic.

Captain Marryatt has declared that he wrote his book on America with an avowed purpose of disgusting his countrymen with the practices of democracy. The author of "Perils in the Woods" has undoubtedly written his equally erudite work for the purpose of deterring the better sort of agriculturists from emigration; and, like the honest Captain, has not scrupled to employ the coarsest and most improbable means. The Captain selected more than one-half of his book from the facetiæ of our newspapers, turning our own caricatures of various provincial fooleries into weapons of national assault. The other scribbler has robbed every book of marvellous travel that chanced to come in his way, and hassliced and dovetailed a variety of ancient and modern wonders into the history of an emigrant family squatting in the western wilds—but this farrago is not even amusing; the developed ignorance is so potent that it "quite o'er crows" the attention necessary to a perusal of the most common-place matters.

The emigrant family actually behold sixty feet of the length of the Nahant sea serpent in the course of their voyage across the Atlantic. The father goes to the Indiana land-office in Philadelphia, and very sapiently purchases a swamp on the banks of the Tippecanoe river, which, by the way, is written *Tipicana*. The heavy goods of the emigrants are placed in an ark at Philadelphia, and sent down the Ohio to the Wabash, but unfortunately the ark upset in the Scioto river, (written Sciolto) although how it contrives to get into that latitude is rather incomprehensible, being several hundred miles out of its line of journey. There is a talk of an ark floating down the stream of the Wabash from the Ohio to the Tippecanoe, a circumstance that is the reverse of possibility.

The sapient emigrants purchase a small one-horse wagon to carry seven persons, with all their plunder, through the western states. This omnipotent horse is killed by lightning; a cow buffalo is caught *asleep*, with its calf, and submits to be harnessed to the wagon, drawing the whole of our particular emigration cheerfully and obediently, while the dear little innocent calf runs amiably by its mother's side!

Sugar canes, rice, and tobacco are described as growing north of latitude 41; parroquets are as plentiful as mosquitoes, and wild Indians, buffaloes, and panthers are every day circumstances in the heart of Ohio, which, with Indiana, is described as a howling wilderness, with a few log huts sparsely distributed—indeed our squatters's next door neighbor lives fifteen miles off—and yet we are told that a steam-boat of immense size navigated the Tippecanoe river, and was daily crowded with passengers.

A boy of fifteen years of age is the hero of the tale; he shoots Indians, panthers, and other wild things; fells huge forest trees, builds log huts, digs rice dykes, and cultivates several hundred acres of land. He saves his parents' lives several times, and on his way back to England, actually rides on the back of a Mississippi alligator *a la Waterton*, to the evident satisfaction of the whole of the passengers aboard the steam-boat!

We are happy to inform our readers that this interesting party returned safely to their native land; the recital of their wondrous adventures has had the desired effect upon the nerves of their country neighbors; and the official returns of emigration have been seriously reduced since the publication of the work entitled "Perils in the Woods."

Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai. By Baron Geramb, Monk of the Order of La Trappe. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

In 1814, Ferdinand, Baron de Geramb, a distinguished officer in the service of Austria, was released from imprisonment in the castle of Vincennes; disgusted with the world, he declined all farther contests in the military or political arenas, and retired to the monastery of Notre Dame de la Trappe du Mont des Olives, near Mülhausen in Alsau, in the department of Upper Rhine. Unde

the name of Father Marie Joseph, he sojourned for sixteen years in the gloomy cells of the Trappist monastery, and conformed to its rigid and soul-wearing ordinances and mortifications. The revolution of July, 1830, reached even the poor monks in their quiet cloisters; the order was abolished in France, and all monks, not Frenchmen by birth, were ordered to leave France instantly. So rigorously were these orders enforced that a young Trappist nun was driven from her cell while in mortal agony, and expired a few paces from the sacred asylum. Geramb retired to the Trappist (chief) abbey of St. Bernard in the canton of Luzerne; but finding that misfortune and sickness continued to clog his path, he resolved to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, "to pray, to adore, and to do penance." His letters, while on his journey, constitute the book before us.

Baron Geramb has produced an agreeable work. His details are given in a novel and pleasant way; there is less of the traveller, anxious to show his knowledge, and more of the results of actual observation than generally grace the pages of modern voyagers. We do not pronounce the "Pilgrimage" the best book on the Holy Land extant, but it is more devoted in its purpose than any other work on the same subject. The whole extent of Palestine was explored by the pilgrim; every place famous in sacred history, or remarkable in the unwritten traditions of the land, is accurately described, and associated with its particular event, which is also given in full. The baron's details are sufficiently anecdotal to please the general reader.

We are happy to state that the policy of Louis Philippe has permitted the re-establishment of the monastery of the Mount of Olives, and that père Marie Joseph is once more in holy communion with his silent brethren of La Trappe.

The Pathfinder; or, The Inland Sea. By the Author of "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairies," etc. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

After an attentive and gratifying perusal of this work, we unhesitatingly declare it to be fully equal to any of Mr. Cooper's former productions, and superior to all other novels that we have lately had occasion to notice. Queen Elizabeth was delighted with Shakespeare's Falstaff, and desired the dramatist to present the obese knight in situations submissive to the blind boy god; Mr. Cooper has, in the Pathfinder, delineated his inimitable Leather-stocking as bending to the power of love—and a finished picture has been given to the world. This link in the history of our favorite scout was actually wanting to complete the chain that binds him to the sympathies of the reader; the unsuccessful termination of his course of wooing accounts for the melancholy tinge that is apparent in all his various scenes of life; there were too, several allusions in the other parts of his history, that require a knowledge of his whereabouts in the earlier days—for "The Pathfinder," although published subsequently to "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Prairie," is meant to precede them all in point of date. Leatherstocking's career is now perfect; unless Mr. Cooper should give us another antecedent history, and develop the passages of his hero's juvenility.

The scene of "The Pathfinder" is on the shores and waters of Lake Ontario and its tributaries; the opening chapters, depicting the passage down the Oswego, are of the most exciting nature; and the account of the gale on the lake is comparable only to the sea passages in the novel of the Pilot. Mr. Cooper has not indulged in much delineation of character—indeed, characteristic varieties are not his strongest points—but he has given us some descriptive touches that deserve our warmest praise.

A Word to Women, The Love of the World, and other Gatherings, by Caroline Fry, author of "The Listener," etc. One Volume, Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Fry, the author of this work, has acquired a sort of reputation in England as the *chaperone* of magdalens and repentant jail birds, who, when fairly caged and prohibited from the present exercise of their ingenious professions, pretend a desire of participation in the spiritual goods things of the amateur missionary of Newgate, knowing that a submission to her ritual is necessarily connected with certain supplies of tea, coffee, money, and books, of material assistance in the melioration of strict prison discipline. Unfortunately, her proselytes seldom retain their pious practices when away from their jail preceptor—the parliamentary evidence, lately elicited before a committee in the matter of prison government, affords testimony that Mrs. Fry's *élèves* generally turn out the most confirmed *pau-paws* in the annals of crime. The book before us is a sufficient proof that such a result must be the fact; the unforgiving severity of Mrs. Fry's code would terrify a Trappist, and frighten the most frigid of nuns into fits. The chilling and withering nature of her religious tenets must drive an erring soul to desperation. She has become accustomed to the jail, and would make the whole universe a general penitentiary and prison house. With her, to laugh is as foul a crime as murder; her book is a manual of fanaticism, a mass of ascetic wilfulness and sad absurdity.

In the opinion of Mrs. Fry every act of life is sinful, except the adoration of God the Father and God the Son. In plain and positive language she declares that we ought not to read any thing but the scriptures, nor employ music in any other way than in the worship of God—that the sense of hearing is mis-used, except in listening to the exordium of the preacher—that it is sinful to take delight in the sight of a beautiful flower, enjoy the fragrance of its smell, because such practises pamper the appetites! that a true Christian ought to use a crockery candlestick, not a silver one. That, in fact, we were formed by an omniscient Creator for the sole purpose of eternally chanting his praises and lamenting the worthlessness and depravity of the work of his hands, formed in his own image. A mind actuated by Mrs. Fry's principles, must believe in the exercise of a malignant fate, and cannot fail to embrace the crime to which it considers itself doomed—and to seek in death a refuge from the sin which cannot be avoided in life.

Diary of the Rev. John Ward, A. M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1679, from the original MSS. preserved in the Library of the Medical Society of London. Colburn, Londm.

The principal inducement to the publication of the late Mr. Ward's common-place books has been a casual mention of Shakspeare. The rest of the matter consists of extracts from the books that fell in Mr. Ward's way, who appears to have been a very desultory reader. He was, too, a collector of quaint sayings, and more than sufficiently credulous. The following is all that relates to Shakspeare:—

Shakspeare had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the physitian, married, and by her had one daughter married, to wit, the Lady Bernard of Abbingdon.

I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; hee frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of 1,000*l.* a-year, as I have heard.

Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank hard, for Shakspeare died of a feavour there contracted.

Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays, and bee much versed in them, that I may not bee ignorant in that matter.

Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramattick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakspeare.

A letter to my brother, to see Mrs. Queeny* to send for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment.

* Probably Shakspeare's daughter Judith, who lived to be seventy-seven years of age.

From the above we learn that Shakspeare spent one thousand pounds a-year, a sum equal to three thousand pounds now, yet his will gives no idea of so large a fortune. Mr. Ward's memoranda commence thirty-two years after Shakspeare's death; it is, therefore, by no means improbable that he spoke vaguely on the subject; he is more likely to be correct in his statement of the cause of Shakspeare's death, as he blended medical with clerical duties. Mr. Ward's "Diary" belongs to the numerous class of books denominated curious, and will fill a niche in the libraries of those who, from leisure and circumstances, can afford to be loungers amid literature. "Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, having a merie meeting," at which he (Shakspeare), it seems, "drank too hard," will, probably, furnish some matter for imaginative writers: Walter Savage Landor would sketch the scene with great power, and is, perhaps, the only writer of the day who would do it characteristically.

Every Day Life in London. By James Grant, author of "Random Recollections of the Lords, and Commons," "Great Metropolis," etc. Two Volumes. Carey and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We have here another of Mr. Grant's extraordinary *refacimentos*, or jumbles of fact and falsehood, under the title of "Every Day Life in London." It is a readable work, although every statement must be taken *cum grano salis*, for Mr. Grant is not very particular in his statistical details—as an instance we quote his account of the Penny Theatres, a species of cheap dramatic entertainment that has lately sprung up in the purlieus of the British Metropolis, under the patronage of the children of the lower classes. Mr. Grant sapiently averages the nightly attendances at the Penny Theatres of London at twenty-four thousand persons!

We have before reverted to the common-placeness in Mr. Grant's diction that sadly mars the effect of his very numerous publications; this free-and-easy "slip-slop" occasionally becomes offensive in all serious matters, whilst a total lack of perception of the ludicrous negatives his humorous attempts! The police-office and Lumber-troop dialogues degenerate into absolute twaddle, and several of hi

anecdotes and *historiettes* are flat and pointless. Nevertheless, we again affirm that "Every Day Life in London" is a readable book, inasmuch as it contains much startling information respecting the *tabooed* classes of the English public, and gives some curious if not correct accounts of subjects that are but seldom noticed by the press.

Poor Jack. By Captain Marryatt. Part I, with three Engravings. Carey and Hart, Phila.

The Tower of London, an Historical Romance, by W. H. Ainsworth. Part I, with two engravings, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We have here the opening chapters of two new works, by two of the best writers of the day. We can say nothing as to the merits of either production, for the samples are necessarily short and inefficient. "Poor Jack" has already been copied into every newspaper in the Union; our readers therefore are well acquainted with its capabilities, but it strikes us that there is nothing very new in the subjects of the *yarns* spun in the opening chapter, but the captain's reputation will ensure the popularity of the work. Mr. Ainsworth is a powerful writer; his "Crichton" stands at the head of the long list of English novels—unapproachable and alone; but if this great glory is fairly Mr. Ainsworth's due, and in our humble opinion the fact is incontrovertible, he must also assume the responsibility of giving to the reading world the most corrupt, flat, and vulgar fabrication in the English language. "Jack Sheppard" is a disgrace to the literature of the day.

A word or two on the Copy-right Question. When an International Copy-right Bill was in agitation, the publishing booksellers exerted a powerful interest in opposition to its progress, and succeeded in swamping the proposition. The petitioners against the bill affirmed that if foreign authors were allowed the privilege of copy-right, the American public would lose the privilege of cheap literature. We are inclined to think that the recent introduction of the giant hebdomadals has very materially altered the sentiments of the publishing booksellers, inasmuch as we are certain that their pockets have materially been affected. The enormous capacities of the mammoth sheets enable the editors to give the entire number of the current fancy issue of the English press (Boz, Marryatt, or Ainsworth), at least a week in advance of the bookseller's regular publication. This proceeding must gratify the booksellers amazingly; because it fully carries out their own philanthropic and national sentiment—the American public is supplied with cheap reading, and the foreign writers are not paid a cent for the produce of their own brains. To be sure, the literature is supplied by other hands, and at a cheaper rate than the original propagators of the liberal idea can afford; but, then, the principle is carried out—the American paper-makers, type-founders, book-binders, ink-makers, press-makers, compositors, and press-men, reap the benefits of the cheap literature, agreeably to the publishing bookseller's desire—and the American writers are positively crowded out of all chance of competition—according to the publishing booksellers' will—but the stream has taken another channel—the light literature of England has become so very flimsy that it will not hold together in large quantities; the fabricators are compelled to give it to the public in small doses, which the newspaper rogues retail again before the booksellers can wink—but then, they cannot grumble; the principles they advocated are fully carried out—and if it is patriotic to steal our literature from England, the thief who charges the least for his act of dishonesty is decidedly the greatest patriot.

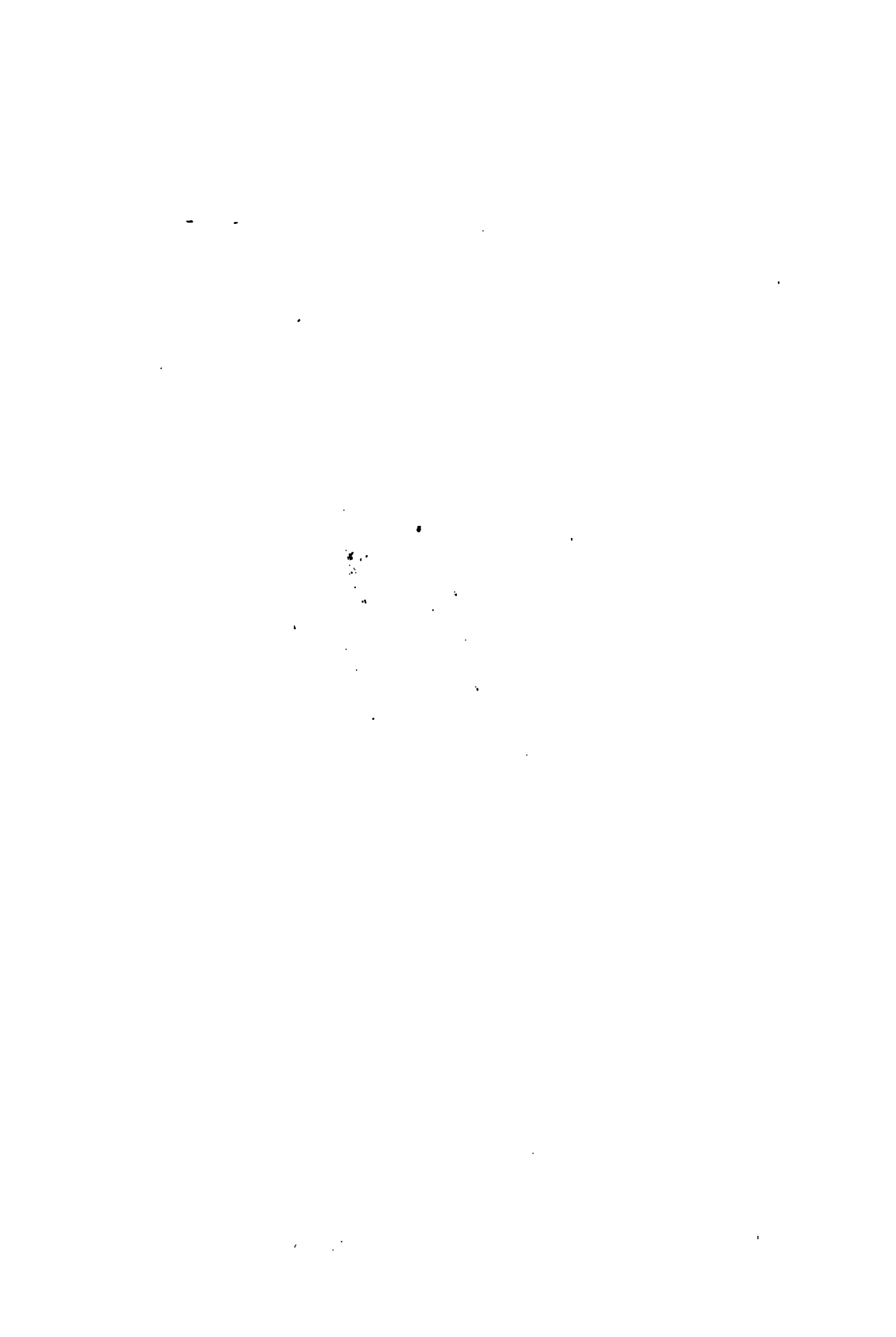
The sublime folly of the reasons adduced against the necessity of an International Copy-right Bill must soon become pretty evident to the most violent opposers of the measure. Their silly opposition has very sensibly affected their own interests, and the non-passage of the Bill induced the British parliament to exclude the Americans from the enjoyment of copy-right in England, by a passage in Mr. Talford's Act of last session. The American author is now unable to publish his work in his own country, or obtain a market elsewhere; well-established writers can alone attempt to stem the flood of English re-prints that now occupy the bookseller's counters and the parlor tables of the general reader. The editor of an American periodical is unable to offer a fair remuneration to American writers for articles of the highest value; his competitors pilfer the British magazines with monthly industry, and the editors of the daily press puff the stolen subjects with monthly servility, and copy them with monthly rapacity, passing by with patriotic indifference the original productions of American writers for the more glorious novelties of the foreigner. An international copy-right act would prevent all this.



Yan obt. Sent.

W. C. Bryant

BURTON'S



BURTON'S
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1840.

A NOTICE OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

WHETHER he should base his opinions upon those of the people, or look to the Reviews, or, more wisely, to the genius of the author as evinced in his works, still the critic would find no dearth of material in inditing an account of Bryant, the poet. Of Bryant, the man, but little, comparatively, is known. He is the son of Dr. Peter Bryant, of Cummington, Massachusetts, where he was born on the third of November, 1794. He is now, consequently, in his forty-seventh year. His rhyming inclinations were manifested at an early period. He was but ten according to one authority—but nine according to another—when some verses, composed by him as a school-thesis, were thought worthy of publication by the editor of the "Hampshire Gazette," a small weekly paper then printed at Northampton. This precocious dallying with the Muse was rather abetted than discouraged by the father of our poet. The good old gentleman, a physician, and a scholar of no ordinary cast, scrupled not to foster the errant genius of his son, and to act for him in capacity of guide along the flowery but somewhat slippery paths of imaginative lore. The pupil has confessed his indebtedness to parental instruction for many careful habits of compression and polish.

When only fourteen years old our author published at Boston, in a small volume, with some other poems, "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times." The book was so well received that a second edition was printed within the year. "The Embargo" was a political *jeu d'esprit* levelled at President Jefferson and his measures. It is chiefly remarkable from the fact that the boyish principles therein expressed have, of late days, been gravely brought to sustain a charge of inconsistency urged against the man.

In 1810 the young satirist entered Williams college, in Williamstown, Massachusetts. He remained here two years, and then, obtaining a dismissal upon his own application, turned his attention to the study of law. In 1815, he was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, and afterwards practised with moderate success.

In 1820 he removed from Plymouth to New York, and here became associated with Dr. H. J. Anderson in the conduct of the "United States Review and Literary Gazette," in which periodical some of his finest compositions first appeared.

In 1821 he published "The Ages, Thanatopsis, and other Poems."

In 1828 he united his fortunes with those of Mr. William Leggett in the guidance of "The New York Evening Post."* Soon afterwards he assumed a proprietary interest in that paper, and has retained it ever since.

* It has been stated that Mr. Bryant came to New York in 1825; that the Magazine in question was called "The New York Review;" and that it was in 1826 he joined "The Evening Post." We give the points as we believe them to be—but, as a doubt exists, our readers have "the benefit of the doubt."

During each of the years 1827, 1828, and 1829, he contributed one-third of its matter to an annual entitled "The Talisman"—the remaining two-thirds being written, chiefly, by Messieurs Verplanck and Sands. It was for "The Talisman" that Mr. Halleck composed his "Red Jacket."

In 1832 Mr. Elam Bliss, of New York, issued the first complete edition of the poems of Bryant. It was soon exhausted, and a second immediately published in Boston. Of this latter Mr. Washington Irving, then in London, took upon himself an English re-publication, in which he announced himself as the editor, dedicating the book in this capacity to Mr. Samuel Rogers, that tolerable author and excellent financier. Since this period the Harpers, of New York, have printed several editions, of which the latest contains seventeen pieces not to be found in any previous collection. One or two fine poems, not yet comprised in volume form, have lately appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" and the "Democratic Review."

In June, 1834, the poet, with his family, sailed for Europe, with the design of there devoting some years to literary pursuits and to the education of his children. He visited Italy and Germany, reading principally in Munich, Heidelberg, Florence and Pisa. In the spring of 1836 he was suddenly called home by the severe illness of Mr. Leggett, his associate in the "Evening Post."

The poetical reputation of Mr. Bryant, both at home and abroad, is, perhaps, higher than that of any other American. In England his writings have been received with especial favor, and here the public approbation has been decided and unanimous. In no instance have his great abilities been denied—nor can it be denied that this fact itself is a substantial proof of the character and of the extent of these abilities. No man of the noblest order of genius was ever distinguished by absolute uniformity of applause. On the other hand this uniformity is never known except where we meet with the most rigorous negative merit. In truth a manly exemption from the prevalent poetical affectations of his time has done more for Mr. Bryant than any one positive excellence. Yet of positive excellences he has many; and there are one or two of his shorter poems which sometimes startle the critic into a half belief of a rarer spirit—of a more ethereal temper—than that of which the poet gives any general or steady indication.

Why his "Thanatopsis" has been so widely received and quoted as his finest production, may be explained, in part, by what has been just now said respecting the negative merits of composition. It is quite devoid of fault; is undoubtedly beautiful; and in judging, absolutely, of the poems of Bryant, the public voice is not altogether wrong in its decision. But as affording evidence of the higher powers of the poet, as specimens by which his claims to the *mens diviniore* might be best estimated, he himself, if we do not greatly misunderstand him, would select some other portions of his works. Had he indeed always written as in the annexed little ballad, he might have justly assumed that rank among the poets of all time, into which our national pride and partiality are so blindly disposed to thrust him as it is.

Oh, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart, and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the lightshade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs in whose screne
And silent waters Heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast:
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

A graceful simplicity is the chief feature of this poem—simplicity both of design and execution; and in this respect the merely general character of the writer's mind is sustained. But breathings of a high idealty are also observable, which render the lines distinctive when considered in connexion with this general character. The original conception of the ballad belongs to a lofty class

of poetry, while the certainty of purpose with which so simple a conception is adhered to throughout, appertains to the noblest province of art. The design may be thus stated. A maiden is born in the forest—she is not merely *modelled in character* by her woodland associations—this were an every-day thought—but, in her physical as well as moral existence, she is identified with the spirit of the green things around her. Their nature becomes hers; their traits of excellence hers; their loveliness grows to be a portion of her own.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the lightshade of her locks,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in her heart and on her face.

An author, not deeply inspired, would have been satisfied here with the idea of the tints in the locks of the maiden deducing a *resemblance* to "the twilight of the trees and rocks;" Mr. Bryant has more profoundly imagined the perfect identification.

But the writer of this cursory memoir has commented elsewhere, at much length, upon the poetical character of Mr. Bryant; and it appears an act of supererogation to avoid the mere words of an opinion existing now precisely as heretofore, and whose substance, if he speak at all, he must still necessarily express. The reader will therefore pardon him for extracting, from the Southern Literary Messenger, the concluding sentences of an article upon the matter now in question.

"In all his rhapsodies which have reference to the grace or the beauty or the majesty of nature, is a most audible and thrilling tone of love and exultation. As far as he appreciates her loveliness or her augustness, no appreciation can be more ardent, more full of heart, more replete with the glowing soul of adoration. Nor, either in the moral or physical universe coming within the periphery of his vision, does he at any time fail to perceive and designate, at once, the legitimate items of the beautiful. Therefore, could we consider (as some have considered) the mere enjoyment of the beautiful when perceived, or even this enjoyment when combined with the readiest and truest perception and discrimination in regard to beauty presented, as a sufficient test of the poetical sentiment, we could have no hesitation in according to Mr. Bryant the very highest poetical rank. But something more, we have presumed to observe, is demanded. Just above, we spoke of "objects in the moral or physical universe coming within the periphery of his vision." We now mean to say, that the relative extent of these peripheries of poetical vision must ever be a primary consideration in our classification of poets. Judging Mr. B. in this manner, and by a *general* estimate of the volume before us, we should, of course, pause long before assigning him a place with the spiritual Shelleys, or Coleridges, or Wordsworths, or with Keats, or even Tennyson, or Wilson, or with some other burning lights of our own day, to be valued in a day to come. Yet if his poems, as a whole, will not warrant us in assigning him this grade, one such poem as the last upon which we have commented, is enough to assure us that he may attain it.*

"The writings of our author, as we find them *here*, are characterized by an air of calm and elevated contemplation more than by any other individual feature. In their mere didactics, however, they err essentially and primitively, inasmuch as such things are the province rather of Minerva than of the Camenæ. Of imagination we discover much—but more of its rich and certain evidences, than of its ripened fruit. In all the minor merits Mr. Bryant is pre-eminent. His *ars celare artem* is most efficient. Of his "completeness," unity, and finish of style, we have already spoken. As a versifier, we know of no writer, living or dead, who can be said greatly to surpass him. A Frenchman would assuredly call him '*un poëte des plus correctes*.'

"Between Cowper and Young, perhaps, (with both of whom he has many points of analogy,) would be the post assigned him by an examination at once general and superficial. Even in this view, however, he has a juster appreciation of the beautiful than the one, of the sublime than the other—a finer taste than Cowper—an equally vigorous, and far more delicate imagination than Young. In regard to his proper rank among American poets there should be no question whatever. Few—at least few who are fairly before the public, have more than very shallow claims to a rivalry with the author of *Thanatopsis*."

The political life of our author is not a topic for these pages. I am only permitted to say that his principles, since attainment of manhood, have been rigorously democratic; and that his editorial conduct of the "Evening Post" has been marked by at least a polished style, a stern independence, and a courteous urbanity. In his private relations he has always so borne himself as to command entire respect even from his foes. That purity which escapes the rancor of party is purity indeed; and the elevated morality, the Christian spirit, the simplicity and warm-heartedness, the high purposes and chivalric impulses which form so unequivocally the tone of "The Ages," of "Earth," of "The Winds," and of "Thanatopsis," are but the exact impress of the noble soul of the poet.

None know him but to love him—
None name him but to praise.

* The one just quoted.

THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS RODMAN.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PASSAGE ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF NORTH AMERICA EVER ACHIEVED BY CIVILIZED MAN.

CHAPTER V.

April 10, 1792. The weather was now again most delicious, and revived our spirits exceedingly. The sun began to have power, and the river was quite free of ice, so the Indians assured us, for a hundred miles ahead. We bade adieu to Little Snake [a chief of the Ricarees who had shown the voyagers many evidences of friendship during the winter] and his band, with unfeigned regret, and set out, after breakfast, on our voyage. Perrine [an agent of the Hudson Bay fur company on his way to Petite Côte] accompanied us with three Indians for the first ten miles, when he took leave of us and made his way back to the village, where (as we afterwards heard) he met with a violent death from the hands of a squaw, to whom he offered some insult. Upon parting with the agent, we pushed on vigorously up the river, and made great way, notwithstanding a rapid current. In the afternoon, Thornton, who had been complaining for some days past, was taken seriously ill; so much so that I urged the return of the whole party to the hut, there to wait until he should get better; but he resisted this offer so strongly that I was forced to yield. We made him a comfortable bed in the cabin, and paid him every attention; but he had a raging fever, with occasional delirium, and I was much afraid that we should lose him. In the meantime we still pushed ahead with resolution, and by night had made twenty miles—an excellent day's work.

April 11. Still beautiful weather. We started early, and had a good wind, which aided us greatly; so that, but for Thornton's illness, we should all have been in fine spirits. He seemed to grow much worse, and I scarcely knew how to act. Every thing was done for his comfort which could be done; Jules, the Canadian, made him some tea, from prairie herbs, which had the effect of inducing perspiration, and allayed the fever very sensibly. We stopped at night on the main land to the north, and three hunters went out into the prairie by moonlight, returning at one in the morning, without their rifles, and with a fat antelope.

They related that, having proceeded many miles across the country, they reached the banks of a beautiful rivulet, where they were much surprised and alarmed at discovering a large war-party of the Saonie Sioux, who immediately took them prisoners, and carried them a mile on the other side of the stream to a kind of park, or enclosure, walled with mud and sticks, in which was a large herd of antelopes. These animals were still coming into the park, the gates of which were so contrived as to prevent escape. This was an annual practice of the Indians. In the autumn, the antelopes retire for food and shelter from the prairie to the mountainous regions on the south of the river. In the spring they re-cross it in great numbers, and are then easily taken by being enticed into a strong enclosure as above described.

The hunters, (John Greely, the Prophet, and a Canadian) had scarcely any hope of escape from the clutches of the Indians; (who numbered as many as fifty,) and had well nigh made up their minds to die. Greely and the Prophet were disarmed and tied hand and foot; the Canadian, however, was suffered, for some reason not perfectly understood, to remain unbound, and was only deprived of his rifle, the savages leaving him in possession of his hunter's knife, (which, possibly, they did not perceive, as it was worn in a sort of sheath in the side of his legging) and treating him otherwise with a marked difference from their demeanor to the others. This circumstance proved the source of the party's deliverance.

It was, perhaps, nine o'clock at night when they were first taken. The moon was bright, but, as the air was unusually cool for the season, the savages had kindled two large fires at a sufficient distance from the park not to frighten the antelopes, who were still pouring into it continually. At these fires they were occupied in cooking their game when the hunters so unexpectedly came upon them from round a clump of trees. Greely and the Prophet, after being disarmed and bound with strong thongs of buffalo hide, were thrown down under a tree at some distance from the blaze; while the Canadian was permitted to seat himself, in charge of two savages, by one of the fires, the rest of the Indians forming a circle round the other and larger one. In this arrangement, the time wore away slowly, and the hunters were in momentary expectation of death; the cords of the two who were bound caused them, also, infinite pain, from the tightness with which they were fastened. The Canadian had endeavored to hold a conversation with his guards, in the hope of bribing them to release him, but could not make himself understood. About midnight, the congregation around the

large fire were suddenly disturbed by the dash of several large antelopes in succession through the midst of the blaze. These animals had burst through a portion of the mud wall which confined them, and, mad with rage and affright, had made for the light of the fire, as is the habit of insects at night in like circumstances. It seems, however, that the Saonies had never heard of any similar feat of these usually timid creatures, for they were in great terror at the unexpected interruption, and their alarm increased to perfect dismay, as the whole captured herd came rushing and bounding upon them, after the lapse of a minute or so from the outbreak of the first few. The hunters described the scene as one of the most singular nature. The beasts were apparently frantic, and the velocity and impetuosity with which they flew, rather than leaped, through the flames, and through the midst of the terrified savages, was said by Greely (a man not in the least prone to exaggerate) to have been not only an imposing but even a terrible spectacle. They carried every thing before them in their first plunges; but, having cleared the large fire, they immediately dashed at the small one, scattering the brands and blazing wood about; then returned, as if bewildered, to the large one, and so backwards and forwards until the decline of the fires, when, in small parties, they scampered off like lightning to the woods.

Many of the Indians were knocked down in this furious mêlée, and there is no doubt that some of them were seriously, if not mortally, wounded by the sharp hoofs of the agile antelopes. Some threw themselves flat on the ground, and so avoided injury. The Prophet and Greely, not being near the fires, were in no danger. The Canadian was prostrated at the first onset by a kick which rendered him senseless for some minutes. When he came to himself he was nearly in darkness; for the moon had gone behind a heavy thunder-cloud, and the fires were almost out, or only existed in brands scattered hither and thither. He saw no Indians near him, and instantly arousing himself to escape, made, as well as he could, for the tree where his two comrades were lying. Their thongs were soon cut, and the three set off at full speed in the direction of the river, without stopping to think of their rifles, or of any thing beyond present security. Having run for some miles, and finding no one in pursuit, they slackened their pace, and made their way to a spring for a draught of water. Here it was they met with the antelope which, as I mentioned before, they brought with them to the boats. The poor creature lay panting, and unable to move, by the border of the spring. One of its legs was broken, and it bore evident traces of fire. It was no doubt one of the herd which had been the means of deliverance. Had there been even a chance of its recovery the hunters would have spared it in token of their gratitude, but it was miserably injured, so they put it at once out of its misery, and brought it home to the boats, where we made an excellent breakfast upon it next morning.

April 12, 13, 14, and 15. During these four days we kept on our course without any adventure of note. The weather was very pleasant during the middle of the day, but the nights and mornings were exceedingly cold, and we had sharp frosts. Game was abundant. Thornton still continued ill, and his sickness perplexed and grieved me beyond measure. I missed his society very much, and now found that he was almost the only member of our party in whom I could strictly confide. By this I merely mean that he was almost the only one to whom I could, or would, freely unburthen my heart, with all its wild hopes, and fantastic wishes—not that any individual among us was unworthy of implicit faith. On the contrary, we were all like brothers, and a dispute, of any importance, never occurred. One interest seemed to bind all; or rather we appeared to be a band of voyagers without interest in view—mere travellers for pleasure. What ideas the Canadians might have held upon this subject I cannot, indeed, exactly say. These fellows talked a great deal, to be sure, about the profits of the enterprise, and especially about their expected share of it; yet I can scarcely think they cared much for these points, for they were the most simple-minded, and certainly the most obliging set of beings upon the face of the earth. As for the rest of the crew, I have no doubt in the world that the pecuniary benefit to be afforded by the expedition was the last thing upon which they speculated. Some singular evidences of the feeling which more or less pervaded us all occurred during the prosecution of the voyage. Interests, which, in the settlements, would have been looked upon as of the highest importance, were here treated as matters unworthy of a serious word, and neglected, or totally discarded upon the most frivolous pretext. Men who had travelled thousands of miles through a howling wilderness, beset by horrible dangers, and enduring the most heart-rending privations for the ostensible purpose of collecting peltries, would seldom take the trouble to secure them when obtained, and would leave behind them without a sigh an entire *cache* of fine beaver skins rather than forego the pleasure of pushing up some romantic-looking river, or penetrating into some craggy and dangerous cavern, for minerals whose use they knew nothing about, and which they threw aside as lumber at the first decent opportunity.

In all this my own heart was very much with the rest of the party; and I am free to say that, as we proceeded on our journey, I found myself less and less interested in the main business of the expedition, and more and more willing to turn aside in pursuit of idle amusement—if indeed I am right in calling by so feeble a name as amusement that deep and most intense excitement with which I surveyed the wonders and majestic beauties of the wilderness. No sooner had I examined one region than I was possessed with an irresistible desire to push forward and explore another. As yet, however, I felt as if in too close proximity to the settlements for the full enjoyment of my burning

love of Nature, and of the *unknown*. I could not help being aware that *some* civilized footsteps, although few, had preceded me in my journey—that *some* eyes before mine own had been enraptured with the scenes around me. But for this sentiment, ever obtruding itself, I should no doubt have loitered more frequently on the way, turning aside to survey the features of the region bordering upon the river, and perhaps penetrating deeply, at times, into the heart of the country to the north and south of our route. But I was anxious to *go on*—to get, if possible, beyond the extreme bounds of civilization—to gaze, if I could, upon those gigantic mountains of which the existence had been made known to us only by the vague accounts of the Indians. These ulterior hopes and views I communicated fully to no one of our party save Thornton. He participated in all my most visionary projects, and entered completely into the spirit of romantic enterprise which pervaded my soul. I therefore felt his illness as a bitter evil. He grew worse daily, while it was out of our power to render him any effectual assistance.

April 16. To-day we had a cold rain with a high wind from the north, obliging us to come to anchor until late in the afternoon. At four o'clock, P. M., we proceeded, and made five miles by night. Thornton was much worse.

April 17, and 18. During both these days we had a continuance of raw unpleasant weather, with the same cold wind from the north. We observed many large masses of ice in the river, which was much swollen and very muddy. The time passed unpleasantly, and we made no way. Thornton appeared to be dying, and I now resolved to encamp at the first convenient spot, and remain until his illness should terminate. We accordingly, at noon this day, drew the boats up a large creek coming in from the south, and formed an encampment on the main land.

April 25. We remained at the creek until this morning, when, to the great joy of us all, Thornton was sufficiently recovered to go on. The weather was fine, and we proceeded gaily through a most lovely portion of the country, without encountering a single Indian, or meeting with any adventure out of the usual course until the last of the month, when we reached the country of the Mandans, or rather of the Mandans, the Minnetarees, and the Ahnahaways; for these three tribes all live in the near vicinity of each other, occupying five villages. Not a great many years ago the Mandans were settled in nine villages, about eighty miles below, the ruins of which we passed without knowing what they were—seven on the west and two on the east of the river; but they were thinned off by the small-pox and their old enemies the Sioux, until reduced to a mere handful, when they ascended to their present position. [Mr. R. gives here a tolerably full account of the Minnetarees and Ahnahaways or Wassatoons; but we omit it, as differing in no important particular from the ordinary statements respecting these nations.] The Mandans received us with perfect friendliness, and we remained in their neighborhood three days, during which we overhauled and repaired the piroque, and otherwise refitted. We also obtained a good supply of a hard corn, of a mixed color, which the savages had preserved through the winter in holes, near the front of their lodges. While with the Mandans we were visited by a Minnetaree chief, called Waukerassah, who behaved with much civility, and was of service to us in many respects. The son of this chief we engaged to accompany us as interpreter as far as the great fork. We made the father several presents, with which he was greatly pleased.* On the first of May we bade adieu to the Mandans, and went on our way.

May 1. The weather was mild, and the surrounding country began to assume a lovely appearance with the opening vegetation, which was now much advanced. The cotton-wood leaves were quite as large as a crown, and many flowers were full blown. The low grounds began to spread out here more than usual, and were well supplied with timber. The cotton-wood and common willow, as well as red willow, abounded; with rose-bushes in great plenty. Beyond the low grounds on the river, the country extended in one immense plain without wood of any kind. The soil was remarkably rich. The game was more abundant than we had ever yet seen it. We kept a hunter ahead of us on each bank, and to-day they brought in an elk, a goat, five beavers, and a great number of plovers. The beavers were very tame and easily taken. This animal is quite a *bonne bouche* as an article of food; especially the tail, which is of a somewhat glutinous nature, like the fins of the halibut. A beaver tail will suffice for a plentiful dinner for three men. We made twenty miles before night.

May 2. We had a fine wind this morning, and used our sails until noon, when it became rather too much for us, and we stopped for the day. Our hunters went out and shortly returned with an immense elk, whom Neptune had pulled down after a long chase, the animal having been only slightly wounded by a buck shot. He measured six feet in height. An antelope was also caught about dusk. As soon as the creature saw our men, it flew off with the greatest velocity, but after a few minutes stopped, and returned on its steps, apparently through curiosity—then bounded away again. This conduct was repeated frequently, each time the game coming nearer and nearer, until at length it ventured within rifle distance, when a shot from the Prophet brought it down. It was lean and with young. These animals, although of incredible swiftness of foot, are still bad swimmers,

* The chief Waukerassah is mentioned by Captains Lewis and Clarke, whom he also visited.

and thus frequently fall a victim to the wolves, in their attempts to cross a stream. To-day made twelve miles.

May 3. This morning we made great headway, and by night had accomplished full thirty miles. The game continued to be abundant. Buffaloes, in vast numbers, lay dead along the shore, and we saw many wolves devouring the carcasses. They fled always at our approach. We were much at a loss to account for the death of the buffaloes, but some weeks afterwards the mystery was cleared up. Arriving at a pass of the river where the bluffs were steep and the water deep at their base, we observed a large herd of the huge beasts swimming across, and stopped to watch their motions. They came in a sidelong manner down the current, and had apparently entered the water from a gorge, about half a mile above, where the bank sloped into the stream. Upon reaching the land on the west side of the river they found it impossible to ascend the cliffs, and the water was beyond their depth. After struggling for some time, and endeavoring in vain to get a foot-hold in the steep and slippery clay, they turned and swam to the eastern shore, where the same kind of inaccessible precipices presented themselves, and where the ineffectual struggle to ascend was repeated. They now turned a second time, a third, a fourth, and a fifth—always making the shore at very nearly the same places. Instead of suffering themselves to go down with the current in search of a more favorable landing, (which might have been found a quarter of a mile below), they seemed bent upon maintaining their position, and, for this purpose, swam with their breasts at an acute angle to the stream and used violent exertions to prevent being borne down. At the fifth time of crossing, the poor beasts were so entirely exhausted that it was evident they could do no more. They now struggled fearfully to scramble up the bank, and one or two of them had nearly succeeded, when, to our great distress (for we could not witness their noble efforts without commiseration) the whole mass of loose earth above caved in, and buried several of them in its fall, without leaving the cliff in better condition for ascent. Upon this the rest of the herd commenced a lamentable kind of howling or moaning—a sound conveying more of a dismal sorrow and despair than any thing which it is possible to imagine—I shall never get it out of my head. Some of the beasts made another attempt to swim the river, struggled a few minutes, and sank—the waves above them being dyed with the red blood that gushed from their nostrils in the death agony. But the greater part, after the moaning described, seemed to yield supinely to their fate, rolled over on their backs, and disappeared. The whole herd were drowned—not a buffalo escaped. Their carcasses were thrown up in half an hour afterwards upon the flat grounds a short distance below, where, but for their ignorant obstinacy, they might so easily have landed in safety.

May 4. The weather was delightful, and, with a fair warm wind from the south, we made twenty-five miles before night. To-day Thornton was sufficiently recovered to assist in the duties of the boat. In the afternoon he went out with me into the prairie to the west, where we saw a great number of early spring flowers of a kind never seen in the settlements. Many of them were of a rare beauty and delicious perfume. We saw also game in great variety, but shot none, as we were sure the hunters would bring in more than was wanted for use, and I was averse to the wanton destruction of life. On our way home we came upon two Indians of the Assiniboin nation, who accompanied us to the boats. They had evinced nothing like distrust on the way, but, on the contrary, had been frank and bold in demeanor; we were therefore much surprised to see them, upon coming within a stone's throw of the piroque, turn, both of them, suddenly round, and make off into the prairie at full speed. Upon getting a good distance from us, they stopped and ascended a knoll which commanded a view of the river. Here they lay on their bellies, and, resting their chins on their hands, seemed to regard us with the deepest astonishment. By the aid of a spy-glass I could minutely observe their countenances, which bore evidence of both amazement and terror. They continued watching us for a long time. At length, as if struck with a sudden thought, they arose hurriedly and commenced a rapid flight in the direction from which we had seen them issue at first.

May 5. As we were getting under way very early this morning, a large party of Assiniboins suddenly rushed upon the boats, and succeeded in taking possession of the piroque before we could make any effectual resistance. No one was in it at the time except Jules, who escaped by throwing himself into the river, and swimming to the large boat, which we had pushed out into the stream. These Indians had been brought upon us by the two who had visited us the day before, and the party must have approached us in the most stealthy manner imaginable, as we had our sentries regularly posted, and even Neptune failed to give any token of their vicinity.

We were preparing to fire upon the enemy when Misquash (the new interpreter—son of Waukerassah) gave us to understand that the Assiniboins were friends and were now making signals of amity. Although we could not help thinking that the highway robbery of our boat was but an indifferent way of evincing friendship, still we were willing to see what these people had to say, and desired Misquash to ask them why they had behaved as they did. They replied with many protestations of regard; and we at length found that they really had no intention of molesting us any farther than to satisfy an ardent curiosity which consumed them, and which they now intreated us to appease. It appeared that the two Indians of the day before, whose singular conduct had so surprised us, had been struck with sudden amazement at the sooty appearance of our negro, Toby. They had never before seen or heard of a blackamoor, and it must therefore be confessed that their astonish-

ment was not altogether causeless. Toby, moreover, was as ugly an old gentleman as ever spoke—having all the peculiar features of his race; the swollen lips, large white protruding eyes, flat nose, long ears, double head, pot-belly, and bow legs. Upon relating their adventure to their companions, the two savages could obtain no credit for the wonderful story, and were about losing caste for ever, as liars and double-dealers, when they proposed to conduct the whole band to the boats by way of vindicating their veracity. The sudden attack seemed to have been the mere result of impatience on the part of the still incredulous Assiniboin; for they never afterwards evinced the slightest hostility, and yielded up the piroque as soon as we made them understand that we would let them have a good look at old Toby. The latter personage took the matter as a very good joke, and went ashore at once, *in naturalibus*, that the inquisitive savages might observe the whole extent of the question. Their astonishment and satisfaction were profound and complete. At first they doubted the evidence of their own eyes, spitting upon their fingers and rubbing the skin of the negro to be sure that it was not painted. The wool on the head elicited repeated shouts of applause, and the bandy legs were the subject of unqualified admiration. A jig dance on the part of our ugly friend brought matters to a climax. Wonder was now at its height. Approbation could go no farther. Had Toby but possessed a single spark of ambition he might then have made his fortune for ever by ascending the throne of the Assiniboin, and reigning as King Toby the First.

This incident detained us until late in the day. After interchanging some civilities and presents with the savages, we accepted the aid of six of the band in rowing us about five miles on our route—a very acceptable assistance, and one for which we did not fail to thank Toby. We made, to-day, only twelve miles, and encamped at night on a beautiful island which we long remembered for the delicious fish and fowl which its vicinity afforded us. We staid at this pleasant spot two days, during which we feasted and made merry, with very little care for the morrow, and with very little regard to the numerous beaver which disported around us. We might have taken at this island one or two hundred skins without difficulty. As it was, we collected about twenty. The island is at the mouth of a tolerably large river coming in from the south, and at a point where the Missouri strikes off in a due westerly direction. The latitude is about 48.

May 8. We proceeded with fair winds and fine weather, and after making twenty or twenty-five miles, reached a large river coming in from the north. Where it *debouches*, however, it is very narrow—not more than a dozen yards wide, and appears to be quite choked up with mud. Upon ascending it a short distance, a fine bold stream is seen, seventy or eighty yards wide, and very deep, passing through a beautiful valley, abounding in game. Our new guide told us the name of this river, but I have no memorandum of it.* Robert Greely shot here some geese which build their nests upon trees.

May 9. In many places a little distant from the river banks, to-day, we observed the ground encrusted with a white substance which proved to be a strong salt. We made only fifteen miles, owing to several petty hindrances, and encamped at night on the main land, among some clumps of cottonwood and rabbit-berry bushes.

May 10. To-day the weather was cold, and the wind strong, but fair. We made great headway. The hills in this vicinity are rough and jagged, showing irregular broken masses of rock, some of which tower to a great height, and appear to have been subject to the action of water. We picked up several pieces of petrified wood and bone; and coal was scattered about in every direction. The river gets very crooked.

May 11. Detained the greater part of the day by squalls and rain. Towards evening it cleared up beautifully with a fair wind, of which we took advantage, making ten miles before encamping. Several fat beavers were caught, and a wolf was shot upon the bank. He seemed to have strayed from a large herd which were prowling about us.

May 12. Landed to-day at noon, after making ten miles, upon a small steep island, for the purpose of overhauling some of our things. As we were about taking our departure, one of the Canadians, who led the van of the party and was several yards in advance, suddenly disappeared from our view with a loud scream. We all ran forward immediately and laughed heartily upon finding that our man had only tumbled into an empty *cache*, from which we soon extricated him. Had he been alone, however, there is much room for question if he would have got out at all. We examined the hole carefully but found nothing in it beyond a few empty bottles; we did not even see any thing serving to show whether French, British, or Americans had concealed their goods here; and we felt some curiosity upon this point.

May 13. Arrived at the junction of the Yellowstone with the Missouri, after making twenty-five miles during the day. Misquash here left us, and returned home.

* Probably White-earth River.—EDS. G. M.

SACRED LYRICS.

BY THOMAS DUNK ENGLISH, M. D., PHILADELPHIA.

THE DEATH OF SISERA.

COME forth from the cottage, come forth from the bow'r,
From palace and vineyard, from temple and tow'r;
With shouting, and dancing, and music, and song,
To hail the proud hero, ye people, oh! throng.
In the power of his might hath the conqueror trod;
In port like a monarch, in thought like a god!

Why tarries his footsteps, and why doth he stay?
What hinders the coming of brave Sisera?
Why approacheth he not, overladen with spoil,
The fruit of his conquest, the end of his toil?
Why cometh he not with the slaves in his train,
And his brow bound around with the gems of the slain?

Alas! for the hero, the proud man of mail,
He hath fall'n 'neath the spike, and the hammer of Gael.
By the hand of a woman the chieftain hath died;
Ho! life to that woman, and glory, and pride!
By the hand of a woman the warrior fell,
Who called him the scourge of our loved Israel.

Now thanks to Jehovah, the Lord of our aires,
Who hath given us peace to our bright cottage fires.
Strike, strike up the cymbals, the trumpet, and lute,
And the voices in praising—let no voice be mute.
May the foes of our nation thus fall 'fore thy rod,
And the foes of our nation be thine, oh! our God!

THE COMING OF JEHOVAH.

The sound of his horses is terribly near—
The sound of their neighing a token of fear.
'Neath the power of his coming the universe reels,
And trembles in fright at his chariot wheels.
Shrink, shrink to your coverts, accursed and abhorred,
Who have mocked in their madness the might of the Lord.

Let them tremble, the scorers who guided the feet
Of the people of earth, to the paths of deceit;
Whose tongues were like courtezans', victims to win
To the tents of the fiend, and the palace of sin;
Who murdered the prophets, and scoffed at the word—
They will wither to naught at the frown of the Lord.

The forests are weeping, the tall mountains wail,
And the sound of the morning goes forth on the gale.
But near comes the judgment, and nigher and nigher,
The wrath of our God like a falchion of fire.
It hath entered the city, and passed through the horde,
The arrow of vengeance, the spear of the Lord.

Arouse ye believers, and lift up your voice,
Like the birds of the greenwood in spring-time, rejoice.
Ye are saved, disenthralled, and your triumph is near,
When delivered from sin, and preserved from all fear.
When the vials of wrath on the wrathful are poured,
Ye shall dwell, as his sons, in the house of the Lord.

A PEEP AT MIDNIGHT FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADA.

Suis cuique mos.

I HAVE an earnest affection, a feeling beyond the mere liking engendered by habits of residency, to the academic groves of the English Cambridge. I care not for the arrogant pretensions of the rival university—I disallow the superior beauty of Isis' city, despite its street of college fronts and its boasted sylvan vicinage. The quiet of the classical nooks and corners in the narrow lanes and out-of-the-way places abounding on the banks of Cam, seems to invite to habits of study and repose. The sluggish river steals gently beside the shady trees, and disturbs not the collegians by the sound of a solitary ripple. The silent cloisters—the extensive quadrangles, with their untrodden grass-plats—the druidical appearance of the aged trees which border the walks of Trinity and John—the monastery-like look of the larger buildings, and the unobtrusive but enticing plainness of the small colleges and antique halls—possess a value, in my eyes, far outweighing the meretricious and glaring beauty which has been so highly lauded in the opposite establishment.

How I enjoyed revisiting the scenes of my hobadehoyism! a gallop on Quy Common, a rubber at billiards at Chesterton, a ride through Barnwell, a stroll over the Stourbridge fair field, and a bumping or boating match on the Cam, varied the routine of my city and collegiate visitations, and brightened the remembrance of my college days.

While surveying the delicate tracery of the lantern belonging to the new quadrangle of St. John's, I was hailed by an old college chum, now a tutor, and introduced to a select circle of Johnians and Trinitarians. One of the latter, a second-year man, informed me that he "wined and fed the surrounding beasts" that evening at his *den*, at such a number, up such a staircase, and hoped I would lift a glass with them. I was too well acquainted with the lack of ceremony in all college invitations to feel offended at the homeliness of his phrase. I accepted the invite, and, at the appointed hour, placed my knees beneath his well-spread mahogany.

The *copus*, a powerful mixture of wine, rum, sugar, and lemon, an arrangement peculiar to Cambridge symposiums, went merrily round; the song, the joke, the tale, the laugh, were rude and ready; a bowl of champagne punch drove the young men *in statu pupillari* to a state of madness, whilst the indurated elders quietly gazed upon the scenes which were "strange in fact but pleasant to behold!" At an early hour, the table was covered with broken glass and china, and the floor was spotted with incumbents submitting to the power of the son of Semele. The tutor and an ancient fellow of Jesus were smoking *Dos Amigos* cigars "over the latter end of a sea-coal fire," and pottering an immensity of maudlin nonsense about the supposed appearance of a ghost in the quiet recesses of Corpus Christi. I stole unobserved from the room, and, sick of the smell of stale liquor and the second-hand tobacco-smoke, and tired of the twaddle of the sober but stultified disputants, I placed myself at the hall window which overlooked the great quadrangle of Trinity College, and drew a long and deep suspiration of the cold and clear midnight air.

The moon shone brightly down on the green sward of the lawn, and graced the old fountain in the centre with a strange effect of light and shade. The side of the old hall of the college glistened in the gay beams, and the gate tower exhibited a depth of gloominess of opposite force and beauty. The newly-painted white armor of the statue of King Edward III. reflected the moon's rays, as it stood in its comfortable niche. That gentleman, who owned a round but antique little body, with a singular abdominal protuberance, and a white head surmounted with a small gilt crown, held something in his left hand that looked like a fresh-peeled turnip—meant, doubtless, for the sacred orb. Queen Elizabeth remained, *in statu quo*, in her appropriate niche, opposite the clock; and her royal papa, the immaculate Harry the Eighth, kept guard outside the gateway. The wicked wags of the college termed these three statues the *stones* of Trinity.

An awful silence reigned over cloister and quadrangle. I bethought me of the conversation of the tutor and his friend, relative to the probability of ghostly or spiritual existence in this mundane sphere. I laid my head upon my arm, and meditated on the feasibility of the ghost-seer's arguments. If, thought I, as I gazed upon the partially-illuminated area below me, if the spirits of men are allowed to revisit "the glimpses of the moon," and frequent the scenes of old association, why may not the quadrangle of Trinity be, at this moment of midnight, crowded with the hosts of departed collegians—an *oi polloi* of students of a by-gone age?

I know not, to paraphrase a speech used by Dandie Dinmont, "whether the punch had cleared my eyes which the copus had blinded," or whether my spiritual clear-sightedness received assistance from some invisible Asmodeus, but I distinctly saw the whole of the quadrangle walks covered with many hundreds of ghosts, in the shapes and habits as they lived. The sizar B. A. who had nobly won his

degree "with honors," but had been compelled, by griping poverty, to hide his proud aspirations in the rusty cassock of a miserable curacy—the gold-tufted *wooden spoon*, who, blessed with a plentiful lack of brains, but owning an undeniable connection, had girded a bishop's apron around his bloated carcass, full of the fatness of the flesh-pots of Egypt—met in the gloom of the Gothic doorway, and compared their worldly progress since their last conjunction within the classic walls. The spend-thrift nobleman, who, to please his friends, graduated as a fellow commoner at Trinity, and passed his time in defiance of proctors' bull dogs and threats of rustication, slapped heartily on the back the withered form of his old tutor, a smoke-dried holder of a fellowship, who resigned his useless life in the gloomy precincts of his beloved college. But the greetings were not confined to mere friends or acquaintances in this world—the lieges of every age, from the foundation of the university in the thirteenth century to the present ghostly visitation in the nineteenth, jostled each other with an unrestrained familiarity that told of the frequency of these midnight assemblings of the collegians.

A joyous and unghostly laugh from the centre of the grass plat, for the ghosts seemed to defy the dean's prohibitory respecting the usage of the sward, attracted my attention, and with a prescient glance, I saw the Pindaric Cowley, in his cavalier dress, holding the button of Adventurer Hawke-worth, to whom he was detailing the progress of an amour with a lady of the profligate court of the restored Charles. Lord Bacon had pinned Sir Isaac Newton in a corner, by the chapel walls, and claimed to be the original discoverer of the attraction of gravitation which the scientific world has universally assigned to the knight of Queen Anne and the falling apple. Newton indignantly repelled the charge, and sneered at the informal philosophy of the *Notum Organum*; Bacon repeated the accusation, and reminded Sir Isaac of the Leibnitzian controversy, wherein Newton was accused of stealing his method of fluxions from the differential calculus of the German scholiast. The shade of the modern philosopher swelled with rage; he retorted upon his ungenerous antagonist, and hinted at the public degradation which affected the close of Verulam's life. Blows seemed likely to close the dispute, when Dryden rushed in with an oath, and threatened to knock the next-speaking magister "o'er the mazzard." Bacon turned for consolation to the ghost of Bishop Watson, of Ilandaff, who proffered the philosopher a composing draught in the perusal of a few pages of his "Apology for the Bible," which, "as it had effectually purged the land of the poison disseminated by the infidel Paine, would doubtless remedy the evils resulting from the study of a false philosophy." Newton was way-laid by Sir Edward Coke, who, *perdu*, had listened to the whole dispute. The jealousy of King James's lord chief justice towards the lord chancellor, a rival in the favoritism of his monarch, had not been subdued by death; Coke suggested to Newton an action against Bacon for slander.

"Aye," said Dryden, "summon their ghostships to form a *spiritual court*, or constitute an *arches* tribunal under the cloisters."

Coke scowled at the poet's ignorance of legal propriety; but "glorious John" turned upon his heel, taking the arm of his brother dramatist, John Fletcher, who had been wandering sadly through the multitude of collegians, and rejoicing not, inasmuch as his Siamese brother-in-literature, Francis Beaumont, was caracolling on the banks of Thames.

A mysterious figure, shrouded in a capacious cloak of sombre hue, sat on the steps of the unused fountain, and leaned his ringletted head upon his small and delicate hand. On one of his fingers, a signet ring of extraordinary beauty reflected the brightness of the night. It was Deveroux, "the unfortunate Earl of Essex," the whilom favorite of the capricious queen, the fellow-soldier of Henri Quatre, the hero of Zutphen, the governor of Ireland, the traitor, and the rebel.

A crowd of collegiate ghosts encircled two strange-looking and uncouth figures, who were vituperating each other with a choice collection of blackguard epithets and vulgar abuse. One of the ghosts, with the mark of intemperance stamped upon his face, was clad in soiled and unfitting garments which hung upon his gaunt form like Nessus' shirt upon the club of Hercules. Books were crammed into every pocket, and projected from various portions of his apparel. A rusty battered hat surmounted a shock of unkempt hair which hung down his neck, and rested on the greasy collar of his coat. Large red hands were thrust far below the sleeves, and a portion of his linen appeared just above the waistband. The disputant was Richard Porson. His antagonist, Dr. Bentley, wore the square-flapped coat, three-cornered hat, and flowing peruke of the latter part of the seventeenth century; his extravagance of language and gesture exceeded, if possible, the violence of Porson, who, instead of respecting the attainments of the old master of Trinity, malignantly reminded him of his speculative habits, which involved him in disgraceful lawsuits, and resulted in stripping him of all his lucrative offices and posts. The doctor met the charges manfully, and retorted with acrimonious humor upon the professor, whom he held up to the ridicule of his hearers, inasmuch as, being the son of a poverty-steeped parish clerk, and a student at a religious institution where he had laboriously won a fellowship, he had voluntarily resigned it because his conscience would not allow him to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the Episcopal Church. "Your conscience!" said the doctor, "why, Porson, your after-life has given the daily lie to this conscientious sacrifice! in what other event have you ever exhibited the workings of a conscience?"

A middle-aged gentleman of most fashionable exterior and elegance of deportment, dressed in a full court suit of blue and silver, with diamond-hilted sword, bag wig, lace ruffles, and Mechlin cravat, advanced, with a most profound *congé*, towards the noisy disputants, and expressed his regrets that

the mightiest Grecians and profoundest Aristarchs of the ages should deem it worth while to rate each other like a couple of fishwives, and degrade themselves in the eyes of the lookers-on.

"Lord Chesterfield, you are right," exclaimed Porson. "D—n it, doctor, I ask pardon. Let us adjourn to the buttery, and imbibe some audit ale."

Whilst I was pondering over this display of human weakness in the sayings and doings of the spirits beneath me, and fancying that the worldly failings of the defunct collegers had been most imperfectly "purged and burnt away," the scene appeared to change from the college of Trinity to that of St. John, its immediate neighbor—and, eventually, to all the colleges in the university, which were consecutively laid open to my notice.

The ghosts of the hogs, as the Johnians are generally termed, from a boar being the crest of the college, were more uproarious than the ghosts of Trinity. A mob of drunken students, in attempting to convey a damsel in male attire into the college, (a feat often practised, but resulting in the certain expulsion of all concerned, if detected,) had encountered the opposition of the gate keeper, who, thrusting the disguised wench into the street, locked the gate upon the Bacchanals, and threatened to return their names to the master. A general row ensued, in which Bishop Stillingfleet, who earnestly endeavored to restore order, was unceremoniously floored by rare Ben Jonson, who, fresh from the Devil tavern, flushed with wine, had stopped to shake hands with his fellow collegians, Mat Prior and his patron, the Earl of Halifax. The interior quadrangle exhibited a ghostly and attractive quiet. William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's premier, "the ablest minister of an able reign," was walking with measured step and dignified deportment, up and down the pathway; his pointed beard, huge ruff, doublet, trunk hose, state robe, chain, and dagger contrasting strangely with the plain modern suit of black in which his companion was habited. The dealer in diplomacy and state intrigue was enjoying an easy common-sense conversation with William Lee, the ingenious inventor of stocking-frame machinery.

On the bridge connecting St. John's College with the walks, a pale thin ghost stood leaning on the stone balustrade, gazing with contemplative face upon the queen of heaven as she sailed unclouded along the blue expanse. Poor Kirke White! I honor the name of Boott, the Bostonian, who erected a tablet to White's memory in the chancel of All Saints' Church at Cambridge.

Peeping into Queen's College, I observed Erasmus hobbling about, looking in vain for a congenial companion. His residence there seemed to have produced but little effect upon the mental achievements of his pupils. At King's College, Sir Robert Walpole, the tortuous statesman, was inquiring of his fellow collegian, the upright Lord Camden, his reasons for defending the American colonies in their resistance of taxation.

As I gazed upon the new screen of this splendid edifice, with its many piles of arabesque work encircling the central or gate tower, I imagined that, in my bird's eye view, it appeared something like a huge circular set of cut-glass castors.

At Peterhouse, Henry Beaufort, the haughty cardinal, who "died and made no sign!"—the brother of a king, the chancellor of England, the Pope's legate, the French ambassador—was listening to Lord Ellenborough's description of the obstinacy of a modern jury, who refused to find William Hone guilty of blasphemy, although directed to return such a verdict by Ellenborough himself. The repetition of the jury's assertion of its right to judge for itself, had such an effect upon the bigotted chief justice that he resigned his office, took to his bed, and died. The cardinal sympathised with his modern prototype, and deplored the prevalence of independent thought.

William Pitt, "the heaven-born minister," sick of the cares of government, was lolling lazily on the green turf of the small court at Pembroke Hall, enjoying a Parnassian confabulation with the faëry Spenser and the melancholy Gray.

At Clare Hall, the ill-used Tillotson, who lived before the age, and, notwithstanding his possession of the stole and lawn, endured a mental martyrdom rather than disown his firm asseveration of the right, was combating the arguments of the worldly-minded Dodd, the man of anomalies, who did more good than any other clergyman of his day, and yet was hanged for an unnecessary crime.

Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber at Cambridge, and placed as a sizar at Caius College, where he gained his degree of M. A. I saw the old man toddling round his beloved grounds, and greeting his college chums with an affectionate air. Lord Thurlow doffed his premier pomposity, and assisted the divine in his perambulations, while Sir Thomas Gresham, the London merchant, who conceived and executed the bold design of establishing a college in London, in opposition to Cambridge, supported Jeremy Taylor on the other side. It would be difficult to conceive a greater specimen of contrarieties in look and life than was afforded by this group of honorable opposites—in the Holbein style of Gresham's dress, the plain simplicity of the divine's attire, and the elegant apparel of the modern gentleman.

Sidney College presented a dreary blank. A squat-made thick-set man walked rapidly up and down the corridor with uneasy pace, looking stealthily into the surrounding gloom. It was Oliver Cromwell, the king killer.

At Jesus College, Archbishop Cramner, who paid at the stake for the errors of a busy life, was listening with much attention to Flamstead, the old astronomer-royal, who was reading, with infinite gusto, a copy of Locke's excellent *moquerie* of Herschell's Discoveries in the Moon.

I gazed with delight upon the groups which hovered about the classic grounds of Christ College, and would have given one of my ears to have been able to join the party. Emblem Quarles and John Leland, the royal antiquary, were sitting upon the steps, discoursing mournfully of their untimely deaths. The archaologist portrayed in his pale lineaments the incipient workings of the fell disease which crippled his mind and hurried him to the grave, with all his grand designs unfinished. The bishops Latimer and Porteus were lying on the ground beneath the aged limbs of the mulberry tree planted by the hands of John Milton, while graduating in this college; and William Paley, the wit, the Christian, and the philosopher, was leading home, from a walk by the river side, the venerable author of "Paradise Lost."

I was noticing the crowd of clerical spectres which haunted the precincts of this college, when I received a jerk that recalled my attention to the living world. I jumped upon my feet, and struck my head against the window frame. A college *gyp* stood at my elbow, and saluted me with a specimen of his undeniable English.

"Won't you ketch no cold a sleeping ere by the hopen winder? several of the gentlemen is woked up again quite nice and fresh—and I've made a jolly great pot full of prime 'ot coffee! By then you've dranked a cup or two, and washed your 'ed with wery cold water, you'll be as right as a trivet."

The fellow imagined that I had been tipsy.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THE BOATMAN'S MEASURED SONG.

BY A SOUTHERN, WILMINGTON, N. C.

WHEN slowly sinks the god of day,
And night her mantle throws around,
When fading is each lingering ray,
And silence reigns profound;
Then, when the stars peep from the sky
And gem its vault, a myriad throng,
List to the boatman's echoing cry,
The boatman's measured song.

The day is o'er—the setting sun
Has sunk behind the distant hill,
And the last fading tints upon
The placid lake are gleaming still;
The twilight shades are gathering fast
O'er lake, and wood, and sea,
The gentle zephyr's tuneful blast
Is fraught with melody:
Row! comrades, row! the peatly moon
O'er fields of light celestial roams;
Row with a will, for very soon
We'll reach our happy homes!

Urged by the long and tapering oar,
Our boat is bounding o'er the lake,
While ripples burst in foam before,
And bubbles follow in our wako;
A night of nature's loveliness
The lonely heart by peace to cheer,
For beauty, in her richest dress,
Doth reign sublimely fair:

Row! comrades, row! the pearly moon
O'er fields of light celestial roams;
Row with a will, for very soon
We'll reach our happy homes!

How like a fairy barque, our boat
Speeds witchingly along,
While echo answers every note
Of this, the fisher's song;
And soon that boat will reach the land
Where happily we dwell,
And soon our feet will press the strand,
The home we love so well:
Row! comrades, row! the pearly moon
O'er fields of light celestial roams;
Row with a will, for very soon
We'll reach our happy homes!

And like the twinkling stars above
Those distant gleaming lights appear,
For bosoms glowing in their love
And beating hearts are there,
Soon will we meet the glad embrace
Of cherished and expectant friends,
And gaze on every well-known face
With love that never ends:
Cease! comrades, cease! reserve your strength,
With other thoughts your minds employ;
Cease! for our homes we've reached at length,
Glad homes of peace and joy!

COLUMBUS.

A HISTORICAL POEM.

BY FREDERICK WEST, ESQ., NEW YORK.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE IGNOMINY.

As Colon told the triumph he achieved,
Upon his face there was a glory cast
As if the eternal soul were mirror'd there,
Which, for a moment, swept away all trace
Of age, care, suffering, and a coming death,
And stamped upon his form, as on his name,
The lustre of its immortality :
But the narration of his after woes
Put out the fire—lighted his spirit up
T' etherealise the clay, and left all dark.
For the pure soul, formed for ecstatic bliss,
Is only seen in joys might bloom in heaven,
In actions Gods themselves might not disdain ;
And like the sun, upon a winter's day,
When clouds of snow gather before the sky,
By the world's cold is to the world shut out.

“In the sweet honey of my joy
Poison was mixed. The dark alloy
Worked slow and surely, till the light
I gloried in faded in night.

As for the Pinxon's broken faith,*
It was atoned for by his death,
Which from my soul his treachery
Swept all away, and left there free
His virtues from the pitchy stain
With which the world blackened his name.
He was long time my firmest friend,
Assisted me in my great end ;
But fell ambition mastered him,
And made a name of glory dim—
From the topgallant-mast of fame,
Hurl'd him at once to inky shame.
Believing his commander dead,
His long kept sense of honor fled ;
And he essayed with Spain to be
The chief of the discovery.

Discovered—prostrated in pride,
Heart-broken and contemned he died.†

“Ambition ! Diego, beware,
If thy breast burns, the true fire 's there.
When Heaven implanted in the soul
That god-like attribute—the goal
Which earthly greatness, heavenly bliss,
Lifts us to—from the dross of this,
Hell, in its likeness, raised a fire,
Enkindled in each worst desire
Of human passion ; and each flame
Bears to the world ambition's name.
But though alike, their natures swell
As far apart as heaven from hell.
The heavenly fire 's the beacon light
Which guards the mariner at night ;
The hellish flame 's the wrecker's torch
Which leads the bark to ruin's porch.

“In the first beam of glory's blaze,
Detraction sought to dim its rays.
Spain's cardinal a banquet gave,
Inviting there the high and brave,
To meet me, his most honored guest,
And greet me at the spreading feast.
At this same banquet was a thing
Who owned the butterfly's bright wing,
So gay the trappings that he wore ;
But the grub's grovelling form he bore,
That showed how decked by trappings great
His mind's contemptible estate,
Which birth nor fortune could not raise
To honor, or respect, or praise.
The creature spawned to crawl and lie
Upon the path of royalty ;

* Pinxon had contributed greatly to encourage Columbus, when poor and unknown in Spain; offering his purse, and entering with hearty concurrence into his plans. He had assisted him by his personal influence at Palos—combatting the public prejudices, and promoting the manning and equipping of his vessels, when the orders of the sovereigns were of no avail ; he had advanced the part of the funds to be borne by the admiral ; finally, he had embarked with his brothers in the expedition, staking life, as well as property, on the event. He had thus entitled himself to participate largely in the glory of this immortal enterprise ; but, forgetting for a moment the grandeur of the cause, he had deserted the high object in view, and, by yielding to the impulse of a low and sordid ambition, had tarnished his character for ever.—*Irving's Columbus*.

† That he was a man naturally of generous sentiments, is evident from the poignancy of his remorse. A mean man could not have fallen a victim to self-upbraiding for having committed a mean action.—*Ibid*.

‡ Benzoni, the Italian historian, narrates this anecdote.—*Lib. 1, p. 12, Ed Venetia, 1572*.

Who, for each foul indignity
 His nature earned from high degree,
 Cried quits with his most dastard soul
 In his assumption of control
 O'er those he deemed beneath him, tasked
 His witless brain to fret me—asked
 If I'd not made discovery
 Whether the Indies lost would be,
 And if I loved myself so well,
 Deeming none other capable.
 I bade him take an egg in hand .
 And on its small end make it stand ;
 He tried, all tried, and tried in vain,
 But miracle such end could gain.
 I broke the egg upon my plate,
 It stood erect before them strait ;
 They cried, ' All this we could have done !'
 Yea, I replied, when you were shown—
 Nothing more easy than to tread
 Where other steps the way have led.

" And so it is ! Discoveries
 Have mocked man's art for centuries,
 When once revealed appear so plain
 That all the world the end could gain.
 Science, yet in its infancy,
 A great and mighty mystery,
 Shall to its worshippers unfold
 Treasures more vast than mines of gold.
 And if these, won, simple appear,
 Lives they oft take to bring to bear ;
 Yet still shall envy strive to mar
 The glory of each rising star ;
 For evil minds, in darkness dwell,
 Strive to make all things dark as well,
 And sicken at the radiance
 Which shows their own incompetence.

" Jerusalem ! in the success
 That crowned my schemes, thy sad distress
 Was not forgot. The infidel
 Yet in thy holy walls did dwell.
 I vowed, within seven years at most,—
 Out of my individual cost,
 From the rich treasures mine would be
 From this my great discovery,—
 To furnish fifty thousand foot,
 Five hundred horse ; myself to put
 I' the foremost rank, till Moslem prayer
 No more defiled Christ's sepulchre.

" My second voyage was the hate
 Of many men of high estate ;
 They gladly bore me company,
 Yet could not brook command from me ;
 And that subordination needed
 For safety, as disgrace they heeded.
 Their loud complaints to Spain were sent,
 My government to circumvent ;
 And the proud families here strove,
 In pride of blood for kindred love,
 To crush the upstart foreigner
 By poisoning the royal ear
 Against me ; and, though slow at first,
 At length the poison worked its worst.

" The first slight from the crown I served
 Most faithfully—wherein it swerved
 From its just contract—was, without
 Consulting me, to license out
 Grants to adventurers, men who stood
 Reckless alike of ill or good,
 So fortune smiled. They would not brook
 On my authority to look,
 Which caused the discontent had bred
 Within my colony to spread.

" The second was an inquiry,
 Caused by full many an enemy,
 Into my government, which had been,
 Through every varied, toilsome scene,
 For interest of the Spanish crown,
 Its lasting glory and renown.
 I recommended one I knew,
 My plans and measures to review ;
 He came, with base ingratitude
 Even as the governor himself viewed.

" Is there a pang to sting the breast,
 And plunge it in a sad unrest !
 'Tis that most greatest turpitude,
 That pitchy sin, Ingratitude.
 Who steals your gold, the world's vile dross,
 Against the gain perils the loss
 Of life and liberty, and may
 Have direful want excuse to pray.
 Who blackens you, may have such ground
 As in dark enmity is found ;
 Revenge of real or fancied wrong
 May hurry a racked soul along
 'Till bloody deeds encompass it,
 And some even then shall pity it—
 For pity looks beyond the act,
 To thoughts that made with sin compact
 But for ingratitude !—the snake
 From the warm bosom life could take,
 Then turn with penitential breath
 To pay the given life with death.
 There is no wretch so sunk in slime,
 Of other and of lesser crime,
 Will not thank Heaven so foul a blot
 Upon his soul has trespassed not,
 And shudder at the leprous word,
 Of God and man alike abhorred.

" Since first Spain's rapturous joys had fed
 My soul's great joy three years had sped ;
 When I returned a second time
 From mine own path to India's clime,
 I felt my great discovery
 Was looked on with some apathy,
 And knowing well the rabble rude,
 The gross, unthinking multitude,
 Must still be fed with novelty,
 In meretricious pageantry
 I waked the popularity
 Due to my scheme's utility.

" It was my wish to carry on
 My plans, successfully begun,

Without delay. For the third time,
To bear me to the western clime,
I begged some ships. I still was fed
From the rich feast which Spain had spread
For her true servant—promises!
She gorged me bounteously with these;
But while I sought a scanty sail
For Spain's renown, without avail,
A hundred ships rode on the tide
To bear away a royal bride
To Flanders, and for this vain state
Discoveries were doomed to wait.

"If kings and princes, nobles, who
Engross the wealth possessed by few,
Were to dispense with the vain show
That gilds their footsteps as they go,
And give unto utility
Sums squandered upon vanity,
A golden harvest had been shown
Where now are weeds, and briar, and stone;
Science had flourished, arts had spread—
Nor Greece nor Rome such light had shed
As we might boast. The wealth is spent
In meretricious ornament
Is like the waters that intrude
In Afric's deserts' solitude,
Where neither tree, nor shrub, nor flower,
Proclaims their fertilizing power;
And where, at last, sucked up for ever
In burning sands, the useless river
Proclaims its prostituted worth,
Its talent buried in the earth.

"'Twas now each crawling enemy
To do me wrong worked craftily:
'Twas whispered my discovery
Was profitless, and still would be;
And not a land of rich delight,
But one of poverty and blight.
There was no end to these foul lies,
The glory of my enterprize
To taint. Till, when at last,
The bridal ceremonies pass'd,
The queen with spirit viewed again
The glory of the great design,
And granted ships, still I was bound—
No men to man them could be found.

"To obviate this new distress,
It seemed essential to impress
Prisoners to serve. The jails of Spain
The vessels manned to cross the main—
A cause of after mystery
Both to the colony and me.
The expedition languished yet,
My enemies my path beset;
Every annoyance they could breed
To thwart my purpose and impede
My course, they well performed—as though
I was some upstart, beggar low,
They treated me. Their arrogance
At first I felt was no offence;
For minions in authority,
Lacking the mind's true dignity,

Strive ever to supply the want
By bearing most intolerant.
But water dropping on a stone,
Which for a time seems to have won
No impress, by its constancy
Fritters the solid stuff away;
And so, at last, this purpose moved
My bearing. With the multitude
I'd lost all popularity;
Why should I waste my life to be
Scorned and contemned by ingrate hearts,
And in my bosom bear their darts?
My hand had quitted then the plough,
But for the queen. Her noble brow
Was shaded by the tyrant, who
The life she doated on o'erthrew;
Her son had yielded up his breath
To the all conquering arm of death.
I still pressed on for her sweet sake,
More chaplets for her brow to make;
And to accomplish that, might dry
The burning tear in sorrow's eye,
And animate the noble queen
To be as she before had been.

"The intolerance that I had pass'd
Pursued my footsteps to the last.
One miserable miscreant,
Not with his heaped-up scorn content,
Pursued my steps to the ship's side
Where I embarked, and poured a tide
Of insolence into mine ear,
Nor man could brook, nor nature bear.
I had endured till to endure
Became a vice, and all too poor
Men deemed my spirit to reply
To any rank indignity.
It was too much, his gross offence—
Intolerable insolence—
Not the great cause had held my arm,
As with a mighty wizard's charm,
Could now restrain me—to the ground
I struck the slanderous, foul-mouthed hound,
And spurned him with my foot. I saw
Too late the ill the act would draw.

"My enemies narrated it,
With such additions as seemed fit,
To paint me cruel, arrogant,
O'erbearing and intolerant.
Falshood on falshood filled the ear
Of royalty, and none were near
In my behalf. 'Twas rumored I
Meant to possess the colony.
The queen, who knew my nature well,
Knew treason in it could not dwell.

"At length a traitor's followers
Returned to Spain with slaves, and these,
Which they had stolen, they averred
Had been by me to them preferred.
The queen, who'd combatted each doubt
Of my true faith, no more held out,
But Bobadilla sent, to see
Into the crimes ascribed to me.

“ He came and he at once assumed
Supreme command ; as he presumed,
To suit his thirsting love of sway,
To deem me guilty. No delay,
To try or to investigate
My conduct and the new world's state
Suited his views. As confiscate,
He seized upon my house, arms, plate,
Books, private papers, prisoners—all
He could not rise did I not fall.

“ When these high-handed acts I heard,
I deemed some rash adventurer stirred
In San Domingo mutiny ;
But finding Spain's authority
Was with his person duly blended,
I deemed his acts his power transcended :
For never could I think that he
Who braved the vast untrodden sea,
And gave to Spain another world,
Could from his government be hurled,
Condemned, by slander's falsity,
Unheard. Such foul indignity
Ne'er glanced a moment on my thought—
I scarce believed it when 'twas wrought.
Quickly I wrote him, cautioning,
In gentle terms, his venturing
In too untoward recklessness,
Might plunge the isle in sad distress.

“ Soon Bobadilla, in reply,
Sent me his high authority,
A letter from Spain's sovereign head,
Exalting him in my poor stead ;
Commanding me on his dictate
With sure obedience to wait.
I was from San Domingo, where
He staid—he bade me thence repair.

“ True loyalty in life to death
Has been as vital as my breath ;
I did not pause to send reply,
But went to greet him instantly.
On the pretence that I should strive,
By force of arms, to keep alive
My power, he mustered soldiers, made
A warlike show and vain parade,
And seizing on my brother, bound him,
With heavy, galling chains around him,
Upon no shadow of pretence
To stamp against him an offence,
And sent him to a caravel,
As branded criminal to dwell.
And this most vile indignity
The petty slave reserved for me ;
I, too, was seized, and he ordained
The old discoverer should be chained
As a false, treacherous, traitor knave,
Or low and grovelling felon slave.

“ How much so e'er my enemies
Desired my downfall, none of these
Were found to put the fetters on.
Such awe, as Marius, I won—

When the poor slave, who came to kill,
Found him in downfall mighty still ;
Mighty by memories round him cast,
Which linked him with the glorious past,
And over his defenceless head
The reverence of his greatness shad.

“ They touched me not. But to fill up
Unto the very brim the cup
Of base ingratitude, mine own
False servant put the irons on.
I could not stoop to deprecate
The envy, malice, and the hate,
Now stirred my foes. I bore their will
Without complaint. Within me, still
The hope that Bobadilla swerved
From duty to the crown he served
Burned brightly. Spain might be abused
By arts my enemies had used ;
But such a foul indignity
Nor ordered nor could sanctioned be.

“ Within the fortress where I dragged
The heavy chain o'er pavement flagged—
The iron robes and bed of stone
My gray-haired services had won—
Pierced the exulting rabble's cry,
In taunt and gross scurrillity.
I deemed my life would be required,
And that my name disgraced, bemired
With the foul slime upon it cast,
Would sink in infamy at last.
'Twas not. They sent Columbus back
With iron gyves on his own track.

“ Within the ship, in which I rode
A prisoner, were no creatures rude
And insolent, as those I'd left—
As if of greatness not bereft,
They treated me—my titles gave,
And would have had me less a slave,
By taking off each manacle
Which graced my long-tried faith so well.
But I refused. ‘ Their majesties,’
I said, ‘ have given mine enemies
Power over me. That I submit
To Bobadilla, they seem fit—
By their authority, he gains
The right to load me with these chains—
I've borne the foul indignity,
And on these limbs the gyves shall be
Till they undo his doing. Then,
As relics prized by holy men,
I'll keep them as the bright award—
The guerdon—bountiful reward—
Given by their gracious majesties,
For all their servant's services.

“ The chivalry of Spain was heard
When I arrived. The air was stirred
With cries indignant, which found vent
In universal discontent.
That I was brought to Spain a slave,
Back from the land to Spain I gave,

Seemed to men's minds so horrible,
 No other thought could in them dwell.
 The queen received my vindication;
 She felt, in common with the nation,
 That none was needed—that the crown,
 Participation must disown
 In the black act of treachery.
 She did, with sweetest sympathy
 And fiery indignation blended.
 Spain's agents' power had been transcended,
 Their majesties at once replied;
 All share in my disgrace denied—
 Ordered, at once, my liberty—
 Grieved for the sufferings borne by me—
 And to their court bade me repair,
 Furnishing funds to take me there.

“ Could love and honors e'er efface
 The canker of unjust disgrace,
 The kindness of the queen had stole
 Like wave Lethæan o'er my soul,
 And left no memory of the wrong,
 The pang that stung me to prolong.
 The queen was moved to tears, and I,
 Who had endured the mockery
 Of envious souls—the bitter hate
 Of men, by birth, of high estate,
 Who could not brook the 'mariner'
 His hard earned dignity should wear—
 At seeing so much kindness shone
 By the crowned head, as did atone
 For all, was melted. Tears, long pent
 In this old frame, found ample vent.

“ Their majesties encouraged me
 With sweet words, spoken soothingly,
 I vindicated then my course
 From first to last, till the divorce,
 Rudely enforced, that took away
 My rightful and my righteous sway.
 The king with indignation viewed
 The power his agent had abused;
 And promised to recall him straight,
 Myself at once to reinstate
 With all the honors I had worn,
 Ruffianly, from me, brief time torn.

“ The re-appointment was not made—
 In the excitement, it was said,
 The island owned my swift return
 Might cause the faction still to burn.
 Another viceroy, for a time,
 Should rule—he then resign
 The government unto my will,
 Myself the rightful viceroy still.

“ 'Twas thus the crafty monarch gained
 His darling end. The power obtained
 By my discovery he viewed
 With envious inquietude;
 And he resolved that never more
 That power, which to maintain he swore,
 I should call mine. His kingly word
 He compromised, my rights deferred

Till—but my tale is well nigh told,
 And told, will tell the lust of gold,
 He knew by compact should be mine,
 Did round his sordid heartstrings twine;
 Until his honor, that bright gem
 More precious than his diadem—
 His chivalry in the fierce strife
 Against the Moors—nay, more, his life—
 Was tainted by the mastery
 Of avarice's leprosy.

“ Honor! The flower that brightly blows
 Alone amid the eternal snows,
 Is not more pure, more radiant,
 More free from darkness, or from taint;
 'Tis born of truth, 'tis bathed in light,
 It lives in day, abhors the night;
 'Tis open, generous, as a child,
 As innocent and unbeguiled—
 Its robes are whitely chaste as snow—
 Pure thoughts, that brighten as they flow—
 High deeds, that win for it renown—
 And modesty, which is its crown.
 And thus it lives and flourisheth
 On the desires it nourisheth;
 But if one impure thought pervade
 Midst holy things, like rank night shade,
 Honor is dead. It cannot brook
 One moment on deceit to look;
 But, like the glass Venetians make,
 By poison touched, at once will break.

“ At length, though purposely delayed,
 One voyage more from Spain I made;
 I strove to find the strait must lie
 Near to the Carribean sea,
 Would yield Spain India's merchandize,
 And crown all my discoveries.
 Ill health and suffering, almost death,
 The tempest's rage, the whirlwind's breath,
 Shipwreck, and treachery, strove to mar
 The hope impelled me from afar.
 Yet, for this path which I essayed
 To find, I more discoveries made.

“ For Bobadilla, who could stain
 At once his manhood and his name,
 He died; and in his death was seen
 A retribution that has been
 So strongly marked, 'twere sin to doubt
 By Providence 'twas carried out.
 The fleet which sailed to bear him home,
 To answer for the treason done,
 A hurricane encountered—one
 But off those island shores is known,
 Awful in its sublimity,
 The mightiest tyrant of the sea.
 The ships that held mine enemies
 At once were buried in the seas;
 And Bobadilla's chosen bark
 First sunk into the waters dark,
 With all the gold amassed by sin,
 He fancied would his pardon win.
 Some few disabled vessels rode
 The tempest out, and after stood

Back for the shore in great distress,
Proofs of the tempest's mightiness.
One little bark, almost too frail
To venture o'er smooth seas to sail,
Uninjured by the fierce tornade,
Alone its destined voyage made.
That vessel held some property,
My agent sent to Spain for me;
The rest became the tempest's spoil,
The tribute to the dark turmoil.

" I left the island sorrowful,
None loved like me the land so well;
The very soil which I had found,
Ev'n as a child, was to me bound;
And since the government had passed
To other hands, a shade was cast
Upon it, that humanity,
Appalled, would shuddering bleed to see;
Six-sevenths of all the dark-skinn'd tribe,
Who might have been to Spain allied,
Were swept away remorselessly,
Some by inhuman butchery—
Some by hard tasks, vexations more
Than those the Israelites of yore
Endured in Egypt—some by cord,
A ready way to win the hoard
The native princes held, which fed
The avarice to murder led—
Some strove against the tyrant's sway,
And gave their lives in fight away—
Most, from the tasks they could not bear,
Flew to the hills, and perished there
Of hunger. 'Twas less horrible
Than, as lashed hounds, with men to dwell.
Men! did I say? Oh, may that word
Not with such butchering slaves be heard;
But when we speak of those who thrust
The Indian race into the dust—
As tigers, hunted them to death—
As vampires, sucked their latest breath—
Watered *their* earth with their own blood,
And their bones whitening on it strewed—
Savagely crimsoning the sod,
Nor fearing man, nor honoring God—
Let us say devils, loosed from hell,
Have done their mission, and that well.

" My own concerns were in as great
Confusion as the island's state;
I could get no correct account
Of my arrearage's amount.
I suffered much, crossing the seas,
From bodily infirmities;
And was at Seville thence confined
With ills of body and of mind.

" Since Bobadilla's vile arrest,
I had been oftentimes distress'd
In my affairs; confusion reigned
From thence. They never more regained
Their former course. The revenue
From San Domingo, that was due,
I did not get. The voyage past,
From which I hoped so much, had cast

Me in expenses manifold:
For much of which, for advanced gold,
The crown was debtor to me. I
Lived almost upon charity.
Upon Spain's service I had past
Full twenty years, and now at last
I owned no house—an inn my stay,
Where often I had nought to pay
The scanty reckoning that stood
Against me for my daily food.

" I wrote the sovereigns, and I prayed
My rights might be no more delayed;
My kept-back honors they'd restore,
And my accounts they would look o'er
And settle. But no answer came,
And my distress remained the same.
The slights of the cold-hearted king
Bade from my bosom hope take wing
Regarding him, and to the queen
I looked for justice. Had she been
A little longer spared, not now
Would cold injustice freeze my brow.
She died even then, removed from earth,
Sorrowing for those who owed her birth.

" She was all goodness, purity;
All nobleness and majesty
Were blended in her. Yet, so good!
So great! the trials rude
Of this cold world, were hers as well
As mine. Domestic griefs befel
Her, and within the palace walls,
In rosy bowers and banquet halls,
Grief was a constant, daily guest,
Till in his presence, sad unrest
Dried up her sorrow's flowing river,
And so she pass'd, but not for ever!
She lives to be renowned in story,
As Spain's best sovereign and its glory;
She lives to wake the minstrel's lyre,
When sweetest memories inspire
His finger's touch, and he pours forth
All can be sung of woman's worth;
She lives with this rich praise allied,
Her sex's ornament and pride.

" At length, from my sad malady
Relieved, I went to court, to be
Fed with cold promises. I stood
Some months, in vain solicitude
To have mine own, until again
On a sick bed my form was lain.
My age in its infirmity
Now brooked not the anxiety
My manhood bore. Once more I sent
To Ferdinand a suppliant,
A letter, wherein I no more
Prayed for myself, but that the power,
Of which deprived most wrongfully
I'd been, to you transferred might be.
'My honor this concerns,' I said,
'As for the rest, with you 'tis laid
To give or to withhold, as best
Jumps with your views or interest.'

"The monarch strove I should forego
My new world's titles. He'd bestow
Estates and honors in Castile,
A rich revenue should reveal.
Upon this bed, where still I lay,
I spurned the insulting mockery.
With Ferdinand it was in vain
To seek for justice. But my claim
Involves my honor. On the brink
Of death, in which I soon shall sink,
I would not for a life renewed
So wrong myself as to exclude
Prerogatives which I have earned,
And be by grasping mortals spurned.

"I felt my life was wasting fast,
Yet o'er my soul one gleam was cast,
Lighted once more my spirit up,
To seek to drain my rightful cup.
Philip, of Flanders, he who wed
With Isabella's daughter, sped
To Spain, to take the royal crown
Of Castile, Isabella's own.
The young Juana is the child
Of her my every fear beguiled;
I can but think the love her mother
Bore to me, as I were her brother,
Will warm the daughter's heart, and give
The soul did in her mother live.
My brother's on the mission gone,
I know not if mine own he's won;
But this I know, upon my couch
Death patiently awhile doth crouch
To bear his victim hence. Now mark:
Before this vital spark is dark,
Before this hand, whose icy finger
Long on my bosom cannot linger,
Has frozen up life's stream, attend
To the last words of thy best friend.

"The rights withheld from me, will fall
To you. Be sure, preserve them all.
These, my estates, I would not sell,
Nor change, to please a monarch's will,
With all the titles due to me,
I have entailed perpetually.
And, as you'll find when I am dead,
And my last testament is read,
I charge now thee, and after thee,
The heir, whoever he may be,
To bear my arms and seal with them,
And never use another name
Nor title than 'The Admiral.'
I'd have that title outlive all
That kings may grant. It has been mine
From my first voyage. The love's thine
Would wish no other, and the pride
Of all who are to me allied,
Will make it, in its famed renown,
Greater than is a ducal crown.

"My country! Diego, to thee
I speak to my posterity;
Genoa must win thy love, thy care
What in her service thou canst spare,

So that thou keep the church in fear
And 'gainst Spain's interests do not war,
In life or fortune give. My own
Bright Genoa! the prize is won,
But not for thee. The olden time
Comes back; I am a child of thine—
My young aspirings on thy shore
First dawned, thence quenchless evermore.
Oh, that for thee, instead of Spain,
Had been the glory—but 'tis vain.

"Jerusalem! Forget not, boy,
That holy city's dark alloy!
Forget not the foul infidel
Yet in its holy walls does dwell!
Ah, I had hoped, with purse and sword,
To win the city of the Lord
From unbelievers. But too bold
Hath been this heart, till it grows cold;
Enough permitted to achieve
I've been; and now I leave
Injunction that each heir of mine
Shall lay by sums, from time to time,
To aid in the recovery;
And lend his person, if need be,
Until the sepulchre is freed
From worshipper of Pagan creed.

"The church! If schisms should arise,
Promoting animosities,
Or violence should menace it,
Speed to the pope—as he deems fit,
Thy life and property dispose,
To overcome and crush its foes.

"Next to thy God, thy king obey,
And serve him always zealously:
Aid him in counsel and in strife
With fortune, or, if need be, life;
True loyalty shall grace thy days,
It is a subject's highest praise.
Who serves his God—his country loves—
Obeys his king—in these acts proves
Himself a man the world may trust
As one in all his actions just.

"My strength fast fails me! Diego,
I leave behind me when I go
Another son. Take by thy hand,
And to thy heart, thy Ferdinand.
The love of brothers has to me
Been source of sweet felicity.
The brother of thy bosom shares
All thy fond pleasures and thy cares,
And is in this more near allied
Than she who clingeth to thy side,
Too gentle, oftentimes, to look
On the fierce struggles men must brook
And combat with. Thou hast but one
To twine around thy heart, my son:
But hadst thou twenty, 'twould not prove
Too many for thy dear heart's love.

"Fainter and fainter!—one thing more.
When my last loving charge is o'er,

Forget not that my latest breath
 Forbade all insult after death.
 When the Italian poet died,
 They decked his dust in pomp and pride,
 Not yielded living—to the clay
 Did homage, when had passed away,
 The spirit that was slighted. He
 Who won his immortality
 Wanted no homage but a tear
 To water and to grace his bier.
 Remember all the slights I've passed,
 Now heaped upon me to the last ;
 How I've been left in poverty,
 My means estranged most wrongfully,
 By Ferdinand, and that I die
 Through toil and through anxiety,
 Dancing attendance on the king,
 In praying and petitioning
 For such poor right as but one word
 From him had long ago conferred—
 How he, for all my services,
 Hath crowned me with indignities,
 And for a country which I gave,
 Left me to die a beggar'd slave ;

Conjoining basest turpitude
 To his most foul ingratitude—
 And let no solemn mockery,
 No after love, his acts belie ;
 No pomp my funeral profane,
 But in the coffin where I'm lain
 Place the rude fetters bound each limb
 For the true faith I bore to him ;
 And as to earth they carry me,
 Those clanking chains my dirge shall be.

" Farewell, sweet Diego, my heart
 Is growing ice—we do but part
 To meet in a more glorious sphere.
 Weep not ! nor wish I linger here.
 Farewell—thy brother—Genoa—
 Thy king—thy God—the strife is o'er—
 Into thy hands, Lord, I commend
 My spirit."

This the end.
 So passed the spirit of the Mariner,
 Leaving a name immortal as the stars.

T O , R O S A .

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

" Those days are past, Floranthe !"

Yes ! they are gone ! those halcyon hours
 That sported on the wing of time,
 And brought their wreaths of angel flowers,
 Around our youthful brows to twine.

Yes ! they have wandered—like the song
 Sung o'er the infant's couch at night,
 And borne their rosy wreaths along—
 Nor left one vestige of their flight,

Save what at intervals appears .
 Enrolled on memory's misty page,
 When we look back on vanished years,
 The shadows of a parted age.

And oh ! how many a blissful scene
 Has fled with those untroubled days—
 How many a joy that once *has been*
 Is now beyond our eager gaze !

How many an object of delight,
 That, like a brilliant vision, play'd
 Before our young and tearless sight,
 An of our dreams a rapture made,

In time's cold current has rolled on,
 With all the joy its presence gave,
 Sparkled a moment, and then gone
 To slumber with its parent wave.

E'en thus our early fancies shone—
 E'en thus our years unnoticed flew—
 We look, and find those years have flown,
 And all their charms and glories, too !

And there was *one*, in days gone by,
 Who shared our hours of social mirth,
 Whose pulse of life was beating high,
 Whose heart had much of hidden worth.

Existence yet to him was young,
 And he was gay when friends were near,
 And health her armor o'er him flung,
 And promised many a future year.

Where is he now ?—alas ! alas !
 His rest is 'neath the grassy sward—
 All that again to earth could pass,
 Has gone—the rest to its reward.

Ah ! Rosa ! time's broad wing is spread—
 And who that fleeting wing o'er staid ?
 And he but urges us to tread
 The valley of death's darkling shade.

Then where can wisdom shine more bright
 Than to prepare against its gloom,
 And seek to gain that world of light,
 Whose glories lie beyond the tomb !

SCENES IN THE MESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

A SEA life is a curious medley of incidents. Every day brings forth new pleasures or new pains. Novelty is the altar before which Jack worships: and Fiddlers' Green, a place situated according to the imagination of old tars, three miles beyond the location of a certain fiery old gentleman called Belzebub, is, according to his creed, the final resting place of the sons of the sea. Grog is the solace of the old man-of-war's-man—grog and its accompaniment tobacco—with a full can, and a full pouch, with a shot in the locker, and a Sunday suit, he rides the ocean with a few planks between him and eternity, and whistles a merry strain, amid the awful piping of the midnight storm. An old sailor is a great curiosity, his whole life is spent in endeavoring to outwit his officers: but when he has played his pranks, he is generous to a fault. He cannot endure the tears of a woman, and many a time I have seen a bluff old sea dog, half seas over, throw a third of his hard earned gains into a weeping widow's lap, and while he wiped his eyes with his apology for a pocket handkerchief, sing out in a husky voice—"Belay there your pumps of sorrow—the longest storm must have an end"—and then depart, hitching up his starboard waistband before the astonished recipient of his favor found words with which to return her heart-felt thanks.

There has of late, however, been a great revolution worked by philanthropists in the condition of the seamen, both of the naval and merchant service. The blue jacket now worships at the altar of his God, and from beneath the Bethel Flag

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
Die sweetly on the distant sea.

There is another class of persons, however, who ride the leaping ocean who differ from the scamen in every particular—they are the sons of the trumpet, the masters of thunder, the monarchs of the peopled deck. Their hail is as omnipotent from stem to stern as the clapping of the Sultan's hands. Sky pole and orlop deck answer tremblingly to their summons; and even the very rats in a war ship show by their scampering whenever the first luff has the sulks—that

By the itching of their thumbs
Something savage to'ards them comes.

With this class of sea-faring men—those gentlemen who enter the cabin windows, instead of working their way up through the hawse-holes—we have had something to do in our early days, and feeling in the humor of story-telling, we trust we shall not be condemned for noticing some of the laughable peculiarities incidental to their lives at sea.

The captain of a ship of war is the first great man on board—he, like the king, can do no wrong. He can break his own regulations, and reprimand himself in private for the offence. He, in fact, is the great grand Turk, and if he see fit he can keep his officers in as pretty a little Tophet as one can well conceive of. The next in rank and power is the first lieutenant—he is the executive officer, he is the oracle of the ship, no one need differ with him, for rank is powerful and must prevail. He knows best what every one ought to have. Does a home-sick midgy thrum an old fiddle in the steerage, the first lieutenant knows whether he makes too much noise—he knows too when he has done playing, for he tells him when to bag his fiddle and ride the mast-head—the first lieutenant knows, too, when a person wants to go on shore, for he tells him to go at nine in the morning, and he knows when he will desire to come on board, for he tells him to come off at ten in the evening—he knows when a man has had sleep enough, for he sets the holy stones and wet sand a going at six bells in the morning, and he knows, furthermore, when he wishes to go to bed, for he claps a stopper upon his talking tacks, and sends the master-at-arms to extinguish his light at nine in the evening. He knows, too, when to whip, and when to sit in jewels, when to administer tarred rope ends, and when to cool off with cold iron. He knows how much water is drank, how many tacks and sheets of sand-paper are used in the ship; and, above all things, he knows his own power. With all this knowledge, would you believe it, he has a hard task, for he takes the fault-finding, fresh from its fountain head, the captain, and receives the sly cuts of the juniors, when they whip the devil around a stump.

The officer of the deck is the next great man—for four hours he is vicegerent—he holds the trumpet—at his command the studding sails spread out their giant pinions and woo the dying gale, or come thundering in like lightning. At his command the hours are tolled upon the ship's bell—his eye is upon the water and the sky—he sees the sagging of a yard—the fluttering of a rope—the flapping of a splitting sheet—and the spitting to windward of a land lubber, as easy as any one can see his own face in the water. He knows when the cook's pudding is boiled, and when the meat is

fit to eat. He knows the strength of the grog tub, and the degree of temperature reached by any one of the ship's company. He knows every body, and every body knows him.

The purser and the doctor are the next great men. The boatswain is not always a great man—he swears and drinks grog—talks with the sailors—and tells improper stories, and when he gets a little elevated, he whips the whole party, and goes home with a black eye—the boatswain is not a great man, he never wears white gloves, and it is affirmed that but one was ever known to wear a smelling bottle and sing psalms.

Here, perhaps, the reader may think that original characters are to be sketched, but in this he will find that he is mistaken. Follies will be rapped, but personalities will be left out of the question. Having thus briefly shown our colors—"all hands up anchor"—"man the bars"—"walk away with the cat"—"ha, there it comes"—"lay aloft"—"sheet home the topsails"—"set the jib and spanker"—"there comes the breeze"—"haul aft the main-sheet"—"she pays off sweetly"—"pipe down, boatswain's mate"—"good bye, Mr. Pilot"—"we are at sea."

Let us now go down into the ward-room—this is easily accomplished, the companion-way is just forward of the binnacle, and the binnacle is just forward of the wheel, and the wheel is just forward of the mizen-mast. After descending the companion way we reach the gun-deck, the heavy battery of a ship, and turning around the ward-room sky-light, which rises like the roof of a house, in the centre of the deck, just forward of the cabin bulk-head, we descend another ladder which lands us in the steerage (the young gentlemen's apartment, as it is termed,) which is on the berth deck, and, turning to the right, we enter the ward-room—the aristocratic corner of a ship of war. Here reigns rank in eagle buttons, and golden cap bands; here glory lingers around the proud moustache; and honor rides upon a full blown swab. This is the second heaven to the middy, but not to its inmates.

The mess are at supper—a long table extends from side to side of the mess room—at the starboard end sits the first lieutenant—roast pig, turkey, and plum-pudding, always luxuriate under his rubicund nose—at his right, at the side of the table, sits the second lieutenant, then the third, then the fourth, and then the master; at the opposite end sits the purser—the lord of fish, pies, and jellies—caviare and *old cheese*; at his right, at the side of the table, sits the doctor, then the marine officer, then the chaplain; and at the side next to the first lieutenant's left hand, sits the fifth, the youngest of the mess—he knows the exact length of a dog-watch, and can tell the exact time when his relief should come upon deck; lights are now brought in and placed upon the table; a substantial supper smokes before the hungry mess. The first lieutenant has deposited a full allowance of fried beef-steak and onions upon his plate, and is just dipping his spoon in the mysterious mustard pot, which appears to have Moll Thompson's mark upon it, M. T. (empty) when lo! in pops the gunner and master-at-arms, while the ship's cooper and two gunner's mates stand at the door. The gunner in a long flannel suit, free from buttons and buckles, with a long green baize night-cap on his head, and the master-at-arms in his every day toggery, with a bull's eye lantern in his hand, complete the variety of the group.

"The captain has directed the magazine to be opened, sir," says the gunner, giving his eyes a twist towards the savory mess.

"What do you say, sir?" says the first lieutenant, who is a little deaf, and pretends to be still more so, bolting at the same time a square inch of beef, and sending down after it a large allowance of sliced onions.

"The captain has ordered the magazine to be opened," screams the gunner, while the mess, following the example of their head, make a diligent use of their masticators, notwithstanding they are nearly ready to suffocate with laughter. By this time the first lieutenant has deposited the contents of his plate between his teeth and his bread room, and having swallowed a cup of coffee at a draught, springs up and hands the gunner the keys of the magazine, then turning to the mess, who continue unremitting exertions to provision themselves, roars out the cabalistic words—"Going to open the magazine, gentlemen; master-at-arms, put out the lights, and drop the screen."

In a moment all is darkness and confusion; away springs each mess boy with a well-filled dish; away fly the mess to their various stations—out go the lights, down falls the flannel screen—and a marine with a drawn bayonet enters the ward-room, and paces along the outside of the table that was so lately filled with animated countenances—all now is silent; a strong sulphureous smoke penetrates the curtain and fills the ship, while the echo of the old tar's curse rises in hollow murmurs and dies away in the distance.

Well may Ichabod be now written over the entrance of the ward-room, for surely *its glory has departed*.

A gloomy change has now come over the spirit of the dreams. A few officers pace the gun-deck in sullen humor, but the majority loaf about the spar deck, now watching the silver moon as she rises beautifully from the dazzling sea, and now endeavoring to make out in the distance the appearance of a ship, or the jet of a spouting whale. At length the dreary job is over—the magazine hatch closes—up goes the screen—and down come the lights; a scanty supper is now saved from the pilferers at the galley, and then come the wine bottle and a pine-apple cheese, like two good companions, faithful even in death.

"Give us a yarn, gentlemen," says the first lieutenant, pulling down his little waistcoat, over his little round belly, and slewing himself in his chair so as to turn his deaf ear towards the company.

"Well, doctor," says the purser, taking another and heavier pull at the hallyards, "did you ever hear how the old Culloden lost her sticks just about here, many years ago?"

"No," cries the doctor, joined by the voices of the whole mess; "let us hear it."

"Well, then," says the purser, "here it goes."

THE DEAD MAN'S LEDGE.

"Not more than one hundred miles from the southern extremity of England, rise in awful majesty above the tempestuous ocean the dreadful breakers of the Dead Man's Ledge. Nothing can exceed the solitary appearance—the look of dreary loneliness that they present to the eye of the watchful seaman when the heavy swell of Biscay comes rolling up towards the northern ocean, and the light scud spreads its flitting screen of frosted silver before the face of the broad red harvest moon. When the night comes on in black rolling shadows from windward, and the stormy petrel calls his little band together to dance upon the white foam that hisses in the vessel's wake, then may be heard the terrific music of the Dead Man's Ledge, louder than the roar of heaven's artillery, louder than the wail of the canvas-splitting tempest, louder than the moan of the wilderness of waters, as it heaves up its blackened breast to own its God.

"From the days of the earliest navigators, these rocks have been famous in story, and when the shades of evening settle upon the deep, wo be unto the outward bound mariner that sees not their dark summits sink in the waste of foam-capped waves astern.

"It was at the commencement of the nineteenth century, when a heavy armed Corvette, under double reefed top-sails, came running before a heavy south-wester, and just at evening discovered St. Agnes' light ahead. Proudly she dashed along the billows, and with the setting of the watch, a lantern rose to her ensign peak, and a heavy cannon mingled its note with the thunder of the elements around. A larger ship now rose upon the horizon astern, and soon a light gleamed high over her peopled deck. A bright flash soon showed that the cannon of the three decker had answered the signal of her consort, and then the thick haze of the evening storm hid them from each other's view.

"Forecastle, there," thundered the officer of the deck.

"Aye! aye! sir," answered the master's mate.

"Keep a bright look out ahead, sir."

"Aye! aye! sir."

The captain now came upon deck; long and anxiously he looked towards the light, and then as his eye rested upon a break in the waters ahead, he said—

"There they are, the black devils." Mr. Catharpin, send the best men to the wheel."

"Aye! aye! sir," said the first lieutenant, and soon a hardy set of old quarter-masters grasped the spokes.

"Man the relieving tackles," thundered the captain; they were manned instantly—the ship answered her helm promptly, the crested billows broke all around her, but not a wave had dared to kiss her decks.

"The storm increases, sir," said the first lieutenant, touching his hat.

"Furl the topsails, and set the try-sails," roared the commander, above the howling of the blast. Dark forms glided up the rigging like shadows, and soon the top-sails were furled, the try-sails at the same time caught the wind, and the spanker almost started from the bolt rope.

"Have axes laid by the masts—this is no time for idlers—call all hands," said the captain.

"All hands," cried the boatswain.

"All hands," shouted his mates, and all hands stood upon deck. Then might one man look another in the face, and read wonder and terror mingling together there.

"We have carried away the spanker, sir," shouted the captain of the after guard, as he went across the deck like lightning, in a fold of the tattered canvas.

"Let it go, and be d—d," said the officer of the deck.

"Cant over the spanker boom, you lubbers; brace the yards to the wind," shouted the captain, and away they went like the turning of the spokes of a wind-mill wheel.

"Here she comes," shouted the starboard cat-head watch, as he jumped from his post, and landed upon the cook's head, who had at that moment popt it out of the galley hatch, to catch a view of the surrounding country, which, according to the Irishman's geography, was plaguy near an island, for it was entirely surrounded by water.

"Gorry mighty, shipped a sea, with short jacket and breeches," said Cuff, as he rolled down on'to the gun deck with his tormentors in the slack of the astonished look-out-man's unmentionables, who followed him like a clap of thunder after a flash of black lightning.

"You be buttered, you son of a sea cook," said Jack, kicking the Guineaman's shin with his storm stay-sail boots, and cutting his toasting fork adrift with his knife. "A pretty affair you are, to interfere with a man on duty; why, dy'e see, if you had been down in your smoke house I should have had a decent fall, and been upon duty with a whole spanker sheet again; but you, you old

woolley headed son of Nebuchadnezzar's grand marm, when she eat grass, with Heshick, Twoahick, and to bed they went; you must get in my way, and injure my feelings, with your two pronged sceptre, and be blessed to you. Belay there your black jaw or I'll cheapen your ivory." After this burst of natural eloquence, Jack went upon deck, while the darkey hobbled to the galley, muttering 'Oh, ho! Mr. Jack, never you mind, I'll sweeten your broff yet—yah! yah! yah!'

"While this rough and tumble was carried on below, we must not for one moment suppose that the hubbub above had ceased. When the cat-head watch sang out 'here she comes,' he had no illusion to a sea. A moment more, and the three decker was near at hand—on one side, and stretching out to leeward, was the black ledge, and to windward was their consort, unmanageable, in the act of running them down. 'Hard up your helm,' shouted the officer of the deck, but it was too late, the Culloden came sweeping down like a deer before the hounds. Her main-mast tottered in its step, her top-sails hung in tatters—the jib hung flapping against her sides—the waters gurgled along her careering guns—and, then, to complete the horror of the scene, the men at the wheel were thrown senseless upon the deck. She broached to for a moment, then away went her top-masts and flying-jib, and down came her main-mast, with an awful crash.

"'We are lost!' shouted an old seaman, to his mess-mate in the Corvette's rigging.

"'There is no hope,' said the captain, as he stood calmly amid a dozen officers, holding on to the companion railing—'good bye, gentlemen—God bless you—you have done your duty.'

"'Oh God,' shrieked a sailor's wife, as she ran across that sorrowful deck, and pressed her infant to her breast—'my husband! my child!' At this moment the captain of the Corvette sprang to her side, he looked at the old quarter-master, her husband, who stood at the wheel. 'No hope,' said the old sea dog; 'farewell Bess, and my darling.' It was enough, in a moment the sailor's wife and child were launched into the deep, and floated astern on a grating, while the captain, with a fixed look, stood at his quarters.

"Crash came the Culloden upon her consort, and in a moment the Corvette went down in the dark waters, and the heavy three decker passed over her.

"Wild was the yell that rose above that midnight wane to heaven—dreadful was the gurgle of the billow as it closed over 'pennon, spar, and sail.' A moment, and she rode the billow like a thing of life—another, and the sea snake crawled through her port holes, and slimy things sported upon her decks of glory.

"'Breakers ahead!' shouted the master of the Culloden, as she coursed along on her cruise of death.

"'We cannot weather them unless we clear the wreck,' said the commodore.

"'Cullodens away clear the wreck,' thundered the first lieutenant, and, throwing down the trumpet, he caught an axe, and headed the gallant waisters.

"Away went the wreck with a tremendous crash; a single sea broke over the poop, sweeping it as though a fire had past over it, and then the old three decker hauled her wind, and shot past the ledge like a flash of light.

"'We are clear,' said the commodore, breathing a long breath—"can you see any thing of our consort's wreck?'

"'A white mass is floating upon the water to windward, sir,' cried the signal midshipman.

"'It is a woman and child,' said the quarter-master; let us save her. An hundred persons, officers, and men, now hung over the sides with ropes—the sea having become much smoother inside the reef—and soon the quarter-master's widow and child lay dead upon the vessel's deck.

"'No hope,' said the doctor of the Culloden, turning away from the bodies with eyes filled with tears.

"'Let them be buried with their mess-mates,' said the commodore, in a husky voice. The bodies were soon sewed in one hammock, and then, with a seaman's prayer, they were launched forth to join the swollen hundreds that danced upon the agitated billows, cold in death.

"Morning came, and with it a calm; the ocean was like a sleeping mill-pond; the light-house stood solitary in the distance—the Culloden lay at anchor in shore without a spar—a part of a wreck rested upon the Dead Man's Ledge—upon its taff-rail a lonely heron perched—and the wave, as it gently broke against the foot of the rocks and washed the sand from the stern, showed to the gaze of the beholder the name of the gallant Blenheim."

"Mr. Nipchese," said the first lieutenant, with a leer of his eye, "I believe you had better tell that story to the marines."

"You be d—d," said the purser, in a low voice, and then the mess went to bed.

RELIGIOUS CONCEIT.

BY ROBERT MILDRED, PHILA.

If there is one thing more disgusting than another—if there is anything fit to be spoken and thought of in the same breath with meanness—if there is one paltry vice that, more frequently than another, can be found associated (and that almost invariably) with meanness—it is self-conceit; and worse, far more contemptible, is it, should this self-conceit extend to the confines of religious matters. Is it not very astonishing in this advanced age, when things generally are, or ought to be, called by their right names, and viewed in their proper light, that by a sort of tacit understanding, men are satisfied to meet one another as pious and godly individuals, and each become too frequently to the other a looking glass, representing the delineation of all that is hypocritical and base!—At an era when we might suppose that mere hollow and superficial pretensions in religious as well as other matters would be as readily detected as resisted, is it not singular that individuals should assume the simple and unostentatious piety of the apostolic preachers, when the general coarseness and vulgarity of their lives would indicate them to be practically unfit to illustrate the mild and charitable tenets of the Christian creed—men to whom our Saviour would have especial reference in delivering those reproofs which were elicited from the consideration of that disgusting self-complacency which leads the mistaken egotist to imagine himself to be whiter than snow in comparison with those around him! Surely we are not particularly bound to restrain our indignation at the contemplation of a class which brings into disrepute, more than any other, the unassuming followers of Christianity, and causes us frequently to be fearful of encountering the atheist, when we should otherwise “handle him without gloves!” Yet so it is; and so long as hypocrisy and deceit are tolerated as conventional conveniences, so long will the advocacy of the Christian religion constitute, in the consideration of many, a reproach, rather than an honorable championship.

Observe that man of finical mind and smirking countenance—with what perfect respect he appears to regard himself, to the exclusion of every thing around him; conceited not so much at the perfection of the outward, as at the infallibility of the inward man—a coxcomb in religion! He will as coolly intimate to you, either directly or indirectly, his spiritual superiority, as if he (a gross and sordid-minded man) had actually received the most direct assurances from above that his scrupulous attention to the forms of piety had merited and received especial distinction! An anathema from the pulpit, directed to some less fortunate fellow-creature, surely seems to afford him satisfaction, rather than uneasiness—an occasion for exultation, instead of an opportunity for sympathy! And, to speak candidly, does he appear like an individual who would congratulate “one sinner” that might repent, in preference to “ninety and nine” persons that might not (in his estimation) require any repentance? We fear not. Ten to one, but our very worthy Pharisee has had his fleshy indulgences, and those, perhaps, even according to his own acknowledgement, of the coarsest, the most vulgar description!—yet having, through the reception of grace, and the adoption of what he denominates true faith, abstained from farther participation in them, he will not scruple to let you understand that his present entire abstinence (from that which he had not the resolution and dignity of mind temperately to indulge in) places him in the most refined and elevated contrast to yourself, habitually pursuing, as you possibly may, such rational pleasures as may not have been associated in your own experience with any unrestrained or vicious indulgence. [And here we might enlarge much on the quackery or humbug in many instances associated with a cause we heartily respect—the temperance cause; but having many remarks to make on the subject, which would be inappropriate here, we intend to reserve them for another and special occasion.]

The class of persons we are describing cannot be otherwise than narrow-minded and vulgar. I question much whether a perfect artist of noble characteristics could personate a specimen of them; true, he might tolerably caricature their droning whine, and quote their repulsive sentiments, but I say, to assume the cynical, mean, and illiberal disposition of their features, is more than any honest man, for the life of him, could accomplish—a Garrick would even confess his inability to perform the task. How cautiously pursued is the whole tenor of our Pharisee's life, from the instant he becomes systematically holy and pure! Entire abstinence from all cheerful pleasures, as already implied, is the motto he adopts. Speak to him of an uninterrupted or continuous life of comparative innocence, and he—yes, he, the holy, good man—laughs at you as representing a chimera, an impossibility!—even as the reformed drunkard is sure to adopt the system of “abstinence from all that intoxicates,” being sceptical as to the possibility of carrying out the principles of temperance by any plan of uniform moderation, finding in his individual experience, firstly, that he possessed a depraved taste, and, secondly, that he is destitute of the necessary resolution to restrain it.

It stands to reason that the specimen we have been describing is now no longer a creature of impulse, whatever he may once have been; the necessity of entirely checking all hasty inclinations may at once appear obvious to him. Let not the reader be carried along with the idea that all crea-

tures of impulse are instinctively impelled to generous and worthy actions, and therefore to be all equally excused for the results. All, it is true, have their impulses, yet all are not actuated by worthy ones. The fact may have been experienced by many, probably by none more than him who may have discovered the necessity of surviving the commission of unreflected acts; experience may have taught him, too clearly and plainly, the evident and revolting direction of his more sanguine and immediate wishes; and the results of former unpremeditated actions not having been accompanied with either generous or honorable associations, and therefore destitute of the only excuse to be offered in palliation of error, the importance of laying a due restraint on that tendency to abrupt action which has never yet been even accidentally directed to a laudable end, is at once apparent.

After having sacrificed so much, our saint still retains some "longing lingering"ankerings "after the flesh," and, it is needless to say, takes a larger credit to himself, and assumes the more upon the inevitable worldly advantages which result from his austerity, in proportion to the gratifications which he feels he has relinquished. The entire restraint under which he has now placed himself, but which will no doubt soon become a second (if not a palatable) nature, originates an effectual barrier against those accidents of fortune so frequently occurring to men who scorn to attain prosperity by accepting insignificant favors, or by abstaining from conferring large ones. It is not improbable, therefore, that our crafty utilitarian (if we may so term him) attributes his prosperity in the world to a direct interference from above!—and he will so frequently imply or assert this piece of profanity, that at last he will even himself believe that it is in reality the odor of his sanctity that has sustained him through all vicissitudes, notwithstanding our conviction that the petty prosperity of such a man is but little regarded by Providence, however his actions may be overlooked, seeing that the world abounds with so many fatherless children, widows, and humble and devout christians, possessing in reality all the cardinal virtues so abundantly, that a tythe of their humility would, in our estimation, be of particular benefit to that modest and self-satisfied individual who so complacently thanks his God that he is "not as other men are."

We have done with him. Ardently desiring, as we do, the ultimate extinction of the Pharisaic class, it is not by addressing ourselves to them, that we should in any way conduce to effect their reformation, and thereby promote an acquisition to the good repute of Christianity. It is too notorious that an ejection of such obstinate diseases is not to be anticipated by administering ourselves directly to the patient; but rather by constituting the more ingenuous portion of the world at large special and active physicians for the extirpation of the complaint, root and branch. Let them frown upon hypocrisy whenever they meet it—let them battle with it till it crouches in submission—let them cherish a disposition to view with lenience those more open and acknowledged faults which are but too incident to human nature, but be unforgiving to that affectation of virtue which can be put off as readily as it is assumed—let them accustom themselves to the practice of generosity, and habituate themselves to an admiration for it when exercised by others—let them, moreover, read their bibles, and reject our humble ideas, if they are at all at variance with those divine precepts from which there is no appeal. Finally, with charity towards all the world but those insidious vipers of religion, those foul spots upon the page of Christianity that we have been endeavoring to define, let our readers resolve to show no quarter to such voluntary enemies to the true intent of a blessed creed until, by crushing their haughty aspirings, and compelling them to relinquish a wilful and extreme sin, their eyes may become for the first time opened, and they may be taught to consider themselves as the most morally prostrated of beings, rather than a chosen few, selected as fit subjects for salvation, to the exclusion of others: then, and then only, when as "publicans and sinners," in the humble attitude of supplicants, they may, in the language of contrition, ask for that mercy which they have hitherto so complacently and selfishly appropriated, they will for the first time arrive at a just conception of the unbounded mercy of the Supreme Being, and a correct appreciation of the salvation held out to all, seeing, that with renewed hearts and a "clean spirit within them," they may have just occasion to anticipate that favorable consideration from the throne of grace which may even be afforded, yea, verily, unto such great sinners as themselves.

M A Y .

<p>MAY, Summer's mother, sister of young Spring, Now votive garlands, woven of infant flowers, Festoon thy halls; and some true maiden towers Above her peers as queen where love is king, And, in the midst of lusty youths a ring, Largesse of smiles and blissful praises showers: And virgins pure and fair as thy white hours, (To passionate fretting of fast-fingered string,</p>	<p>And rural reeds that pastorally play, And on the incensed air profusely pour Sounds sweet as scents,) with shepherds, on the floor Of primrose plots of green, dance fast away All winter-harms, and stir their stagnant bloods To the warm flush and hue of thy first red rose- buds.</p>
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A VISIT TO A MAD-HOUSE.

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL PHILA.

HAST ever been a sea-voyage, gentle reader? Hast ever been upon the ocean and looked forth on its beauty, its power, its immensity?

It was a beautiful afternoon; the sky was blue and cloudless, the winds still; hour upon hour passed gently away, rolling down the dark current of Time into the deep and noiseless gulf of oblivion. The sun, now verging rapidly towards his goal, threw around his beauties with lavish and unsparring hand; here might be seen a long crimson line, and there a gorgeous mass of clouds, his slant beams swiftly falling along the surface of the deep, as if delighted to commingle with the uncongenial element. As he went down into his ocean couch, and gray twilight assumed its dominion, not a word was spoken—all eyes were busy in viewing the beauties of nature, and all tongues chained in admiration of the inspiring scene.

The sea, even in its calmest moments, is an object of indefinable dread. During the most lovely day of summer sunshine it is seldom altogether tranquil; and, in the brightest hour, the deep intonation, the ceaseless roar of the waters, as they dash upward or onward, comes impressively upon the ear.

Oh Night! Night! how intensely beautiful art thou! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, placid, and pearly effulgence of thy chaste moon, who pursues her path alone, or when thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest forth with thy tempests to their work of desolation—oh, thou art still beautiful! The spirit of poesy mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and, even in thy deep and holy silence, there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea and on the wide moor—by the ocean-strand, and on mountain-lake, and dell, and dingle, and corn-field, and cottage, oh thou art still beautiful! But amid the mighty and everlasting world of waters, rising up in their solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb admiration. The lofty choir, the dim and massy aisle, the deep roll of the organ—even these often strike like a spell upon the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. But oh what are these!—what the deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder—or the lofty temple to the mighty ocean, atom though it is in the Universe of God—or the studied darkness of the shrine to the blank dulness of the tempest-night, shadowing forth immensity itself in its grim indefiniteness!

I leaned forward, with parted lips and eyes straining from their sockets, resting far onward where the sky bent to the ocean; the clouds had arisen, and a low line where he dipped was already beneath the horizon; the sublimity of the scene came upon my spirit with a soothing power, and I exclaimed with the immortal bard—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with thy shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds.

“Alas! on night so sweet such awful morn should rise.”

In the morning we were enveloped in a dense fog, black as despair. All day we beat slowly against the wind, contrasting it with yesterday, beguiling the time with cards and conversation, or at times plying the busy needle. Night was usurping the dominion of day; the clouds hung above in potently thick and heavy masses, and the sea wore a black and angry aspect. Each succeeding wave rose higher and higher, rearing its foam-capped crest like a dark mountain, and dashing on the vessel with tremendous violence. The winds blew, and the maddened waves sounded like the voice of desolation. I need not speak of the terror of the passengers, nor of the anxiety of the captain and crew. The ship drove furiously along; orders were issued and obeyed with promptitude and skill by men who felt that all depended upon their exertions. I watched, in intense agony, the faces of those iron-hearted men who were accustomed to sport with ordinary dangers, and look upon the ocean in its wrath with unimpaired energies. Still I listened—I moved not—stirred not. I felt like one in the sick apathy of despair, when a kind of trance falls upon the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. For a moment all was calm; but it was not the calmness of serenity; it was that frightful stillness which forbodes a dreadful storm—a stillness far more fearful than the raging even of the tempest. It seemed as if Nature held her breath with awe, and the waves themselves but paused in their attack to return to the charge with ten-fold fury. This momentary stillness was soon broken by the distant roaring of the thunder which ever and anon came upon the ear—the whisper of the storm-fiend. Lightning in

sheets of flame careered along the horizon, flashing over heaving volumes of concentrated brine and darkness; or, in arrows of fire, throwing across the waste a lurid gleam, lighting up the terrors of the valleys of the deep; or springing along its mountains and wreathing their lofty crests, fretted to a snow-like foam. The ship dashed along like a creature of destiny, and, as the lightning afforded opportunity, its inmates might be seen with pale faces, ghastly as spectres. The rain poured in torrents; the black mass of clouds gathered up as a vast serpent its dark folds for combat, and broke over us in majestic gloom and fearful energy. Higher and darker increased the hurricane; the splendor of the heavens was eclipsed as in a pall, and now and then there passed a flash over the sky until the very air seemed in flame and laid open for one instant the awful scene so fitting for the theatre of that tempest-desolation; and then again the darkness was so thick and palpable, that, to us who sat thus with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the Universe were given up to the whirlwind and to HIM.

It was terrible—terrible! Death—and to die thus! Oh what a small portion of what the heart has felt has ever been recorded! How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions rise in the soul and pass away into the nothingness of forgotten things! On that awful night what a world of feeling was stirred to which but a broken utterance can be given! We left ourselves to the care of Providence, and the mercy of the waves, obedient only to HIS control who alone could shield us from the fury of the blast and its dread onset. But that Almighty Being who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm calmed, in his own proper time, the tempest's fury; and Hope, the first fruit of Happiness, whispered Peace. The waves were stilled; and we offered up heart-felt prayers to the great God, who had in his infinite goodness and mercy deigned to save us from lying down to our everlasting rest on the oozy bottom of the deep, far from friends, and far from that sweet thing, home, with none to sympathise in our dying moments, and none to smooth our descent to the tomb.

The morning sun in splendor rose;
The gale was hushed, and still the wave.

The succeeding day was bright as the rivers of Paradise, and the sea spread out before us like a map; but the horrors of that night so pressed upon our souls that we mistrusted its calmness, and wished for the land. Time, like an even temper, kept its own pace, and wafted us onward to our port of destination. As the day approached, we stood upon deck counting the lazy minutes, and stretching the eyes landward, in the hope of catching the first glimpse of the cliffs of the promised land.

Here am I in old England! In the hour of her triumph, or in the moment of her adversity—whether her steps be on land, or her march on the mountain waves—in her thronging cities, or in her green quiet glades—amidst her noble gifted aristocracy, or her free bold peasantry, oh she is beautiful!

Memorandum. I have just returned from a visit to a Lunatic Asylum. There is much of misery which ever way we turn, but as it has its source too frequently in folly or crime, may we not derive a useful lesson from its contemplation? I soon reached, after starting out, this abode of disease and wretchedness, and, prepared as I fancied myself, was quite shocked by the multiplicity of complaints with which I found myself surrounded.

Here lay the stranger of a foreign soil, whom fever had arrested in his career, deliriously calling upon kindred names and the loved ones of that home to which he would never return. There was stretched the victim of a lingering yet hopeless disorder, waiting, with a kind of forced and gloomy resignation, for the only change that could bring release. Some were there in the last stage of a decay evidently induced by lives of profligacy; their ghastly lineaments rendered yet more appalling by the deep inroads of guilty passion with which they were marked.

To my conductor, a respectable-looking elderly matron, all the cases seemed familiar; and she sketched, for my gratification, as we traversed the various departments of the sanctuary, a brief history of some of its inmates.

"There," said she, pointing to a maimed and disfigured being whose vacant eye evinced the utter extinction of all aim in life, "is there not, even yet, upon that furrowed brow, some indefinable trace of generous feeling? A constant thirst for pleasure resulted in dissipation, and dissipation in vice. At thirty his fortune was wasted, his constitution impaired, and his name associated with infamy. The better part of society shunned him, and the satellites of other days left him to revolve around some undimmed orb in the expanse of fashion and folly. Without friends, without profession, without character, he looked vainly around him for the means of support, and is now destined to wear out the remnant of a life whose morning was so full of excitement with no object of hope save death."

We went into another apartment, in which was the body of an elderly female from whom life had but just departed. Death is a fearful thing, come as it will. To think of the bright living spirit that, but a moment before, was one with us in thought and feeling, gone forth for ever from the home that

has hitherto furnished it with all the properties of being, wandering away alone to some far country beyond the light of the sun and of the moon, where there is no night nor day, nor summer's heat, nor cold of the winter—where sight and sound, and all knowledge, rush upon the soul, when the eye and the ear that once served it, are returning to dust in the forgotten earth. It is a fearful thing to think of the loved spirits that have vanished from our path. Oh where are they when the eye glazes on us, and the voice and the smile that have gladdened our homes are as a lost treasure upon earth?

Beautiful indeed is that sweet influence which brightens that fearful mystery, peopling a world of light and holiness with the gentle and the lovely that are fading from this, and joining the lone spirit of the dying, with a love stronger than Death, to HIM who is the brightness of that far country, where the trees are of Life, and the fountains of living water; and where the trials and sufferings in this unstable world are remembered only as the indistinct passages of a dream.

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," said my guide—"a blow of peculiar affliction has cut off a life which, although obscure, was spent in usefulness and piety."

"You knew the deceased then," said I, replying almost mechanically to a remark which, amid my own all absorbing reflections, fell almost unheeded upon my ear.

"She was the mother of a young man whose brilliant talents and high-toned character procured for him an appointment in the navy. The habits acquired in the loose haunts of pleasure were illy adapted to the rigid rules of naval discipline, and when he returned to his station he paid a high price for a few months of gaiety. He was introduced by a brother officer to a fashionable club in the metropolis, during his furlough. The common intercourse with such associates tended but to corrupt or impede the better feelings of his heart (there was no skilful hand to call forth its hallowed gushings, and its exquisite chords had ceased to vibrate) as the foot of the hasty traveller throws mire into those fountains which are dug from the rock, and guided through pure channels by a careful and interested hand. His character had lost its early brightness; the generosity of his nature—his noble frankness—his deep scorn of all that was palpably base—remained the same; but the more delicate shades of moral worth were obscured, if not defaced, by the contact of depravity. Hurried by the dangerous excitement of a constitutional ardor, he pursued the career of fashionable folly, and could not recede from the precipice. In the contaminating influence of his companions he lost that nice perception of dishonor which in boyhood had marked his career. His mother pleaded with him to renounce his dissolute ways; but remonstrance avails but little with him who, having embraced Vice under the alluring name of Pleasure, has learned to regard the code of a stern morality as the mere dictate of a bigoted and superstitious mind. In his own circle he moved like a meteor, pouring around him a flood of wild and brilliant light, while those fearful shadows were gathering over his soul which were to settle in perpetual darkness. The misguided youth was dismissed from a profession which might have conducted him to the highest eminence, and returned to the widowed and indigent parent who had leaned upon him for support—to die. Disgrace had broken the spirit it might not bend. She lost her reason, and now is following him."

A flood of tumultuous thoughts came rushing upon my brain like a torrent, and all the hidden depths of my soul were stirred. Again we passed on to another apartment, and gazed upon the wreck of a gambler. The form was outstretched, and the features fearfully distorted. He was sleeping—but not a quiet slumber. His breathing was heavy, and groans seemed bursting from his surcharged heart. Once he had been a model of manly beauty. He had his all in a fearful hazard; he quitted the table a beggar; his last possessions had been mortgaged; his wife, his children were in want in another city. Her watchful eyes were not near to smooth his pillow, and weep over his failings. Sleep on—sleep on!—thou wilt awaken no more to the kiss of wedded love!

I was well nigh maddened by what I saw. The career of some had been splendid. They had sheathed themselves, as the sword in its scabbard, in an atmosphere of gaiety; their lives had been unprincipled; they had destroyed minds whose opening promise was fair and sweet as the first smile of love, and had finally disseminated the seed of misery, and were now perishing unwept, unhonored.

We crossed a corridor, and there lay the victim of intemperance. He had gone on in regular gradation, quaffing the subtle but too sure poison of the fatal bowl, and was now writhing under the accumulated horrors of *mania a potu*.

"A drop of water, for the love of God!—my brain's on fire—it scorches—it burns," he cried gaspingly—"oh, oh, see the fiend! He comes—he wants me—he beckons me—oh save me—save me!—he reaches forth his skeleton hands—he clutches me—I cannot breathe—I shall die! Oh God—not yet!—tear him away!—look—look at the flames issuing from his mouth! Oh don't—don't—leave me to him—to—to—to burn! Away!—I am not yours! I defy your power—I spit upon you! Loose your hold upon me! I did not do the deed—there's no blood upon my hand. Mother, dear mother, do not curse me thus! It is engraved upon my soul in characters of fire—give me thy blessing as of old—I killed not Julian—he stabbed himself. There—there he comes again"—he almost shrieked—"look at the fearful gash in his head, and the blood trickling from his gory hair. Tear—tear him away! I am a robber—I am a blighted branch—a cankered flower, poisoning the air in which I breathe, and killing the sweet shrubs which grow around me. I am a villain—a sordid villain!" A dreadful pang here seemed to shoot through his whole frame.

An awful and piercing shriek burst from his lips—"save me," he cried—"save me!—have mercy—mercy!"—and he laughed as the maniac laughs in the excess of his misery. The flush upon his cheek flickered as that which plays in Heaven when the day is dying, and his eye gave forth the lustrous glitter of the polished stone. He looked at me with an expression I shall not readily forget; a shadow of deep anguish shrouded his features; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets and gleaming with unnatural light; his strong frame shook with fear; he seemed laboring under the effect of terror of the most horrible nature. "There—there," he cried, in a thrilling voice, "see how Julian stares upon me with his sightless orbs—how he points at me with his fleshless hands—oh, hear his laugh, like the bubbling of blood! Avaunt! avaunt!—oh stare not upon me with the blue light of those terrible sockets! It sinks into my soul—it burns my heart to ashes—away! away! to the fathomless hell whence you came—down into the fiery furnace—away!—oh God!—oh God! Oh, I would live—I would live a *little* longer. Save me, mother—let me not die—'tis a heavy struggle, but I would master it. Give me air—I faint—give me air, I say—breath—life—aye, life—throw up the windows—*dear* mother, it is your son who pleads—who suffocates—who dies. Still, still it baffles me. There—there—raise me"—he gasped, and his expressions of horror were dreadful.

My blood ran cold with fear; my flesh quivered convulsively, and my mind was filled with an unquenchable dread. I was about making the best of my way out, when my guide said, "you have not yet seen the female ward; come, there is nothing to startle you there." I silently assented, and followed her almost mechanically, trembling in every joint with the excess of my highly-wrought feelings.

As we drew near the room I crossed my arms upon my bosom, to repress the throbbings of my heart. We wended our way through a low vaulted passage. The sounds that at intervals echoed through this abode of misery and crime might have chilled the stoutest heart; but I tried to close my senses to all external objects. At the end of a corridor we ascended a flight of steps, at the foot of which my guide unlocked a door, when we entered the room.

The light admitted by the grated narrow window discovered to my view several of its inmates, one of whom immediately arrested my attention. She was stretched upon a pallet, and lay with her face to the wall, without seeming to notice our entrance. Low moans stole through her lips, and shook her frame; then she shuddered as if in an agony of fright; and then gasped out "I have not been seen—I am safe."

The matron advanced, and addressed her in accents of kindness—"look up, my daughter, naught shall harm you." She sprang upon her feet with violence, and demanded passionately—"what wouldst thou with me?—what new treachery now?" Her brow was so dark, and there was so much stern irony on her tongue that I retreated a few paces with fear. I had now an opportunity of regarding her attentively, as she stood the wreck of a beautiful woman in the prime of life. With a wild incoherent burst of language she bared the inmost recesses of her heart. She wept; and her tears seemed gradually to still the tempest which our presence had raised in her soul, till then wrapped in moody sullenness. My guide attempted to soothe her.

"Am I awake," she exclaimed, "can I believe that I am not utterly abandoned and despised? But no! God has no mercy for a wretch like me"—she fell on her face on the bed, and her breast heaved with convulsive agony. She then drew a long relieving breath, and murmured passionately, "oh that the grave would hide me from wretchedness! I would flee to the ends of the earth—to the depths of the sea—but"—and a smile of cunning played about her mouth, "I have escaped—they would have decked me for the sacrifice—ha, ha, ha! You shall not poison me—I will live out the just remainder of my days—Hell upon earth is more tolerable than Hell to come"—and then she began to rave and shout, all her delirium coming back again. Suddenly, in the midst of her screaming she stopped, exclaiming "what! who let you in? the door is fast—I locked it myself. Who is this? His face is white—'tis my child—he is alive again—come back to upbraid me with my unnatural crime—to drag me to perdition—to appear against me. But no! I have repented—I have prayed—oh, oh, that prayers might avail! I shall surely die. There is a dark, dreadful secret upon my mind—it must forth—I killed my child. What is this white mass in my arms? My senses swim. What do I hold? It is his corpse as it lay by my side that long, long night when—cold, stiff, and motionless—white, horribly white, as when the moon, which would not set, showed all its ghastliness. Ah, it moves—it embraces—it chokes me—help! help!—drag it away!" Her violence had exhausted her powers, and she lay sobbing and moaning like a quieted babe.

"Her story," said my conductor, "is soon told. She became an unwedded mother; to hide her shame, she took the life of the innocent cause of her misery; when charged with the act reason deserted her empire; she has been within these walls ten years."

There were many others whom I noticed, and in whom I was deeply interested. I was about to separate from my conductor when she said, "you have not yet seen poor Rosalie." As we passed along the passage, the loud shriek of madness, and voices hideously discordant broke upon the ear. We at length entered a chamber, where, at a window, sat the maniac of whom the matron had spoken. She had passed her first youth; the bloom of that early girlhood which is so bright, so beautiful, and so transitory, was departed; yet she had seen scarce nineteen summers. She was not strikingly handsome; but there was a pride, almost a sternness, seated on her high forehead, which

gave an air of nobility to her countenance. Her eyes were of the deepest blue; and yet there was a cold sadness in their clear star-like depth, which struck the beholder immediately. Her face was fair, and the bright sunny hair was tucked up beneath a cap, save where, here and there, a golden tress escaped as if to contrast with the dazzling transparency of her complexion. The eyes were beautiful—so were all the features—but their expression, to me, was painful.

At first she had not noticed us. When she did so, she advanced, and gracefully invited us in.

"I am glad you are come," said she, in a low sweet voice, and her countenance brightened as she spoke, "this is my wedding day. Rich are the jewels and gorgeous the equipage that await my bridal. How the world talks! There are the lace, and the feathers, and the satins, and the crowded house; and I am to stand at God's altar and pledge my faith with one (here her voice sank into a whisper) whom I love dearly. Wait till you see my beloved, with his fine dark countenance, and raven hair, and his deep, manly, but touching voice." Suddenly, her lips were compressed, and a dark cloud settled upon her pallid brow—"why, oh why, comes he not? he must be ill—he never else could have been so cruel. I can bear the thought no longer—I will go to him—I will attend on him—who can love him—who can watch over him like me?" She walked towards the door, and, stamping with her small foot upon the floor, called out "what, ho, there! my carriage! lose not a moment—do you hear me? Too ill, did you say?—I never was better in my life"—and she would have left the room had not the door been fastened. The matron conducted her to a seat, and she remained pale and with closed eyes, and motionless, save a scarcely perceptible quivering of the lips. At length she said with a forced smile, "they have confined me; they say I am mad; I am debarred from roaming in the green meadow, or sitting by the purling brook, as of old, or gazing upon the beautiful blue sky, and inhaling the pure air of Heaven. I am shut out from the world, immersed within these dark walls, and glared upon by hideous faces—

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain!

What I, the child of rank and wealth,

Am I the wretch who clanks this chain

Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?

Ah, while I dwell on blessings fled

Which never more my heart must glad

How aches my heart! how burns my head!

But 'tis not mad—no, 'tis not mad!

I am not mad, but I shall be so—my hand is cold, but my head's on fire.

Yes, soon!—for, lo you! while I speak

Mark how yon demon's eye-balls glare

He sees me!—now with dreadful shriek

He whirls a serpent high in air!

Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth

Deep in my heart so crushed and sad—

Ah, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth—

Your task is done—I'm mad—I'm mad!*

She paused for an instant; a sigh rose to her lips, and she struggled for utterance. I was forced to look out of the window to conceal my tears. As we left the apartment, and the key turned in the lock, I heard a voice whose piteous accents thrilled me to my heart's inmost core—"hast thou then indeed forsaken me, Clarence? My God! I am alone—all alone!"

The modifications which madness assumes are numerous. From some one passion is never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer imagines himself buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave with him a miserable consciousness of his situation. Again, he is involved in the coils of a horrid slimy monster whose poisonous breath fans his cheek. Every horrible, disgusting or terrible thing in the physical and moral world is brought before him in fearful array. He is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, and stunned by the hollow voices and touch of cold apparitions. At one moment he thinks a malignant being is at his side; to shun the appalling sight he closes his eyes, but the fearful object still makes its presence known; his icy breath is diffused over his visage; his horrid eyes are glaring upon him. Others live in a condition of perpetual enchantment. The happiest moments of their lives are lived over and over again, and those they most love on earth are constantly by their side. For these madness is divested of its horror, and approaches, perhaps, more closely than any earthly condition to what we dream of Elysium. Most inscrutable are the ways of God!

* M. G. Lewis.

OMNIANA :

Every thing by starts, but nothing long.
Dryden.

Various ; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
Crowper.

SIMILITUDES.

There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate; the oak, in the pride and lushness of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate in the grandeur of its attributes to heroic and intellectual man.

With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct towards heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman should be:—a refuge for the weak—a shelter for the oppressed—a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is this, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is otherwise, abuses his eminent advantages; abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate? “Why cumbereth he the ground?”

STUDY OF NATURE.

If we look, says Sir Humphrey Davy, with wonder upon the great remains of human works, such as the columns of *Palmyra*, broken in the midst of the desert; the temples of *Pæstum*, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries; or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the *Acropolis* of Athens, as proofs of the genius of artists, and power and riches of nations now passed away; with how much deeper feeling of admiration must we consider those grand monuments of nature which mark the revolutions of the globe! Continents broken into islands; one land produced, another destroyed; the bottom of the ocean become a fertile soil; whole races of animals extinct, and the bones and exuvia of one class covered with the remains of another; and upon the graves of past generations—the marble or rocky tombs, as it were, of a former animated world—new generations arising, and order and harmony established; and a system of life and beauty produced, as it were, out of chaos and death; proving the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of the Great Cause of all being.

RHYME-READER.

Ben Jonson, passing along Fleet street, observed a countryman staring at a grocer's sign; he tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him what so engaged his attention? “Why, master,” he replied, “I be admiring that nice piece of poetry over the shop.” “How can you make that rhyme,” said Ben; “the words are, coffee and tea to be sold.” “Why, thus,” replied Ralph:—

“Coffee and tea
To be s—o—l—d.”

This so pleased the poet, that Ralph was taken into his service immediately, and he continued to serve him until Jonson's death.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The anecdote which follows furnishes a practical illustration of the inutility of imprisonment for small debts. As the genius of our laws is said to disclaim revenge in the penalties they inflict, we cannot acknowledge the fitness of that authority, which places the personal liberty of the poor debtor at the mercy, perhaps, of an enraged creditor; who, in most cases, under color of law, seeks only the gratification of the most immoral and vindictive passions, forgetting the precepts of mercy and loving kindness.

A debtor in the Fleet prison, in London, lately sent to his creditor, to let him know he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor calling on him to hear it, “I've been thinking,” said he, “that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here, and put you to the expense of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness, and it is impossible to say what it may cost you in the end. Therefore, what I would

propose is this. You shall let me out of prison, and, instead of seven groats, you shall allow only eighteen pence a week, and the other ten-pence shall go to discharge the debt."

With us, in Pennsylvania, the law fixes the amount of allowance to imprisoned debtors, (*bread money*) at fifty cents per week, paid by the creditor.

PALINDROMES.

A word, verse, or sentence, that is the same when read backwards or forwards—such as *madam's eye*, and a few others are palindromes; so that, like the *bourgeoise gentilhomme*, who talked prose all his life without knowing it, we repeat extemporay palindromes daily, in utter ignorance of our talent. This is a redeeming quality, by the bye, to conceal any quality we have, when we are so proud of displaying those we have not. Indeed, our talents may be often divided in the same way as some hand-writing I have heard of; *first*, such as nobody can find out; *secondly*, what none but ourselves can discover; and *thirdly*, what our friends can also discern. We subjoin an English palindrome by Taylor, the Water-poet:—

Lewd did I live, and evil I did dwell.

And an enigma where all the words required are palindromes; the answers will easily be discovered:—

First, find out a word that doth silence proclaim,
 And that backwards and forwards is always the same; — *silence*
 Then next you must find out a feminine name
 That backwards and forwards is always the same;
 An act, or a writing on parchment whose name
 Both backwards and forwards is always the same; — *palimpsest*
 A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
 Read backwards and forwards is always the same; — *Almonds*
 A note, used in music, which time doth proclaim,
 And backwards and forwards is always the same; — *Allegretto*
 Their initials connected, a title will frame,
 That is justly the due of the fair married dame,
 Which backwards and forwards is always the same.

"OLD MAIDS."

Although we would not be understood to approve the state, or inculcate the "cold comforts of single blessedness," it is but justice to admit that the satirical aspersions cast on "old maids" are infinitely more to their praise than is generally imagined, or as it should seem intended. A lively writer on this subject says:—"Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? She will certainly die an old maid. Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? She has all the squeamishness of an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns? She is cut out for an old maid. And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid." In short, I have always found, that, *neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity*, are the never fading characteristics of that terrible creature—an "old maid."

SANIS SUNT OMNIA SANA.

Celsus very sensibly says that "a healthy man, under his own government, ought not to tie himself up by strict rules—nor to abstain from any sort of food; that he ought sometimes to fast and sometimes to feast."

Dr. Arbuthnot, says, "a constant adherence to one sort of diet may have bad effects on any constitution. Nature has provided a great variety of nourishment for human creatures, and furnished us with appetites to desire, and organs to digest them."

An unerring regularity is almost impracticable, and the swerving from it, when it has become habitual, dangerous;—for every unusual thing in a human body becomes stimulus, as wine or flesh meat to one not used to them; therefore, Celsus's rule with proper moral restrictions, is a good one.

THE OCEAN.

There are people who *affect* to think nothing but the human character deserves their study, and pass over the great works of God as unworthy the trouble of contemplating. But I wonder any being who affects *taste* would venture to assert that this immense body of water presents only sameness and monotony. To me it seems that even the colors and sounds are little less varied than those we see or hear in the midst of the most luxuriant landscape.

THEODORIC OF THE AMALI.

BY J. TOMLIN, AUTHOR OF "MARY OF CASTLE PINCKNEY."

"CAN it be possible, Ariadne, that the promises of the Byzantine Court will woo me to meet my cousin, the son of Triarius? I had promised myself much happiness in this, our rural glen; but this seclusion will be exchanged, I fear, for the bustling camp—and the lure of the Verina will purchase this, our love of solitude!"

"Why, dearest, these quiet groves are not comparable to marble halls, lit by alabaster lamps, and the ambitious are ever weaving their destiny with the great and glorious of the earth. Banish, dear, all regrets at a separation that secures a lasting amendment to fortune. The wind whistles charmingly through these dense forests, which is magic enough to those born to obey; but the noble must have high places—for it is their destiny. Is Odoacer's station compatible with his birth? No!—The base Isaurian should not rule the empire of the Cæsars while an Ostrogoth can trace the waters of the Danube!"

"Charming woman! I did not believe, Ariadne, that conquest had for thee this witchery! Thou that hast been reared in the soft nursery of peace, to forego its gentle harmony for the noise and confusion of the camp, speaks a marvelous language in thy favor. But are you not, love, from an over fondness for thy husband, anticipating a glory that may never be realized?"

"Not at all! The fourteenth in lineal descent of the royal and valorous line of the Amali must and will triumph over the base Isaurian that is now invested with the Roman purple."

"Then you advise the acceptance of the proposals made by the Byzantine Court? Do you know the treacherous and wicked spirit of the Verina that governs the palace of Constantinople? There is danger in trusting her too much; for her promises are ever seemingly fair—the covert of their treachery."

"It cannot, Theodoric, be dangerous to you; for the star of your destiny has been ever in the ascendant."

It was on one of those beautiful perfumed nights, when the stars had met midway the heavens to talk of love: it was in the east—the place where the lost Pleiad had not been lost—where nature lives in the annual foliage of years, and the bulbul's song makes the roundelay of the night the melody of mind—that the ex-empress, the Verina, was sitting in the audience chamber of Constantinople, cogitating on the revolutions of dynasties. Not a sound was heard, but her low breathings. A stray zephyr had flitted by, and was playing maidenly with her grizzly ringlets. A solitary cricket was chirping underneath the hearthstone—save that, echo was voiceless. The dull monotony was increasing around, when the footsteps of some one crossing the carpeted floor, broke its listlessness. As they stopped, the Verina, without looking around, asked—

"Who comes there?"

"Your faithful Trascalisseus," replied the person spoken to.

"Indeed! Then I suppose you are the bearer of some comfortable news—for faith ever implies happiness."

"A perfect drought has been in your servant's head, to-day; and the germs of yesterday's thoughts have refused to fructify any thing that would be interesting to the Verina."

"You acknowledge, then, the incorrigibility of your dullness? But you should doff that barbarous name for one more euphonic. What say ye?"

"I have thought of it before, but was fearful that I would be loath to heed your call, under any other cognomen. Habit is all powerful with the old soldier, and cannot be put off, like an old garment, at one's pleasure, and resumed again at will. To accommodate one's self to a mutation of name, is like establishing a new system of tactics when the battle is at the hottest. But as you have suggested the thing, I will try it for once under the appellative of Zeno. Call me Zeno, now, and see whether or not I will recognise my own name."

"Zeno!" called the Verina; but Zeno answered not.

"How is it that you do not heed when you are called?" angrily spoke the Verina.

"Because I did not hear you call," answered Trascalisseus.

"How! did I not call Zeno?"

"But Zeno had forgot his name."

"Your memory is strangely treacherous to-night."

"It will reform itself soon, I hope."

"Shall I call Zeno again?"

"I am pleased for you to do it," answered Trascalisseus.

"Zeno! Zeno!"

"Zeno is dead—died a long time ago—it is Trascalisseus that is here in your presence."

"The devil he is—then let him be Trascalisseus to the end of his days."

"A short respite to your faithful servant, and Zeno will not forget his name again."

"It is granted. But no word yet of the herald sent to the young king of the Amali? I do wish, Zeno, that our mission may be received with an acquiescence to our behest."

"Are you speaking to Zeno, the author of the Apothegms?" innocently asked Trascalisseus, of the Verina.

"God's death on the man for his forgetfulness!" responded the Verina.

"Bear with your servant awhile, and he will certainly amend the fault. I am oblivious to-night, but the morning will revive the recollection. Let me call myself, and see if I will forget to answer. Zeno! Zeno! Zeno! who is that a calling Zeno? 'Tis strange that I should call the Grecian philosopher that has been dead some hundred of years. I must certainly be bewitched!"

"Thou shouldst go nameless to the end of thy days, for this strange perversity of memory," answered the Verina. "But what of the herald?"

"Nothing as yet heard of him. Theodoric will not dare to refuse the proposals made by the Court. Is it not our policy to keep down the energies of the Goths, by engaging an enmity at home?" answered Trascalisseus.

"Most certainly! We hope to check the ardent ambition of this young barbarian by changing the beat of his inclination, which is Rome, to the danger of suffering the son of Triarius to reign in the territory of the Amali. If we can engage him in a war with his cousin, our aim is accomplished, and we reap the fruits of their toils. Let the distraction result to the benefit of either; the event cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the Byzantine Court, and the aggrandisement of your loving mistress."

"Hark! some one is passing through the corridor! Ha! they are, if my ears have caught the sound correctly, the staid footsteps of Anastasius!"

"How now, Anastasius—what of our mission?" asked the Verina of the herald, as he marched boldly into the audience chamber.

"Theodoric has consented to check the ambition of the haughty son of Triarius."

"'Tis well!—but what are the capabilities of the king—his capacity to govern?"

"They are of the first order! Young and handsome, prudent and brave, he awaits a happy destiny!" replied Anastasius.

"If he does, then our *finesse* to prevent it has been overruled, and our calculations are baulked," replied the Verina.

"When his ambition has finished chewing the strength of the son of Triarius, the teeth of his invincible Walamirs will be very much worn," spoke the new christened Zeno.

"A sensible remark, Zeno, truly, is that same apothegm of thine," answered the Verina.

"Zeno! there is no Zeno here, as I know of!" replied the general Trascalisseus, with imperturbable gravity.

"Sdeath! damnation! a trifling with my good nature, art thou? Thou hadst better tamper with the dragon's tooth, than to jeer thy mistress, the Verina. Avaunt! my presence is painful to such as thou! Beware of thy ridicule—will it not create a scowl that will wither thee? Begone!"

Trascalisseus left the Verina's presence, perfectly astounded at her harsh language. He had not the faintest recollection of the name of Zeno being bestowed on him by his own suggestion. It was only as he passed out of the palace into the wide streets of the city, that memory revived the circumstances under which he had assumed the name of Zeno. He felt embittered against himself that his memory should have been so forgetful as to give a provocation to the anger of the most indulgent of mistresses. In his distraction, he wended his way to the hippodrome—the circus of the Bosphorus. At that period, the proud and lascivious city of Constantine was kept in a continual commotion by the clashing interests of the different factions. Each assuming the most barbaric costume that the fancy could originate, they affected to strike terror into the peaceable citizens. Insolent from royal favor, the pretensions of all were despised. They united in putting down all pretensions to power, whether legitimate or borrowed, they discovered springing up in others. The blue faction had gained the ascendancy. Narses, of the Herali, a bold and indefatigable individual in prosecution of pleasure, was their commander. Practising constantly the coquetry of dissimulation, he became a perfect proficient in deception. The patrician, or high born, he flattered into favor, while the canaille were forced to yield their inherent rights. This city, which was once under the protection of the Saviour of the world, is now the abode of the bloody prophet of the *Bedouweens*. The cross was then triumphant, but the crescent is now waving o'er the blue waters of the Bosphorus. An awful change!—the retribution for the sins of the Christians. The anthem that pealed in a diapason clear through the fretted aisles of St. Sophia, is heard no more! But the idolatrous worship of the Muezzin is held there! The lecherous houri flaunts gaily where the chaste virgin presided.

As Trascalisseus entered the hippodrome, he was somewhat startled at the exhibition on the arena. There he saw a naked woman. He could not be deceived—it was no other than the Comito, one of the females of the palace. Her beauty had long been the subject of the most flattering praise, and her favor was courted by the ambitious and wealthy. Her features were delicate, and moulded with an exquisite grace; the eyes were always expressing the every sensation that moved the bo-

son; the lips were chiselled, delicately pouting, and contained the soft nectar of kisses; the cheeks were like the white rosebud burnished by the setting sun; and her ambition was the love and praise of the world. But her charms were venal, and were probably abandoned to the love or desire of the high or low. Being fickle and revengeful, distrustful and cruel, the lover of to-day was abandoned for a new one on to-morrow. In the hippodrome, she was courted and despised, praised and abused; in the palace, she governed the counsellors of the Verina, that governed her. Her motions were easy, ever displaying the graces of a small but elegant figure; painting could not delineate, nor poetry portray, the divine symmetry of her form. Such was the Comito. Flagrant to virtue, she despised the benisons of the good. Beautiful—she was a thing to love; for the beautiful are always worshipped. The times she lived in were strangely crooked, and sanctioned doings that would be considered, now, a perversion of common decency. In exhibiting herself before the mad populace, she had no consciousness of shame, for custom had not interdicted this modern indecency, but rather encouraged a prostitution of charms. As she came out, an unholy desire was visibly expressed in the features of the spectators. Her rounded limbs, modelled exquisitely, were neat and graceful in their several proportions. The snow flake, falling from the high latitude of heaven, was less white than her skin. As Trascalisseus came in, she was leaning against one of the pillars that supported the circular galleries; her long hair was hanging around her limbs almost to her very feet; a coy laugh was on her cheek, which seemed half-suppressed when the adoration of the multitude became frantic. A hand was round her silken hair, that parted midway her white forehead, and fell down blushing, as if to conceal from the gaze of man her shameless shame. Massive golden bracelets, studded with diamonds, clasped her wrists; and the diamond star crested her head. "A beautiful piece of flesh, she is, indeed!" muttered, to himself, the stoical Trascalisseus; "but what use she is to mankind, I cannot conceive, unless it be to make them fools." Narses of the Herali was beside himself. His blood was inflamed, and his brain was maddened. The soft witchery of her charms surrounded him, and he was lost to discretion.

"A glorious sight, by heaven!" spoke the Herali. "See how proudly she lists to the wild huzzas of the people. They adore her, and she is satisfied. Now she is half-scorning the motive of their infatuation. She seems determined to show her disgust at their overweening servility. How strange it is that the mind's observation soon teaches its capacities to reject such flattery. She leaves the arena—now she leans against one of the columns of the vestibule, as if in deep thought. Now she is gone. I'll follow her; she must be won. I have power—does it not secure every wish of the heart? I have gold—will it not buy her love? If it fail, she is not woman. Come, *desire*, thou wilt lead me to the Comito, and a bold heart will win the pledge of its idolatry."

The Herali hastened from the hippodrome, in pursuit of the Comito; but she had disappeared. The moon shone brightly on the cumbersome building, revealing the disproportions in its rounded apex; but nothing of the Comito was seen.

"She is gone," he muttered to himself, "but not to elude me; I'll find her at the Verina's. There, I'll secure her love by gold—she yields the purchased slave!" He met Trascalisseus in the open streets, and asked him if he had seen the Comito.

"Not since she left the hippodrome," replied Trascalisseus. "How should I, when I take no cognizance of these toys that the foolish of the earth play awhile with, then leave with loathing?"

"Thou art a fool, Trascalisseus, and I the same, for asking thee questions that do not relate to the sacking of some strong fortress. Come, I'll accompany thee to the palace."

Through the broad streets of Constantinople, the ambitious Herali took his way, accompanied by Trascalisseus, in pursuit of an embodiment of a fervid fancy. The Comito had vanished. A few gray clouds were lining the pathway of the moon, as she showered through their opening drapery her yellow beams. It was a night for love to sport awhile on the altar of its affections, and awhile desert its worshippers. It was a night when the worn-out debauchee might renew his revels with a keen appetite. The Herali hurriedly passed on, muttering at intervals in the way, "I'll have her!" It was his first love—therefore it was sweet and ravishing. It was deep and intense—swollen and bloated. Nothing could assuage the wild phrensy of his passion, for the electric flame of love had taken possession of his heart, and held the entire possession of its ramparts.

"I'll have her, though this marble palace offers its protection!" spoke the Herali, as he leaned against one of the Doric columns of the vestibule of the palace, ere he essayed to make his ingress into its magic chambers. "I'll have her, though the ex-empress, the Verina"—

"Does what?" asked Trascalisseus.

"Rejects my pretensions," answered the Herali, as he marched boldly into the audience chamber, and begged of the Verina an interview with the Comito.

"An interview with the Comito!" repeated the Verina, in much astonishment.

"Assuredly, it is the favor asked by the Herali," answered Narses.

"The request of the Herali is granted," spoke the Verina. "See that chamber door!" pointing with a haggish finger to the same—"a gentle tap on it, and you are received into the presence of the Comito. As a friend of the Herali, the Verina advises caution; for every admirer of the Comito is in danger."

"The strength of the blue faction causes the Herali to despise the danger!" replied the young barbarian.

"Your fearlessness does not make the danger less certain."

"But it banishes cowardly fears, which makes it of no consequence," responded the Herali.

"You have a rival that is dangerous; beware, or thy destruction is inevitable!"

"You encourage me to go on! Now, I seek her because there is danger in the undertaking—before, I sought her for pleasure."

"Wilfulness brings repentance!"

"Repentance is not known in the vocabulary of my actions. What does it mean? I'll be wilful again, to be taught its definition!" answered the Herali.

"Experience never fails to teach its import."

"Experience!—indeed, experience is nothing but the slander of old age on youth! Haply, if thy prophecy of danger meets me on the way, I'll never know experience to learn what repentance is!"

"Thou art hopelessly wilful, Narses."

"'Tis my nature to be so."

Narses, of the Herali, gave a gentle tap on the door of the Comito's chamber with the handle of his sword. The door immediately flew open, and he was admitted into the saloon of beauty. She sat—the beautiful Comito sat—on the silken cushion of the sofa, a true copy of the ancient Venus. A small lamp was suspended from the high ceiling, burning perfumed oil. An odor, at once sensitively agreeable, was emitted from its flickering flame. Rich tabatures were seen of strange designs, ostensibly painted to make the desires of the licentious more ardent. Each design conformed to this purpose. The Comito, as the Herali came into the room, half raised herself from the sofa, and asked in a languid tone his business.

"It is of love," answered the Herali.

"Therefore the more dangerous," replied the Comito.

"I seek it for its danger."

"It will destroy you."

"That gives it all of its consequence."

"I do not believe it."

"There is more danger to you in doubting my word, than there is to me in loving you."

"Prove it."

"I am of the faction."

"Your color?"

"The blue."

"I will reject you, and make interest with the leader."

"I am the Herali."

"Indeed!"

"I have spoken it, and it must be so."

"I thank you for the information—it makes me more cautious."

"I love you distractedly."

"Then you are a madman."

"How!"

"It is only madmen that love in that way—and fools believe in virtue. I love nothing but pleasure."

"So do I."

"With this difference. You love me because I am beautiful; and a thing of beauty is a thing of love—to men. Women are constituted differently. Having no objects of beauty to please and delight their fancy, (for men are invariably ugly,) they are only careful to secure the means of pleasure."

"This is a dreadful picture you have drawn of yourself," replied the Herali.

"I am honest, which makes it startling. You have lived with women that have been more careful to hide their blemishes, than to tell the truth. They have only exhibited to thee their surfaces of fair proportions, and thou art deceived."

"I like your honesty."

"It may betray you."

"How? I do not understand you."

"The future will explain it."

"I will venture my happiness on your care!"

"I will not promise to protect it."

"Not if I marry you!"

"Marry me!" repeated the Comito.

"Why not?"

"I have abjured the yoke."

"Indeed!—wherefore?"

"To humor my fancy! Any other apology is fulsome; but as it may not suffice for one who wishes a reason for every thing, I will explain fully. Celibacy gives me freedom which I do not choose to barter away in matrimony; and the marriage vows would be perjury to my soul."

"I have wealth—will it not allure thee to wedlock?"

"I have daily offers of gold on easier terms."

"Has it conquered?"

"No! I receive the gold as a guerdon for their love gratifying my desires."

"Half of my wealth is laid at your feet, as a recompense for the privilege of affording you pleasure."

"The boon is accepted."

"Then seal it with a kiss."

The Herali imprinted on her ruby lips a long passionate kiss. The rich nectar which her soft lips distilled left its sweetness long after on his. As bees are loath to leave the opening flower, half wet with morning dews, thus the Herali clung fondly, awhile too long for the chaste sensibilities of the pure, to the moistened lips.

"Thou art somewhat too rude and lavish of your friendship," replied the Comito. "Kisses are like the odors of the flowers, pleasant enough when a little is received, but offensive when they throw off too much of their sweetness."

"I deny it!—for I feel as if I could sip of the nectar from your lips for ever," replied the Herali!

"So thinks Ecebolus."

"Who is Ecebolus?" asked the Herali.

"What! know ye not him that has been dismissed from the government of the African Pentapolis?"

"I heard of him not before!"

"Then I will inform you. This gentleman, who is a native of Tyre, was appointed by the Verina sole governor of the African Pentapolis. Having good native parts, and much solid merit, he governed the people with wisdom and moderation—so as to secure the friendship of the people, and the esteem of the Verina. Being on a visit to this city, he saw me, and was smitten. Not being careless of the impression my beauty had made on him, I managed so as to secure his affections. He is now the merest automaton—moving only as the spell that binds him dictates. Vigilantia, his concubine—a beautiful woman yet, although she has experienced every mutation in fortune—has made a virtue of her situation, and contents herself with the old Trascaliseus."

"Where is Ecebolus now?"

"He is in the city, and I expect his return every minute. If he were to find you here, you would be in danger of his stiletto, which he is ever free in using."

"*Danger!* it is only cowards that dread it! I have no fears of the kind. Does the eagle dread the broad gaze of the day in her eirie, or shrink from the seething sunbeam? Does the nightingale fear a rivalry in the matin song of the lark? Narses of the Herali fears nothing—neither man nor devil!"

"A bold barbarian, truly! Danger sometimes lurks unseen, and when least expected makes the nearest approaches. Come, follow me!—take the lamp, for I am more mindful of your safety than your destiny will suffer you to be."

The Herali did as he was desired. Having approached the wall, the Comito touched a concealed spring in the tapestry, and a door flew open, revealing a flight of steps. Being directed by the Comito, he took the lamp and started down the steps, she following close behind. In fact, they could not go otherwise, for the steps were so narrow that only one person could proceed at once. They did not descend regularly, consecutively in a strait line, but winded about so as to have lost one unfamiliar with the way. They were not a regular flight of steps, continued unbrokenly; but a labyrinth strangely devised, running in and out to deceive. There appeared to be one main flight of stairs, having many branches, leading to different subterraneous compartments, like a big road having many neighboring paths. As they went along, the Herali was ever appealing to the Comito for directions, and she ever crying out "To the right—to the left." The air was thick and heavy. Probably years had elapsed since the footsteps of man had trodden the dusty steps. Crickets had chirped there to the droning of the beetle. The spider had wove her gossamer-web, and the intruding insects had become entangled in its meshes. The steps terminated at last in a long, low and narrow corridor. The air was so heavy and dark that the light of the lamp refused to penetrate more than a few steps through its darkness. It flickered yellowishly. Immediately to the right of where they had stopped, was seen in the wall a door of heavy black oak, suspended by ponderous rusty hinges. A large bar of iron was across the door. The Herali appeared to be astonished at the whim that gave the suggestion to their nocturnal jaunt. It was a strange place, and he broke the fearful stillness by asking the following question:

"How is it that I find myself in this abode, only fit for the habitation of owls? This looks more like the gallery between the council chambers of the devils, than a place for lovers to wile away the laggard hours pleasurably."

"This is love's prison, to the right!" answered the Comito. "A few days of dalliance with so-

litude hath a wonderful effect in chastening the feverish affections. The prison is always an antidote to love. Unbar the door, and enter the chamber of solitude."

"To jeopardize my liberty, and be laughed at for my credulity. But one that expects future favors must not be squeamish in obeying the commands of a lovely mistress," replied the Herali, as he endeavored, but in vain, to raise the bar of iron across the door.

"Here, take these two iron spikes from above the bar, and you can take it off easy enough."

"It is done!—what shall I do next?" asked the Herali, as he laid the bar of iron against the moulded bricks.

"Open the door!"

The Herali pushed with all of his strength, but the door yielded not to the effort of his muscular arms. Finding his strength insufficient to open it, he pettishly observed, "It was foolish in one desiring the opening of a thing that could not be opened."

"Is it not more foolish in one's trying to open a door by pushing it into the room, when it opens on the outside?" retorted the Comito.

"You are right; but I can get no hold of it—then, how do you expect me to pull?"

"Is not love fertile in inventions?"

"Very! give me a bodkin, and I will open it from this crack."

The Comito pressed her finger, unperceived by her lover, on a secret spring in the wall, and the door flew open. The damp vapor in the room was impenetrable to the light of the lamp. It was a fog forming a drapery around the web of the spider. It was a place for the screech-owl to dwell in, and the bat to sit. It was a place dreary enough for skulls to rot. The Herali trembled, but shrunk not as the Comito spoke her commands thus.

"Take the lamp—pass through the room to the outer wall, and there await my farther orders."

"Answer me this question before I go. Are you treacherous?"

"Not more so than my sex," replied the Comito.

"I will obey you," spoke the Herali, as he marched boldly into the room.

"To repent it!" scornfully replied the Comito, as she pushed the door to, and departed for her chamber.

[To be continued.]

THE BETRAYED.

BY SPENCER WALLACE CONE.

MOTHER, my breath grows shorter,
I scarce can see thee now;
Dark shades weigh down my eyelids,
And the death damp's on my brow!
Mother, I know I'm dying,
Yet 'tis for thee I moan;
For I must leave thee in the world
A widow and alone.
Yet weep not, dearest mother,
That we so early part;
I go where there's oblivion
For this poor broken heart!

And if you meet *him*, mother,
'Tell him the love I gave
Died not until this body
Was cold within the grave—
Tell him that I forgave him
The wrongs that drank my life,

And prayed he might be happy
With her he made his wife.
Yet tell him not, my mother,
'T might bring back memory's tide,
And I would not be looked coldly
Upon his trusting bride.

Farewell! farewell! my mother!
I cannot see thee now,
My eyes are closed and dark,
The death damp's on my brow!
Yet weep not, dearest mother,
I go from wo and pain,
And we shall meet in heaven,
Never to part again!
Oh! weep not for thy daughter,
Let not a tear-drop start;
She goes where there's oblivion
For her poor broken heart!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FURNITURE.

BY EDGAR A. FOX.

"PHILOSOPHY," says Hegel, "is utterly useless and fruitless, and, for this very reason, is the sublimest of all pursuits, the most deserving of our attention, and the most worthy of our zeal"—a somewhat Coleridgean assertion, with a rivulet of deep meaning in a meadow of words. It would be wasting time to disentangle the paradox—and the more so as no one will deny that Philosophy has its merits, and is applicable to an infinity of purposes. There is reason, it is said, in the roasting of eggs, and there is philosophy even in furniture—a philosophy nevertheless which seems to be more imperfectly understood by Americans than by any civilized nation upon the face of the earth.

In the internal decoration, if not in the external architecture, of their residences, the English are supreme. The Italians have but little sentiment beyond marbles and colors. In France *meliora probant, deteriora sequuntur*—the people are too much a race of gad-abouters to study and maintain those household proprieties, of which indeed they have a delicate appreciation, or at least the elements of a proper sense. The Chinese, and most of the Eastern races, have a warm but inappropriate fancy. The Scotch are *poor* decorators. The Dutch have merely a vague idea that a curtain is not a cabbage. In Spain they are *all* curtains—a nation of *hangmen*. The Russians no not furnish. The Hottentots and Kickapoos are very well in their way—the Yankees alone are preposterous.

How this happens it is not difficult to see. We have no aristocracy of blood, and having, therefore, as a natural and, indeed, as an inevitable thing, fashioned for ourselves an aristocracy of dollars, the display of wealth has here to take the place, and perform the office, of the heraldis display in monarchical countries. By a transition readily understood, and which might have been easily foreseen, we have been brought to merge in simple *show* our notions of taste itself. To speak less abstractedly. In England, for example, no mere parade of costly appurtenances would be so likely as with us to create an impression of the beautiful in respect to the appurtenances themselves, or of taste as respects the proprietor—this for the reason, first, that wealth is not in England the loftiest object of ambition, as constituting a nobility; and, secondly, that there the true nobility of blood rather avoids than affects costliness, in which a parvenu rivalry may be successfully attempted, confining itself within the rigorous limits, and to the analytical investigation, of legitimate taste. The people naturally imitate the nobles, and the result is a thorough diffusion of a right feeling. But, in America, dollars being the supreme insignia of aristocracy, their display may be said, in general terms, to be the sole means of aristocratic distinction; and the populace, looking up for models, are insensibly led to confound the two entirely separate ideas of magnificence and beauty. In short, the cost of an article of furniture has, at length, come to be, with us, nearly the sole test of its merit in a decorative point of view. And this test, once established, has led the way to many analogous errors, readily traceable to the one primitive folly.

There could be scarcely any thing more directly offensive to the eye of an artist than the interior of what is termed, in the United States, a well furnished apartment. Its most usual defect is a preposterous want of keeping. We speak of the keeping of a room as we would of the keeping of a picture; for both the picture and the room are amenable to those undeviating principles which regulate all varieties of art; and very nearly the same laws by which we decide upon the higher merits of a painting, suffice for a decision upon the adjustment of a chamber. A want of keeping is observable sometimes in the character of the several pieces of furniture, but generally in their colors, or modes of adaptation to use. Very often the eye is offended by their inartistic arrangement. Straight lines are too prevalent, too uninterruptedly continued, or clumsily interrupted at right angles. If curved lines occur, they are repeated into unpleasant uniformity. Undue precision spoils the appearance of many a room.

Curtains are rarely well disposed, or well chosen, in respect to the other decorations. With formal furniture curtains are out of place, and an excessive volume of drapery of any kind is, under any circumstances, irreconcilable with good taste; the proper quantum, as well as the proper adjustment, depends upon the character of the general effect.

Carpets are better understood of late than of ancient days, but we still very frequently err in their patterns and colors. A carpet is the soul of an apartment. From it are deduced not only the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law *may be* an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must be* a genius. Yet I have heard fellows discourse of carpets with the visage of a sheep in a reverie—"d'un mouton qui rève"—who should not and who could not be entrusted with the management of their own mustachios. Every one knows that a large floor should have a covering of large figures, and a small one of small; yet this is not all the knowledge in the world. As regards texture the Saxony is alone admissible. Brussels is the preter-plupest tense of fashion, and Turkey is taste in its dying agonies. Touching pattern, a carpet should *not* be bedizened out like a Ricaroe Indian—all red chalk, yellow ochre and cock's feathers. In brief, distinct grounds and

vivid circular figures, *of no meaning*, are here Median laws. The abomination of flowers, or representations of well known objects of any kind should never be endured within the limits of Christendom. Indeed, whether on carpets, or curtains, or paper-hangings, or ottom in coverings, all upholstery of this nature should be rigidly Arabesque. Those antique floor-cloths which are still seen occasionally in the dwellings of the rabble—cloths of huge, sprawling and radiating devices, stripe-interpersed, and glorious with all hues, among which no ground is intelligible—are but the wicked invention of a race of time servers and money lovers—children of Baal and worshippers of Mammon—men who, to save trouble of thought and exercise of fancy, first cruelly invented the Kaleidoscope, and then established a patent company to twirl it by steam.

Glare is a leading error in the philosophy of American household decoration—an error easily recognized as deduced from the perversion of taste just specified. We are violently enamoured of gas and of glass. The former is totally inadmissible within doors. Its harsh and unsteady light is positively offensive. No man having both brains and eyes will use it. A mild, or what artists term a cool light, with its consequent warm shadows, will do wonders for even an ill-furnished apartment. Never was a more lovely thought than that of the astral lamp. I mean, of course, the astral lamp proper, and do not wish to be misunderstood—the lamp of Argand with its original plain ground-glass shade, and its tempered and uniform moonlight rays. The cut-glass shade is a weak invention of the enemy. The eagerness with which we have adopted it, partly on account of its *flashiness*, but principally on account of its *greater cost*, is a good commentary upon the proposition with which I began. It is not too much to say that the deliberate employer of a cut-glass shade is a person either radically deficient in taste, or blindly subservient to the caprices of fashion. The light proceeding from one of these gaudy abominations is unequal, broken, and painful. It alone is sufficient to mar a world of good effect in the furniture subjected to its influence. Female loveliness in especial is more than one half disenchanted beneath its evil eye.

In the matter of glass, generally, we proceed upon false principles. Its leading feature is *glitter*—and in that one word how much of all that is detestable do we express! Flickering, unquiet lights are *sometimes* pleasing—to children and idiots always so—but in the embellishment of a room they should be scrupulously avoided. In truth even strong *steady* lights are inadmissible. The huge and unmeaning glass chandeliers, prism-cut, gas-litten, and without shade, which dangle by night in our most fashionable drawing-rooms, may be cited as the quintessence of false taste, as so many concentrations of preposterous folly.

The rage for *glitter*—because its idea has become, as I before observed, confounded with that of magnificence in the abstract—has led also to the exaggerated employment of mirrors. We line our dwellings with great British plates, and then imagine we have done a fine thing. Now the slightest thought will be sufficient to convince any one who has an eye at all, of the ill effect of numerous looking-glasses, and especially of large ones. Regarded apart from its reflection the mirror presents a continuous, flat, colorless, unrelieved surface—a thing always unpleasant, and obviously so. Considered as a reflector it is potent in producing a monstrous and odious uniformity—and the evil is here aggravated in no direct proportion with the augmentation of its sources, but in a ratio constantly increasing. In fact a room with four or five mirrors arranged at random is, for all purposes of artistic show, a room of no shape at all. If we add to this the attendant glitter upon glitter, we have a perfect sarrago of discordant and displeasing effects. The veriest bumpkin, not adde-headed, upon entering an apartment so bedizened, would be instantly aware of something wrong, although he might be altogether unable to assign a cause for his dissatisfaction. But let the same individual be led into a room tastefully furnished, and he would be startled into an exclamation of surprise and of pleasure.

It is an evil growing out of our republican institutions, that here a man of large purse has usually a very little soul which he keeps in it. The corruption of taste is a portion and a pendant of the dollar-manufacture. As we grow rich our ideas grow rusty. It is therefore not among *our* aristocracy that we must look if at all, in the United States, for the spirituality of a British *boudoir*. But I have seen apartments in the tenure of Americans—men of exceedingly moderate means yet *raras aves* of good taste—which, in negative merit at least, might vie with any of the *or-molued* cabinets of our friends across the water. Even now there is present to my mind's eye a small and not ostentatious chamber with whose decorations no fault can be found. The proprietor lies asleep upon a sofa—the weather is cool—the time is near midnight—I will make a sketch of the room ere he awakes. It is oblong—some thirty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth—a shape affording the best opportunities for the adjustment of furniture. It has but one door, which is at one end of the parallelogram, and but two windows, which are at the other. These latter are large, reaching downwards to the floor, are situated in deep recesses, and open upon an Italian *veranda*. Their panes are of a crimson-tinted glass, set in rose-wood framings, of a kind somewhat broader than usual. They are curtained, within the recess, by a thick silver tissue, adapted to the shape of the window and hanging loosely, but having no volumes. Without the recess are curtains of an exceedingly rich crimson silk, fringed with a deep network of gold, and lined with the silver tissue which forms the exterior blind. There are no cornices; but the folds of the whole fabric, (which are sharp rather than massive, and have an airy appearance) issue from beneath a broad entablature of rich gilt-work

which encircles the room at the junction of the ceiling and walls. The drapery is thrown open, also, or closed, by means of a thick rope of gold loosely enveloping it, and resolving itself readily into a knot—no pins or other such devices are apparent. The colors of the curtains and its fringe—the tints of crimson and gold—form the *character* of the room, and appear every where in profusion. The carpet, of Saxony material, is quite half an inch thick, and is of the same crimson ground, relieved simply by the *appearance* of a gold cord (like that festooning the curtains,) thrown upon it in such a manner as to form a close succession of short irregular curves, no one overlaying the other. This carpet has no border. The paper on the walls is of a glossy, silvery hue, intermingled with small Arabesque devices of a fainter tint of the prevalent crimson. Many paintings relieve the expanse of the paper. These are chiefly landscapes of an imaginative cast, such as the fairy grottoes of Stanfield, or the Lake of the Dismal Swamp of our own Chapman. The tone of each is warm but dark—there are no brilliant effects. Not one of the pictures is of small size. Diminutive paintings give that *spotty* look to a room which is the blemish of so many a fine work of art overtouched. The frames are broad, *but not deep*, and richly carved, without being fillagreed. Their profuse gilding gives them the whole lustre of gold. They lie flat upon the walls, and do not hang off with cords. The designs themselves may, sometimes, be best seen in this latter position, but the general appearance of the chamber is injured. No mirror is visible—nor chairs. Two large sofas, of rose-wood and crimson silk, form the only seats. There is a piano-forte—also of rose-wood, and without cover. Mahogany has been avoided. An octagonal table, formed entirely of the richest gold-threaded marble, is placed near one of the sofas—this table is also without cover—the drapery of the curtains has been thought sufficient. Four large and gorgeous Sevres vases, in which grow a number of sweet and vivid flowers in full bloom, occupy the angles of the room. A tall and magnificent candelabrum, bearing a small antique lamp with strongly perfumed oil, is standing near the head of my sleeping friend. Some light and graceful hanging shelves, with golden edges and crimson silk cords with gold tassels, sustain two or three hundred magnificently-bound books. Beyond these things there is no furniture, if we except an Argand lamp, with a plain crimson-tinted glass shade, which depends from the lofty ceiling by a single gold chain, and throws a subdued but magical radiance over all.

THE PILGRIM TO HIS STAFF.

BY JAMES VICARS, NEW YORK.

“But aye he looked back to the days o’ lang syne!”

COMPANION of my giddy youth,
 Supporter of my hoary age,
 With thee what pangs I’ve borne for truth
 Along my weary pilgrimage.
 When first I grasped thy slender form,
 A stranger to life’s fitful storm,
 I had not felt its joy or grief—
 I did not know what ’twas to be
 A hapless wanderer for relief,
 A pilgrim on a stormy sea.
 I did not know—I never thought
 That man was proud—that man was vain—
 I dreamt he was that which was wrought
 As such within my idle brain;
 But time soon worked a mighty change,
 And years soon brought sad scenes of sorrow—
 The fond hopes of to-day in strange
 Confusion vanish’d on the morrow,
 And all the harmless scenes of mirth,
 Of childish bliss, and childish joy,
 Soon ceased to be a pleasant birth,

Remembered only to annoy;—
 For want and sorrow, grief and pain,
 Alternately within my breast
 Have often held despotic reign,
 And robb’d me of my wonted rest;
 And every friend from me has fled,
 My trusty staff, excepting thee,
 And every joy and hope is dead,
 That warm’d my youthful breast with glee.
 And now alas! in hoary age
 I still pursue my pilgrimage,
 Nor pine for pleasure—mourn at woe—
 But with contentment’s homage pay,
 And bended knee, on earth below,
 A fervent prayer to him whose sway
 Is blent with mercy—not with ill—
 And then I go my weary way
 With thee, obedient to my will,
 And though the world has on me frown’d,
 In thee I’ve constant friendship found!

A CHAPTER ON SCIENCE AND ART.

PLATE GLASS.—At the manufactory of St. Gobian, near Paris, a plate of glass has been lately cast, in a single piece, sixteen feet three inches in length, and eleven feet six inches in breadth. The ridiculously large mirrors of which we Americans are so fond, are all imported, and principally from England. The house of Chance and Co. send over a great deal annually, and find their account in so doing, notwithstanding the heavy duties exacted from them by the British government. Messrs. C. and Co. pay a weekly duty of no less than five thousand pounds sterling.

RAILWAY GATES.—We observe that a Mr. T. Lambert, of Stockton upon Tees, England, has invented an ingenious gate to be employed at the crossings of rail roads. This gate turns upon a central support, and is readily managed by one person. When open it prevents any one from passing on the road. It is furnished with an elevated circular signal, containing a lamp, which announces danger, at night. Its general effect tends to the protection of life and property at crossings, allowing at the same time the greatest possible facility for passing on the road.

THE BOMB CANNON.—Experiments with Mr. Cochran's bomb cannon have lately been made at the Arsenal in Washington, and the efficacy of the invention satisfactorily tested. The first thirty-two discharges were made within four minutes. In another trial seventeen discharges were made in two minutes and twenty seconds—in a third, eight were made in a minute—in a fourth, three in the third of a minute. This cannon is readily managed by six men, while for ordinary guns eleven are required. The charge is introduced without either swab or ramrod. It can be fired at least eight times as fast as the common cannon. There is no recoil, and of course there is no necessity for breeching, and a hundred shots in quick succession do not produce inconvenient heat. These are the main advantages, but there are many others which we cannot here specify.

VELOCITY OF CANNON BALLS.—It has been found by recent experiments that a thirteen-pounder, with an ordinary charge, impels its ball five hundred and six yards in the first second, and that, by increasing the load, it will send it eight hundred and seventeen yards in the same interval.

MEDALS COPIED BY GALVANISM.—We spoke, in our last number, of Professor Jacobi's process for copying medals and engravings by galvanism. "The American Repertory of Arts, Sciences and Manufactures" (a very excellent periodical, whose publication has been lately commenced, at New York, by Professor J. J. Mages) observes that several scientific gentlemen of that city have successfully repeated the experiments of Jacobi. The galvanic apparatus is very simple, and, by its aid, copper is precipitated from its solution as a sulphate, in a metallic form, upon the surface to be copied, making a perfect cast or impression. This discovery is of vast importance.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE DAGUERRETYPE.—Mr. A. S. Wolcott, of New York, has nearly revolutionized the whole process of Daguerre and brought the photogenic art to high perfection. The inventor, it is well known, could not succeed in taking likenesses from the life, and, in fact, but few objects were perfectly represented by him, unless positively white, and in broad sunlight. By means of a concave mirror, in place of the ordinary lens, Mr. W. has succeeded in taking miniatures from the living subject, with absolute exactness, and in a very short space of time.

TRENCH'S PAPER MILL.—This is, perhaps, the most astonishing machine ever invented. By its means the common rags of the street are converted, in one process, and without leaving the mill, into a printed volume, cut into sheets and laid ready for the binder. Dr. Quin, in a late lecture upon the Mechanic Arts, at the New York Mechanics' Institute, remarked very truly concerning Mr. Trench's invention, that a person might "throw in his shirt at one end and see it come out Robinson Crusoe at the other." Mr. T. has deposited in the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute a single sheet of paper containing six copies of Town's Spelling Book. He says that he can manufacture, if necessary, a single sheet one mile in length.

THUNDER.—It is the opinion of M. Arago that thunder is never heard in the open sea, or in islands beyond seventy-five degrees of north latitude; and he thinks the same remark is applicable to continents. No reason is yet assigned. The opinion itself is based upon a variety of interesting researches.

THE COMPRESSED AIR ENGINE.—We mentioned in our last a supposititious invention of a Mr. Bissell, of N. J., which professed to make use of condensed air as a motive power, and spoke incredulously of the attempt. It appeared obvious that no greater power could be obtained from compressed

air than was employed in its compression, minus the friction of the compressing machine. However Mr. Bissell may think of getting over this radical difficulty, (one involving a leading principle of physics) still he can have no claim to be considered an inventor; for we find that the very same thing has been attempted, some time ago, by M. Houdin, and a patent of importation granted for it in Belgium.

ANNUALS.—In the "Art Union, or Journal of Fine Arts," it is stated that during the seventeen years in which annuals have been published in England, seven millions of dollars have been expended upon them. A table is given which shows that the engravers come in for the largest share of the spoil. The sums paid them precisely double those paid the poor authors. The binders come next after the authors.

ÆRESTATION.—It is announced in the Parisian papers that M. Garnerin is fitting up a balloon at the *Ecole Militaire* which will accomplish the desideratum of navigating the air in any direction at the will of the aeronaut. On each side of a boat (which serves for car) are placed four boards something like the sails of a windmill, which Mr. G. moves by the assistance of a machine in the interior, "the secret of which is known only to himself." The resistance made by the air when struck by one of the boards "acts upon the balloon and carries it forward like a bird flying. Mr. Garnerin has already made several essays, which have been completely successful."

This statement is nothing better than downright nonsense. It has been more than once demonstrated, *a priori*, that the control of a balloon in the manner here described is impossible. Among scientific men the idea ranks only with such projects as the quadrature of the circle, or the doctrine of perpetual motion. It is more than possible that the machinery here spoken of is the same as that of Mr. Green, the London aeronaut, by means of which that ingenious gentleman proposes, not to direct the horizontal course of his balloon, but merely to regulate its elevation. It is composed of two fans, or blades of wood, attached to a spindle which passes through the bottom of the car. The fans are of one longitudinal piece, to the centre of which the spindle is fixed, in the fashion of a windmill, with but two wings or arms, their blades presenting a given angle horizontally, in which direction they move. A London paper describes the effect as follows.

"A miniature balloon of about three feet diameter, was filled with common coal gas; to this were attached the hoop, netting and car, and in the car a small piece of spring mechanism was placed, to give motion to the fans. The balloon was then balanced; that is, a sufficient weight was placed in the car to keep it suspended in the air, without the capacity to rise or inclination to sink. Mr. Green then touched a stop in the mechanism, which immediately communicated a rapid rotary motion to the fans, whereupon the machine rose steadily to the ceiling, from which it continued to rebound until the clock-work had run out. Deprived of this assistance, it immediately fell. The reverse of this experiment was then performed. The balloon was first raised into the air and then balanced. A similar motion was imparted to the fans, the action of which in this case was, however, reversed, and the balloon was immediately pulled down to the ground by their forces.

A more interesting effect still was then exhibited. The balloon, with the guide-rope attached to it, was balanced as before, the guide-rope having a small brass weight fixed to the end of it. The fans were then removed from under the car and placed sideways upon it, by which their action became vertical. Upon motion being communicated, the balloon floated in a horizontal line, dragging the guide-rope after it, with the weight trailing along the floor, and continued to do so until the mechanism ceased, when it immediately became stationary again. These experiments were frequently repeated with complete success."

The guide-rope here mentioned is an invention very fully described, by Mr. Green himself, in the March number of the "Polytechnic Magazine." It is another aid in the attempt at regulating elevation—a very material point. There are many causes continually in operation to exhaust the gas in an ascension—but none is more potent than the variation of distance from the earth. When the balloon gets up very high, into a rare stratum of atmosphere, the gas is excessively expanded and must be let off to prevent explosion. Meeting then with a cloud, the silk and cordage become saturated with moisture, and the whole machine falls with rapidity. Ballast must be thrown over—and this once or twice repeated incapacitates the aeronaut from pursuing his voyage. The guide-rope, to remedy this evil, is a very long cord, wound upon a windlass, and with several small buckets at its lower extremity, so contrived as to act either as floats, relieving the balloon of their weight by resting upon the sea, or as additional ballast by catching and retaining water. Mr. G. also gives an account of a drag by which his progress may be retarded while in the air. He speaks with entire confidence of the feasibility of crossing the Atlantis from America to Europe, and we have no doubt that he will shortly accomplish his design. He asserts that a current of air sets invariably from the north of west, at an elevation exceeding ten thousand feet—that in several hundred experiments he has never *once* found the case otherwise.

rank of the finest intellects of the country, and several of the pieces which composed it would have done honor to any pen of the day. Excellent as this collection was, however, its best poems have been surpassed by some later ones of its author, and, among the many American effusions to which we might point with pride, we really know of nothing superior to the "Obsequies of Shelley" first published in "The Gift" for 1839. These stanzas evince powers of a noble order, and in all that regards the minor morals of literature, may be cited as a model. In especial, the stately and well-balanced march of the rhythm tells of a ear finely attuned to the delicacies of melody. We seldom meet with finer lines than these—

From his meridian throne the eye of day
Beheld the kindlings of the funeral fire
Where, like a war-worn Roman chieftain, lay,
Upon his pyre, ^{loved in}
The poet of the broken heart and lyre.

The Address lately delivered at Gettysburg embodies many of its author's customary excellences, and, although upon a subject somewhat hackneyed, is an essay of merit. Its style is elaborate and ornate, but particularly correct—betokening a chastened taste and a critical feeling. With the general arguments of the thesis we only partially accord, and with some of its detached positions we totally disagree. For example—"I consider the study of the Languages superior to any other mental exercise in disciplining the mind." The end or object of mental discipline, does not, in the proposition of Mr. B., enter sufficiently, we think, into the estimate of that discipline itself—but we cannot now commence a discussion. In his denial of imperfections and errors of style to the Greek of the Old and New Testaments, the essayist is completely carried away by his enthusiasm for these writings.

The poem by Charles West Thomson—a name familiar to all, and especially so to the readers of the "Gentleman's Magazine"—is in every respect worthy of the fine taste and talents of the author. Would our limits permit, there is nothing would give us greater pleasure than to copy it entire. The argument—the uncertainty of literary reputation—is made out with skill—the versification is sweet and forcible—the whole every thing that the most ardent admirers of the writer could expect or desire. We never saw a difficult task more cleverly executed. The composer of a fine poem, upon a stated occasion, gives evidence of a far more than ordinary power.

The Florist's Guide, containing Practical Directions for the Cultivation of Annual, Biennial, and Perennial Flowering Plants, of different classes, Herbaceous and Shrubbery, Bulbous, Fibrous, and Tuberous-rooted; including the Double Dahlia; with a Monthly Calendar, containing Instructions for the management of Green House Plants throughout the year. T. Bridgeman, New York. Hirst and Dreer, Philadelphia.

This is indisputably one of the best directories to Flora's beauties that can be placed in the hands of an amateur gardener. There is no ostentatious humbug in the development of botanical knowledge, no diffuse spread of scientific details and technicalities, written to gratify the scribbler's vanity, and confuse the tyro, rather than instruct. We have some knowledge of horticulture, and can safely recommend this unpretending volume to the attention of our readers. Messrs. Hirst and Dreer are well known as superior florists, and the insertion of their name in the title page is a sufficient guarantee of the work's utility.

Frank; or Dialogues between a Father and Son on the subject of Agriculture, Husbandry, and Rural Affairs. By the author of "The Yellow Shoe-strings." First Series. Kay and Brother, Philadelphia.

We have committed an oversight which causes us no little vexation in not having before noticed these excellent "Dialogues"—but the accident (for it is purely such) is mainly attributable to the unobtrusive and unpretending form in which they are given to the public. Their pamphleted good things have lain buried and perished—for six or seven weeks we believe—under a huge pile of mere lumber done up in boards. But although "Frank" has come to light at a late hour we do not the less cordially shake him by the hand.

Mr. James Pedder, its author, is well known in England, as the composer of one of the most popular juvenile books of the day, "The Yellow Shoe-strings"—three words familiar in nursery annals. To indite a really good work of this kind is a task often attempted in vain by men of high literary eminence. In truth the qualifications for success depend not a little upon a clear head, but still more upon a warm heart. Mr. P. now edits "The Farmer's Cabinet" of this city.

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STONEHENGE, OR THE GIANT'S STAIR CASE, A DRUIDICAL TEMPLE IN ENGLAND.

Engraved from an Original Drawing by Richard Maund.

BURTON'S
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1840.

SOME ACCOUNT OF
STONEHENGE, THE GIANT'S DANCE,
A DRUIDICAL RUIN IN ENGLAND.

BY EDGAR A. FOX.

THE pile called Stonehenge is an assemblage of upright and prostrate stones on Salisbury plain, England, and is generally supposed to be the remains of an ancient Druidical temple. From its singularity, and the mystery attending its origin and appropriation, it has excited more surprise and curiosity than any other relic of antiquity in Great Britain. It is situated about two miles directly west of Amesbury, and seven north of Salisbury, in Wiltshire. When viewed at a distance it appears but a small and trifling object, for its bulk and character are lost in the extensive space which surrounds it; and even on a near examination it fails to fulfil the expectations of the stranger who visits it with exaggerated prepossessions. To behold this "wonder of Britain" it should be viewed with an artist's eye, and contemplated by an intellect stored with antiquarian and historical knowledge. Stonehenge, notwithstanding much that has been said to the contrary, is utterly unlike any monument now remaining in Europe. Many of its stones have been squared or hewn by art; and on the top of the outer circle has been raised a continued series of squared stones, attached to the uprights by mortices and tenons, or regular cavities in the horizontal blocks, with projecting points on the perpendicular ones. Nearly all other so called examples of Druidical circles are composed of rough unhewn stones, and are without imposts.

Our Engraving represents the present appearance of Stonehenge—a confused heap of erect and fallen stones. The original arrangement of these, however, may be readily understood; for by the situation and condition of the yet standing and prostrate members, we are enabled to judge of the number and site of those which have been removed. The whole consisted of two circular, and two other curved rows, or arrangements of stones, the forms and positions of which may be easily ascertained. Horizontal stones, or imposts, were laid all round, in a continued order, on the outer circle, and five similar imposts on ten uprights of the third row. The whole is surrounded by a ditch and vallum of earth, connected with which are three other stones. The vallum does not exceed fifteen feet in height, and is exterior to the ditch. Through this line of circumvallation there appears to have been one grand entrance from the north-east side, and this is decidedly marked by two banks and ditches, called *The Avenue*. Approaching Stonehenge in this direction, the attention is first arrested by an immense unchiselled stone, called the *Friar's Heel*, which is now in a leaning position, and measures about sixteen feet in height. Immediately within the vallum is another stone lying on the ground. It is twenty-one feet two inches long, and a hundred feet from the stone just mentioned, and about the same distance from the outside of the outermost circle. Each impost of this circle has two mortices in it, to correspond with two tenons on the top of each vertical stone. The imposts were so connected as to form a continued series of architraves. The stones of the inner circle are

much smaller and more irregular than those of the outer. Within these two circles are arranged two inner rows of stones, one of which constitutes the grandest portion of Stonehenge. It was formed by five distinct *trilithons*—a trilithon is a large impost upon two uprights. The workmanship here appears to be better. The interior row of stones which next claims attention consisted of nineteen uprights without imposts, and inclined to a pyramidal form. The most perfect among them is seven feet and a half high. The *Altar Stone*, as it is usually called, lies flat on the ground, and occupies the *adytum* of the temple. The total number of stones of which Stonehenge was composed, is, according to Dr. Smith's plan and calculation, one hundred and twenty-nine. Some of these were of a compact sand-stone, some of a fine-grained grunstein, interspersed with black hornblende, feltzpar, quartz and chlorite, some a siliceous schistus, others an argillaceous schistus, others horn-stone. The Altar Stone is a gray cos.

In regard to the history of these extraordinary monuments, there is little of any definite nature. The earliest account of them occurs in Nennius, who lived in the eighth century. He says they were erected by the Britons to commemorate a massacre which took place at the spot. The Historical Triads of the Welch refer their origin to the same cause. Camden calls the structure *insana*, but says nothing about it entitled to notice. Modern authors have been profuse in speculation, but no more. The general opinion seems to be in favor of a Druidical Temple. The Rev. James Ingram supposes it to have been "a heathen burial-place." Borlase remarks that "the work of Stonehenge must have been that of a great and powerful nation, not of a limited community of priests; the grandeur of the design, the distance of the materials, the tediousness with which all such massive works are necessarily attended, all show that such designs were the fruits of peace and religion." Bryant, whose authority we regard as superior to any, discredits the Druidical theory altogether.

We may be permitted to conclude this cursory article by an extract from the Greek historian, Diodorus Siculus—leaving the application of the passage to the judgment or the fancy of our readers.

"Among the authors of antiquity Hecateus and some others relate that there is an island in the ocean, opposite to Celtic Gaul, and not inferior in size to Sicily, lying towards the north, and inhabited by Hyperborei, who are so called because they live more remote from the north wind. The soil is excellent and fertile, and the harvest is made twice in the same year. Tradition says that Latona was here born, and therefore Apollo is worshipped above any other deity. To him is also dedicated a remarkable temple of a round form."

The ancient superstitions gave the giants credit for the construction of Stonehenge, believing that the massive piles were moveable but by giant power—hence, the name of *Choir-gaur*, which literally means "The Giants' Dance."

The whole number of stones now visible, amounts to one hundred and nine.

THE PARTED YEAR

BY JOHN S. DU SOLLE, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

How very, very brief
Time's accents in the parted year have seemed!
Laughter was voluble, and so was grief.
Much spake care and crime;
Yet ere their utterance was familiar deemed—
Ere we had laid their touching stories by,
(Gathering as 'twere the ripened harvest in,)
A far-off cry
Revealed them fading, death-struck, from the
scene.
We looked not for such transience—for a life
So meteor-like—a flash!—a sudden burst!
But, for a starry one, with radiance rife,
As it appeared at first.
Oh! then it came all smiles, as if its face
Were quite unused to storm, and loved not
gloom—
A very laughing one! And then the grace
Of its light footsteps 'mid the summer-bloom!.

Its south wind music 'mid the whispering
flowers—
Its forests peopling with their leafy voice,
And all the deep blue glory of its skies—
Oh! these were beautiful, and they were ours!
Strange! that such charms should have such rot
at core!
We may have flowers as fair and skies as bright—
Winds whose rich breath may perfume be all
o'er,
Still (such is memory's power)
As, 'mid the plenty of a festal night,
The gushing well-spring where we drank of yore,
Will come on our remembrance with delight;
So the fond heart will idolize the past,
 wooing its gifts as lovers woo a bride,
Till present thoughts, hopes, wishes, all sur-
passed,
Become but passionless objects by their side!
Philadelphia, May 13, 1840.

A NIGHT AMONG THE DEAD.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

It was some time in the month of July or August, 1812, while I was on a visit at Portland, Maine, that several young people accepted an invitation to make an excursion among some of the beautiful islands that stud that princely bay, and afford places of delightful recreation during the summer months. Captain Tucker, of the Gun Boat No. —, was the master of the feast, the Archbitrichlenos of the day, and most bountifully did he discharge the duties he had assumed. By ten o'clock, A. M., the deck of the gun boat was crowded with youth and beauty, and taking advantage of the tide and a moderate breeze, we were soon in the midst of some of the Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Islands of which the people of that vicinity justly boast. Fish were caught and cooked, raspberries were gathered and sugared—and the young ladies were delightful and delighted. A merrier day withal we scarcely number among the very few which in nearly half a century we have given to pleasure. Song, dance, and story sent the day away, and it was not until quite sundown that we left the shore of our island pleasures to resume them upon the deck of the gun boat. Light and joyous were the hearts that beat on that deck, and brilliant were the eyes that glistened approval to some fortunate pun. The ruddy cheek was made redder in the excitement of the occasion, and the dimple deeper in the hearty mirth. O where are those who trod that deck in the artless dance, or whose voices sounded over the still waters like the chorus of hymning angels? They have almost all found a resting place on the lofty eminence that overlooks the harbor, and, perhaps, of the joyous group of that night, few remain to recognise this notice of the event, or to recall to their memory the stranger who shared their courtesies. The stern voice of the commander of the vessel has long since ceased, and the athletic frames of the crew have been placed where they will rest “until the sea shall give up its dead.”

Before the boat could be brought to the wharf and the company landed, the hour of eleven had struck, and it was twelve when the *adieu*s at the door of the ladies had been pronounced; and I perceived even through some dim gathering of my own eyes that the young gentleman with whom I was left had more of Captain Tucker's medicine on board than comforted with that regular and even step to which an elderly man and a father likes to listen when his only son returns late at night.

The young gentleman proposed that instead of disturbing our friends at such an unseemly hour, we should go to a building in which he pursued his studies, and finish the night, where an old sofa in one room, and a settee in the other, would afford apologies for a bed, and sleep would probably come without an apology. I accepted the proposition without knowing where the rooms were or what was the nature of my friend's studies.

He turned up a small alley in order to enter the building by the back door, and ascended a flight of stairs in entire darkness. Loco-foco matches were not then in use. After some groping my file leader laid his hand upon an old sofa, upon which I threw myself, while he retreated to the other room, and stretched himself upon a bench or settee; and in a few minutes I could hear by his deep regular breathings that he was not only given up to the leaden god, but that no small temptation would be likely to lead him from his devotion.

Having disposed myself upon my roost, and turned myself towards the window, scarcely distinguishable in the general darkness, I addressed myself to sleep, which was not long in responding to my aspirations. The cool breeze from the open window aided my weariness, and in a few minutes I was not only asleep, but in the midst of a warfare of dreams. The quantity of fish which a quickened appetite had induced me to eat, lay upon my stomach like a mill-stone. A thousand thick coming fancies brought with them visiters of unearthly shapes, who seemed to be chattering and mewing in my face, and mocking me with grimaces and distortions most horrible, while a strange consciousness of some undefined evil was adding to my torments.

At one moment the vessel in which we had made our excursion was foundering, and a thousand goblins were peeping from behind a cloud to push beneath the waters the struggling victims of the storm. Again I was fleeing away from the Earth-visiting spirit of a former friend, who was continually gaining upon me, while I toiled on with retarded step, some unknown cause checking my progress, and placing me more and more within reach of my pursuer. At length I reached the cliff which overhung the harbor, when further flight was impossible, and where retreat was cut off by the near approach of the object of my fear, who rushed upon me, and, with a long bony arm, dashed me from the summit of the rock.

I awoke with my nerves horribly shaken. The moon in the mean time had risen, and was pouring into the room a rich flood of light that was peculiarly agreeable in my disturbed state; for I could not divest myself of the strong impression that the skeleton form was yet near me, and that I had only temporarily evaded his chase.

Only partially awake, I raised my head to shake off the loathsome images that had haunted me

when an object, full in the moonlight, arrested my attention. It was a skeleton—the very one that had chased me in my sleep—there it was standing upright against the wall, with an awkward motion of its head and limbs. My attention was so intently fixed upon the strange visitation that it was some time before I could withdraw my eyes from it. A slight noise, however, withdrew my regards, and I saw, beyond that figure, two smaller skeletons in mid air. They were holding a mock dance in the moonshine; and the noise which I had heard was the rattling of their dry bones, as they twisted about in their infernal revelry. The moon sent in its light so horizontally that the shadows of these fantastic visitants were cast upon the wall, and their strange motions and sickening forms were multiplied to my senses. Other shapes began to appear as I looked about the room. The lank bony arms of a mother were folded regularly around a skeleton child prest with the mockery of maternal solicitude closely to her bosom, through which the moonbeams came and played upon the bony face of the child, while a rocking motion of the skeleton mother seemed to indicate a wish to soothe into rest the long dead infant.

In the gloom of a distant corner of the room I could discern in motion the skeleton of a horse, urged forward by the ghastly hand of a rider who must years since have died. I gazed at these objects until my eyes ached with unwinking watchfulness. At times all would be still, and then the tiny revellers above would re-commence the dance. While they whirled a strange gyration, their hands rattled wildly against their thigh bones. Then the stern figure against the wall shook his bony head, and the rider in the dimness spurred up his steed, whose hoofs rattled in the air like pebbles thrown down upon the coffin-lid. Wild with fear, for I was most assuredly frightened, I called to my companion—but he was sleeping off the effects of an unusual debauch. I shouted at the top of my lungs, and the skeletons seemed to echo my voice from the distant corner of the room. I looked up again to see whether I was suffering the miseries of a frightful dream, or whether these things were real—my recollection was too distinct for deception, though all that was around me was too horrible for reality. Every time that I ventured to lift my head the ghastly crew seemed to have increased in number; and beyond the horse and rider, I could see the dry fleshless shanks thrust out from beneath garments, while a hat deeply shaded the eyeless sockets beneath its brim—and anon the whole would circle their victim, and arms would swing, and legs would move, and the wild wind that swept round the corner of the edifice seemed to make music for the waltz of this charnel house.

At length feeling that it was not safe to trust my mind to such excitement, I determined to grope my way to the door, and reach my friend whose deep gutturals could be distinctly heard. I therefore rose, with a resolve to quit a place where such unearthly scenes were enacted. But scarcely was I upon my feet when the rout commenced anew their careerings, and I saw directly over me, in the full light of the moon, a skeleton head grinning down upon me, and then turn slowly away, as if in mockery of my fears. I threw myself again upon the bench and covered my face. Cold drops of sweat stood upon my whole form, while fear seemed to relax my frame and prevent motion.

Strange as it may seem, the exhaustion to which I was reduced allowed me after some time to drop into partial sleep, from which I was awakened by my friend, advising me that it was near sunrise, and that we ought to retire to our respective houses. I started up—but the room was dark as when I entered it at midnight, and when I was conducted into the street I hesitated, in doubt whether by protracted evil dreams I had not been paying the penalties of the previous day's excess—but it was impossible that a dream could be so long continued, and with such horrible distinctness.

My companion, who had confessedly indulged largely in the table pleasures of the previous day, expressed his surprise at the evidence of suffering which my face presented, and added that he had hoped a good night's sleep would have been as beneficial to me as it had been to him.

I told him that I had either had most horrible dreams, or else had suffered wakeful visitations not friendly to repose and refreshment.

"Your looks betray that," said he, "and I would advise repose and sleep."

I tried my bed, but neither rest nor sleep would come; the horrible visions of the previous night were constantly before me, and, after some hours vainly spent in attempts to sleep, I rose and went to find my night companion. He was abroad and well.

"Are there never any noises heard at night in the room in which you put me to sleep?" said I.

"Never. All is as quiet as death in that room."

"The tenants, or visitors seemed very active last night," said I.

"Was there any conversation?" asked he, in surprise.

"None at all; though there were a good deal of mirth and strange frolic," said I.

"Oh," replied my friend, "I see that you went deeper into Captain Tucker's wine than I thought you did, or your head is weaker; for no one could have gained admission into that room excepting through the door of which I had the key. For we do not allow any one to enter there."

"Why not?"

"It is Doctor A——'s lecture-room, and there are twenty or thirty skeletons, some natural and some artificial, hung up in the chamber, with specimens of comparative anatomy, and when I entered this morning, the windows were wide open, and the old bones were kicking about in the breeze as if they had been plates hung in chains."

THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS RODMAN.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PASSAGE ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF NORTH AMERICA EVER ACHIEVED BY CIVILIZED MAN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE character of the country through which we had passed for the last two or three days was cheerless in comparison with that to which we had been accustomed. In general it was more level; the timber being more abundant on the skirts of the stream, with little or none at all in the distance. Wherever bluffs appeared upon the margin we descried indications of coal, and we saw one extensive bed of a thick bituminous nature which very much discolored the water for some hundred yards below it. The current is more gentle than hitherto, the water clearer, and the rocky points and shoals fewer, although such as we had to pass were as difficult as ever. We had rain incessantly, which rendered the banks so slippery that the men who had the towing lines could scarcely walk. The air too was disagreeably chilly, and upon ascending some low hills near the river we observed no small quantity of snow lying in the clefts and ridges. In the extreme distance on our right we had perceived several Indian encampments which had the appearance of being temporary, and had been only lately abandoned. This region gives no indication of any permanent settlement, but appears to be a favorite hunting ground with the tribes in the vicinity—a fact rendered evident by the frequent traces of the hunt, which we came across in every direction. The Minnetarees of the Missouri, it is well known, extend their excursions in pursuit of game as high as the great fork, on the south side; while the Assiniboins go up still higher. Misquash informed us that between our present encampment and the Rocky Mountains we should meet with no lodges except those of the Minnetarees that reside on the lower or south side of the Saskatchewan.

The game had been exceedingly abundant, and in great variety—elk, buffalo, big-horn, mule-deer, bears, foxes, beaver, etc., etc., with wild fowl innumerable. Fish was also plentiful. The width of the stream varied considerably from two hundred and fifty yards to passes where the current rushed between bluffs not more than a hundred feet apart. The face of these bluffs generally was composed of a light yellowish freestone, intermingled with burnt earth, pumice-stone, and mineral salts. At one point the aspect of the country underwent a remarkable change, the hills retiring on both sides to a great distance from the river, which was thickly interspersed with small and beautiful islands, covered with cotton-wood. The low grounds appeared to be very fertile; those on the north wide and low, and opening into three extensive valleys. Here seemed to be the extreme northern termination of the range of mountains through which the Missouri had been passing for so long a time, and which are called the Black Hills by the savages. The change from the mountainous region to the level was indicated by the atmosphere, which now became dry and pure; so much so indeed that we perceived its effects upon the seams of our boats, and our few mathematical instruments.

As we made immediate approach to the forks it came on to rain very hard, and the obstructions in the river were harassing in the extreme. The banks in some places were so slippery, and the clay so soft and stiff that the men were obliged to go barefooted, as they could not keep on their moccasins. The shores also were full of pools of stagnant water, through which we were obliged to wade, sometimes up to our arm-pits. Then again we had to scramble over enormous shoals of sharp-pointed flints, which appeared to be the wreck of cliffs that had fallen down *en masse*. Occasionally we came to a precipitous gorge or gully, which it would put us to the greatest labor to pass, and in attempting to push by one of these the rope of the large boat (being old and much worn) gave way and permitted to be swung round by the current upon a ledge of rock in the middle of the stream, where the water was so deep that we could only work in getting her off by the aid of the pirogue, and so were full six hours in effecting it.

At one period we arrived at a high wall of black rock on the south, towering above the ordinary cliffs for about a quarter of a mile along the stream; after which there was an open plain, and about three miles beyond this again, another wall of a light color on the same side, fully two hundred feet high; then another plain or valley, and then still another wall of the most singular appearance arises on the north, soaring in height probably two hundred and fifty feet, and being in thickness about twelve, with a very regular artificial character. These cliffs present indeed the most extraordinary aspect, rising perpendicularly from the water. The last mentioned are composed of very white soft sandstone, which readily receives the impression of the water. In the upper portion of them appears a sort of frieze or cornice formed by the intervention of several thin horizontal strata of

a white freestone, hard, and unaffected by the rains. Above them is a dark rich soil, sloping gradually back from the water to the extent of a mile or thereabouts, when other hills spring up abruptly to the height of full five hundred feet more.

The face of these remarkable cliffs, as might be supposed, is chequered with a variety of lines formed by the trickling of the rains upon the soft material, so that a fertile fancy might easily imagine them to be gigantic monuments reared by human art, and carved over with hieroglyphical devices. Sometimes there are complete niches (like those we see for statues in common temples) formed by the dropping out bodily of large fragments of the sandstone; and there are several points where staircases and long corridors appear, as accidental fractures in the freestone cornice happen to let the rain trickle down uniformly upon the softer material below. We passed these singular bluffs in a bright moonlight and their effect upon my imagination I shall never forget. They had all the air of enchanted structures, (such as I have dreamed of,) and the twittering of myriads of martins, which have built their nests in the holes that every where perforate the mass, aided this conception not a little. Besides the main walls there are, at intervals, inferior ones, of from twenty to a hundred feet high, and from one to twelve or fifteen feet thick, perfectly regular in shape, and perpendicular. These are formed of a succession of large black-looking stones, apparently made up of loam, sand, and quartz, and absolutely symmetrical in figure, although of various sizes. They are usually square, but sometimes oblong (always parallelipedal) and are lying one above the other as exactly and with as perfect regularity as if placed there by some mortal mason; each upper stone covering and securing the point of junction between two lower ones, just as bricks are laid in a wall. Sometimes these singular erections run in parallel lines, as many as four abreast; sometimes they leave the river and go back until lost amid the hills; sometimes they cross each other at right angles, seeming to enclose large artificial gardens, the vegetation within which is often of a character to preserve the illusion. Where the walls are thickest, there the bricks are less in size, and the converse. We regarded the scenery presented to our view at this portion of the Missouri as altogether the most surprising, if not the most beautiful which we had yet seen. It left upon my own mind an impression of novelty—of singularity, which can never be effaced.

Shortly before reaching the fork we came to a pretty large island on the northern side, one mile and a quarter from which is a low ground on the south very thickly covered with fine timber. After this there were several small islands, at each of which we touched for a few minutes as we passed. Then we came to a very black-looking bluff on the north, and then to two other small islands, about which we observed nothing remarkable. Going a few miles farther we reached a tolerably large island situated near the point of a steep promontory; afterwards passing two others, smaller. All these islands are well timbered. It was at night on the 13th of May, that we were shown by Misquash the mouth of the large river, which in the settlements goes by the name of the Yellow Stone, but by the Indians is called the Ahmateaza.* We made our camp on the south shore in a beautiful plain covered with cottonwood.

May 14. This morning we were all awake and stirring at an early hour, as the point we had now reached was one of great importance, and it was requisite that, before proceeding any farther, we should make some survey by way of ascertaining which of the two large streams in view would afford us the best passage onward. It seemed to be the general wish of the party to push up one of these rivers as far as practicable, with a view of reaching the Rocky Mountains, when we might perhaps hit upon the head waters of the large stream Aregan, described by all the Indians with whom we had conversed upon the subject, as running into the great Pacific Ocean. I was also anxious to attain this object, which opened to my fancy a world of exciting adventure, but I foresaw many difficulties which we must necessarily encounter if we made the attempt with our present limited information in respect to the region we should have to traverse, and the savages who occupied it; about which latter we only knew indeed that they were generally the most ferocious of the North American Indians. I was afraid, too, that we might get into the wrong stream, and involve ourselves in an endless labyrinth of troubles which would dishearten the men. These thoughts, however, did not give me any long uneasiness, and I set to work at once to explore the neighborhood; sending some of the party up the banks of each stream to estimate the comparative volume of water in each, while I myself, with Thornton and John Greely, proceeded to ascend the high grounds in the fork, whence an extensive prospect of the surrounding region might be attained. We saw here an immense and magnificent country spreading out on every side into a vast plain, waving with glorious verdure, and alive with countless herds of buffaloes and wolves, intermingled with occasional elk and antelope. To the south the prospect was interrupted by a range of high, snow-capped mountains, stretching from south east to north west, and terminating abruptly. Behind these again was a higher range, extending to the very horizon in the north west. The two rivers presented the most enchanting appearance as they wound away their long snake-like lengths

* There appears to be some discrepancy here which we have not thought it worth while to alter, as, after all, Mr. Rodman may not be in the wrong. The Amateaza (according to the Narrative of Lewis and Clarke) is the name given by the Minnetarees, not to the Yellow Stone, but to the Missouri itself.

in the distance, growing thinner and thinner until they looked like mere faint threads of silver as they vanished in the shadowy mists of the sky. We could glean nothing, from their direction so far, as regards their ultimate course, and so descended from our position much at a loss what to do.

The examination of the two currents gave us but little more satisfaction. The north stream was found to be the deeper, but the south was the wider, and the volume of water differed but little. The first had all the color of the Missouri, but the latter had the peculiar round gravelly bed which distinguishes a river that issues from a mountainous region. We were finally determined by the easier navigation of the north branch to pursue this course, although from the rapidly increasing shallowness we found that in a few days, at farthest, we should have to dispense with the large boat. We spent three days at our encampment, during which we collected a great many fine skins, and deposited them with our whole stock on hand, in a well constructed *cache* on a small island in the river a mile below the junction.* We also brought in a great quantity of game, and especially of deer, some haunches of which we pickled or corned for future use. We found great abundance of the prickly pear in this vicinity, as well as chokeberries in great plenty upon the low grounds and ravines. There were also many yellow and red currants (not ripe) with gooseberries. Wild roses were just beginning to open their buds in the most wonderful profusion. We left our encampment in fine spirits on the morning of

May 18. The day was pleasant, and we proceeded merrily, notwithstanding the constant interruptions occasioned by the shoals and jutting points with which the stream abounds. The men, one and all, were enthusiastic in their determination to persevere, and the Rocky Mountains were the sole theme of conversation. In leaving our peltries behind us, we had considerably lightened the boats, and we found much less difficulty in getting them forward through the rapid currents than would otherwise have been the case. The river was crowded with islands, at nearly all of which we touched. At night we reached a deserted Indian encampment, near bluffs of a blackish clay. Rattlesnakes disturbed us very much, and before morning we had a heavy rain.

May 19. We had not proceeded far before we found the character of the stream materially altered, and very much obstructed by sand bars, or rather ridges of small stones, so that it was with the greatest difficulty we could force a passage for the larger boat. Sending two men ahead to reconnoitre, they returned with an account of a wider and deeper channel above, and once again we felt encouraged to persevere. We pushed on for ten miles and encamped on a small island for the night. We observed a peculiar mountain in the distance to the south, of a conical form, isolated, and entirely covered with snow.

May 20. We now entered into a better channel, and pursued our course with little interruption for sixteen miles, through a clayey country of peculiar character, and nearly destitute of vegetation. At night we encamped on a very large island, covered with tall trees, many of which were new to us. We remained at this spot for five days to make some repairs in the piroque.

During our sojourn here an incident of note occurred. The banks of the Missouri in this neighborhood are precipitous, and formed of a peculiar blue clay, which becomes excessively slippery after rain. The cliffs, from the bed of the stream back to the distance of a hundred yards, or thereabouts, form a succession of steep terraces of this clay, intersected in numerous directions by deep and narrow ravines, so sharply worn by the action of water at some remote period of time as to have the appearance of artificial channels. The mouths of these ravines, where they *debouche* upon the river, have a very remarkable appearance, and look from the opposite bank, by moonlight, like gigantic columns standing erect upon the shore. To an observer from the uppermost terrace the whole descent towards the stream has an indescribably chaotic and dreary air. No vegetation of any kind is seen.

John Greely, the Prophet, the interpreter Jules, and myself started out after breakfast one morning to ascend to the topmost terrace on the south shore for the purpose of looking around us; in short to see what could be seen. With great labor, and by using scrupulous caution, we succeeded in reaching the level grounds at the summit opposite our encampment. The prairie here differs from the general character of that kind of land in being thickly overgrown for many miles back with cotton-wood, rose-bushes, red willow, and broad-leaved willow; the soil being unsteady, and at times swampy, like that of the ordinary low grounds—it consists of a black-looking loam, one-third sand,

* *Caches* are holes very frequently dug by the trappers and fur traders, in which to deposit their furs or other goods during a temporary absence. A dry and retired situation is first selected. A circle about two feet in diameter is then described—the sod within this carefully removed and laid by. A hole is now sunk perpendicularly to the depth of a foot, and afterwards gradually widened until the excavation becomes eight or ten feet deep, and six or seven feet wide. As the earth is dug up, it is cautiously placed on a skin, so as to prevent any traces upon the grass, and, when all is completed, is thrown into the nearest river, or otherwise effectually concealed. This *cache* is lined throughout with dried sticks and hay, or with skins, and within it almost any species of backwoods property may be safely and soundly kept for years. When the goods are in, and well covered with buffalo hide, earth is thrown upon the whole, and stamped firmly down. Afterwards the sod is replaced, and a private mark made upon the neighboring trees, or elsewhere, indicating the precise location of the depot.—EDS. G. M.

and when a handful of it is thrown into water, it dissolves in the manner of sugar, with strong bubbles. In several spots we observed deep incrustations of common salt, some of which we collected and used.

Upon reaching these level grounds we all sat down to rest, and had scarcely done so when we were alarmed by a loud growl immediately in our rear, proceeding from the thick underwood. We started to our feet at once in great terror, for we had left our rifles at the island, that we might be unincumbered in the scramble up the cliffs, and the only arms we had were pistols and knives. We had scarcely time to say a word to each other before two enormous brown bears (the first we had yet encountered during the voyage) came rushing at us open-mouthed from a clump of rose-bushes. These animals are much dreaded by the Indians, and with reason, for they are indeed formidable creatures, possessing prodigious strength, with untameable ferocity, and the most wonderful tenacity of life. There is scarcely any way of killing them by a bullet, unless the shot be through the brains, and these are defended by two large muscles covering the side of the forehead, as well as by a projection of a thick frontal bone. They have been known to live for days with half a dozen balls through the lungs, and even with very severe injuries in the heart. So far we had never met with a brown bear, although often with its tracks in the mud or sand, and these we had seen nearly a foot in length, exclusive of the claws, and full eight inches in width.

What to do was now the question. To stand and fight, with such weapons as we possessed, was madness; and it was folly to think of escape by flight in the direction of the prairie; for not only were the bears running towards us from that quarter, but, at a very short distance back from the cliffs, the underwood of briar-bushes, dwarf willow, etc., was so thick that we could not have made our way through it at all, and if we kept our course along the river between the underwood and the top of the cliff, the animals would catch us in an instant; for as the ground was boggy we could make no progress upon it, while the large flat foot of the bear would enable him to travel with ease. It seemed as if these reflections (which it takes some time to embody in words) flashed all of them through the minds of all of us in an instant—for every man sprang at once to the cliffs, without sufficiently thinking of the hazard that lay there.

The first descent was some thirty or forty feet, and not very precipitous; the clay here also partook in a slight degree of the loam of the upper soil; so that we scrambled down with no great difficulty to the first terrace, the bears plunging after us with headlong fury. Arrived here, we had not a moment for hesitation. There was nothing left for us now but to encounter the entangled beasts upon the narrow platform where we stood, or to go over the second precipice. This was nearly perpendicular, sixty or seventy feet deep, and composed entirely of the blue clay which was now saturated with late rains, and as slippery as glass itself. The Canadian, frightened out of his senses, leaped to the edge at once, slid with the greatest velocity down the cliff, and was hurled over the third descent by the impetus of his course. We then lost sight of him, and of course supposed him killed; for we could have no doubt that his terrific slide would be continued from precipice to precipice until it terminated with a plunge over the last into the river—a fall of more than a hundred and fifty feet.

Had Jules not gone in this way it is more than probable that we should all have decided, in our extremity, upon attempting the descent; but his fate caused us to waver, and in the meantime the monsters were upon us. This was the first time in all my life I had ever been brought to close quarters with a wild animal of any strength or ferocity, and I have no scruple to acknowledge that my nerves were completely unstrung. For some moments I felt as if about to swoon, but a loud scream from Greely, who had been seized by the foremost bear, had the effect of arousing me to exertion, and when once fairly aroused I experienced a kind of wild and savage pleasure from the conflict.

One of the beasts, upon reaching the narrow ledge where we stood, had made an immediate rush at Greely, and had borne him to the earth, where he stood over him, holding him with his huge teeth lodged in the breast of his overcoat—which, by the greatest good fortune, he had worn, the wind being chilly. The other, rolling rather than scrambling down the cliff, was under so much headway when he reached our station that he could not stop himself until the one-half of his body hung over the precipice; he staggered in a sidelong manner, and his right legs went over while he held on in an awkward way with his two left. While thus situated he seized Wormley by the heel with his mouth, and for an instant I feared the worst, for in his efforts to free himself from the grasp the terrified struggler aided the bear to regain his footing. While I stood helpless, as above described, through terror, and watching the event without ability to render the slightest aid, the shoe and moccasin of W. were torn off in the grasp of the animal, who now tumbled headlong down to the next terrace, but stopped himself, by means of his huge claws, from sliding farther. It was now that Greely screamed for aid, and the Prophet and myself rushed to his assistance. We both fired our pistols at the bear's head; and my own ball, I am sure, must have gone through some portion of his skull, for I held the weapon close to his ear. He seemed more angry, however, than hurt; the only good effect of the discharge was in his quitting his hold of Greely (who had sustained no injury) and making at us. We had nothing but our knives to depend upon, and even the refuge of the terrace below was cut off from us by the presence of another bear there. We had our backs to the cliff, and

were preparing for a deadly contest, not dreaming of help from Greely (whom we supposed mortally injured) when we heard a shot, and the huge beast fell at our feet, just when we felt his hot and horribly fetid breath in our faces. Our deliverer, who had fought many a bear in his life-time, had put his pistol deliberately to the eye of the monster, and the contents had entered the brain.

Looking now downwards, we discovered the fallen bruin making ineffectual efforts to scramble up to us—the soft clay yielded to his claws, and he fell repeatedly and heavily. We tried him with several shots, but did no harm, and resolved to leave him where he was for the crows. I do not see how he could ever have made his escape from the spot. We crawled along the ledge on which we stood for nearly half a mile before we found a practicable path to the prairie above us, and did not get to camp until late in the night. Jules was there all alive, but cruelly bruised—so much so indeed that he had been unable to give any intelligible account of his accident or of our whereabouts. He had lodged in one of the ravines upon the third terrace, and had made his way down its bed to the river shore.

CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

BY ANDREW M'KAKIN, ESQ., CO-EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

Oh! for a voiceful harp of Love to sing

The radiant joys of childhood's early morn,
Apollo's hand should touch each quiv'ring string,
And songs from Music's witchery be born.
The Tree of Life just swelling into bloom,
No blossoms scatter'd, and no branches torn—
A babbling streamlet fringed with scented broom
Ere yet on ocean's troubled wave 'tis borne.

Oh! who would not return again to youth,

From manhood's boasted, wish'd-for pow'r and
prime?
To roam again those peaceful paths of truth,
Unstain'd by hand of care, or shade of crime.
In thought I hasten back o'er weary years,
And hope to stay the pond'rous hand of time,
In Fancy's world a bright-ey'd band appears,
And I can hear their merry voices chime!

They are my play-mates, brothers, sisters, all

In garlands deck'd as for a holiday;
Who see me coming, hear me fondly call,
And to their pastime beckon me away!
I run, I fly to join the merry crew;
Through fields of flowers, and groves of shade
we stray—
No brow is sad—all hearts to friendship true;
And pleasure ceases but with closing day.

At evening hour, when Dian's brow is fair,
And gently tells the neighboring vesper bell,
In merry groups we breathe the perfumed air,
And list the tales that wrinkled gossips tell,
Gazing the while into the spangled skies
In youthful wonder at the spacious cell,
Empierced with worlds of ever-sparkling eyes,
In whose bright orbs in time we hoped to dwell.

Then on the downy pillow's peaceful shrine,
Thornless with innocence—unwet with tears,
Beneath a mother's care our heads recline,
Free from the snows of time or weight of years.
With infant fingers clasp'd and lips apart,
Our whisper'd pray'r the God of children* hears
Warm gushing from each gentle sinless heart,
And wafted heav'nward free from earthly fears.

Oh! would ye not return again to youth
Along that primrose path of beauty bright,
To wear anew the spotless garb of truth,
A shield from evil, and a badge of right?
It may not be! yet no one seeks in vain,
A wreath of innocence—a robe of white,
In Jesus' love ye may be born again,
And win a youthful crown of living light.

Philadelphia, May, 1840.

* "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE LIFE OF A VILLAGE PASTOR.

BY EZRA HOLDEN, ESQ., CO-EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

DID you ever visit Weckford? If you have not, take the advice of the writer and go there while the flowers are filling the air with the sweets of the coming summer. It is a charming village, and its people are among the most intelligent the country can boast. Neat buildings always do much towards making a favorable impression upon the minds of strangers; and nowhere can be met a more uniform prevalence of a chaste style of architecture, than is to be found in the village of Weckford. There is no one edifice so likely, perhaps, to strike the stranger with awe and admiration as the venerated Doric structure, known in all the region round about as "The Church of our Village," which has stood for almost a century, a proud monument of the public taste and Christian spirit of its early founders.

Once more, adopt the advice of the writer, and do not take a hasty departure from the peaceful village of Weckford. Stay but a short time, and you will indeed exclaim, with its inhabitants, this is "Our Village." Contentment, sociability, and happiness are there diffused apparently with the universality of the genial air.

If it should now become your happiness, as it was mine, to be made acquainted with the venerable Pastor, who, for more than half a century has ministered at the altar of "Our Church," as the venerable chapel is there called, you would prove yourself no lover of the rural retreat, if you should not offer an earnest desire that your future days might be passed "where real happiness has fixed her abode."

There are men in this world of ours who have been endowed with virtues so expansive and benevolent, as to prove they were placed upon earth for the sole purpose of doing good to their fellow beings. The venerated Armstrong (for that is the name of the Pastor we have mentioned) has proved this truth, in his own unexampled life of charity, meekness, and wide-spread benevolence.

It is no part of the purpose of this sketch to picture the life and services of the revered Armstrong. But it may be interesting here to allude to one custom of his life, which was that of gathering frequently at his own fireside, such young men as he regarded worthy of his acquaintance; and it had ever been his invariable practice to seek such acquaintances among all walks and professions of society. He acted always as if he looked upon young men as his sons, and they had reasons enough to regard him as the patriarch of their little community.

It was at one of the assemblages to which allusion has been made, that the following incidents were narrated. They are strictly true, and as they made a deep impression upon the mind of the writer at the time, he will endeavor to give them, as nearly as he can remember, in the words of the Pastor.

THE PASTOR'S NARRATIVE.

I was sitting, said the venerable man, in my study, as is my custom when I have no company. It was a sweet evening of August. All nature appeared to conspire to make me feel an exalted sense of the unnumbered blessings with which Providence is ever surrounding us. I cannot tell how it was, but I had been passing in review the evidences of especial Providence, which, through my long ministerial life, had sometimes appeared to have been so remarkably displayed, in regard to my own parishioners. My mind was, at the moment, dwelling upon the recent death of the only daughter of one of the most wealthy individuals of the parish. She had been suddenly taken away. Two days before her death she was well, and on the third I was called to perform the last rites over her lifeless form. She had been a gay, but a very amiable young lady—the pride of her parents, and justly so. Her father, especially, appeared almost to adore her; she seemed the chief object of his delight. His soul appeared to centre in Maria; and as he was a very wealthy man, it had been obviously a cherished purpose of his heart to make her his heiress—but that God whose ways are past finding out, had decided far otherwise.

I had been pondering in my mind the deep impression which Maria's death appeared to have produced upon her afflicted father. He had once or twice taken occasion to converse with me upon it, with feelings very different from any which I had ever witnessed during all the intercourse I had previously had with him. He had always been regarded by myself, and indeed by all the parishioners, as a very reserved, proud, and, at times, especially, a very morose man. He had been subject to fits of indescribable depression, which, for years and years, had given his family the deepest alarm, and especially his wife, who is one of the best women that ever lived.

It was in this contemplative mood of my mind that I was broken in upon by a rap at the outer-door, when I was not a little struck with the coincidence of the depressed father of Maria being ushered into the room. He appeared in the deepest excitement; and taking a seat by my side, he

asked me with much emotion—"Are we alone? Are you sure we are alone?" I assured him that we were.

"Then," said he, "I have come to unburthen my soul. I must confess to you. I cannot live longer in this agony of guilt. For years and years I have existed in unutterable misery. I am a wretch. The world looks upon me as a fortunate man. They know I am rich. They know I have honors; and, oh God! they think me a moral man. I would exchange conditions with the most lowly, if I could purchase peace of mind. A load of guilt hangs upon my soul. I cannot endure it longer. I cannot pray. I cannot ask forgiveness of my God! How often have I sunk upon my knees as you see me now. But my lips refuse all utterance. I cannot ask forgiveness for so great a crime. I cannot live, and I dare not die. I would have taken my own life, but I fear to enter the presence of Him who gave me being. I am a murderer. I must confess it. I must confess it to *you*. Pray for me. Do pray for me. Do not spurn me from your presence. Help me, oh help me, to seek rest for my sinking soul. Turn not from me, wretch as I am. I would gladly invoke the penalties of the law; but that will not save me from the mountain that sinks me to the earth. I cannot wash out the blood that stains my hands. I cannot bring my victim to life. He was my little nephew. I was his guardian. I had the charge of his property. His mother (my dear and only sister) had left him and his little sister to my fatherly protection. She had been left with a handsome property by her husband, who died two years previously. Well do I remember the night of her demise. She clasped my hands in hers, while I knelt by her dying couch. Raising her eyes to heaven, she most fervently invoked its protection for her children, who were soon to be left orphans in the world. 'Yes,' she added, with a smile that I now see playing upon her confiding lips, 'you, my brother, will be a father to my poor children. Yes, I see it in your countenance. You will be a father to the fatherless—you will guide, protect and train them to meet their mother in that mansion of rest, to which I have the most glorious assurances I am soon to ascend.'

"With uplifted eyes, I pledged my soul, to become the faithful guardian and parent of my sister's children; and as the words died upon my lips, her pure spirit peacefully departed, with a look of confiding benignity that is ever mirrored to my distracted vision.

"I never can escape the watchful eyes of the dying Elizabeth. Upon the peril of my soul I swore to protect her little ones; and how I have sold my peace here and hope of happiness hereafter, by murdering, in cold-blood, the son of her affections!

"It was for his portion of the estate that I lifted my arm against my little nephew. To poison his sister, by administering to her a fatal drug in her food, when sufficient time had elapsed to prevent suspicion, was then the purpose of my heart. But my conscience smote me. I could not do it. It was agony that cannot be told to put out of the way the murdered body of my little namesake. We were in the forest when I killed him. I was engaged in splitting rails for a fence upon the estate, where I have since lived and become a rich man. With a single blow of the beetle upon his head, I killed him upon the spot. The body I fastened to rocks, that would prevent it from rising, and sunk it in the neighboring river.

"It was in the early settlement of the country, when the roads were few. To go to the dwellings of our neighbors (who were then miles from us) we had to traverse the forests by foot paths. The better to conceal my guilt, I gave out that I had sent the boy to a distant neighbor's upon an errand, through the woods; and that since I had no tidings whatever of him.

"You have no doubt heard of the fearful event. The neighbors came even from twenty miles around, to join us in hunting for days and days, in the forest. I was then truly affected, not as my neighbors were, but with a feeling of horror for what I had done, which no language of mine can describe. The general fear was that the boy had been killed and devoured by wild beasts; and the people finally gave up their search, satisfied in their own minds that that must have been the fatal end of poor Edward.

"I cannot tell you with what emotions I sought my bed, night after night. My family attributed my distraction to the mysterious loss of Edward. I could not sleep. God knows that thousands of times I would willingly have died, if I could have thus brought my victim to life. There was no rest for me. I passed months and months in the most unutterable agony, sometimes resolving to give myself up, and then as quickly breaking the resolution, when I thought of my family, and the wretchedness with which such a disclosure would overwhelm them.

"Sure I am, by my own case, that there is no telling whither a single step in crime may lead us. A demon took possession of me. I became hardened as it were to the crime I had perpetrated. I went forward in business; and soon acquired a large property. I used all means to get rich. I became a taker of usurious interest; and hard has been the rod I have held over those who once got into my power.

"You know I have long since been a man of great wealth. But, thank God for once more making me feel so, I would give it all away, if I could bring Edward to life and restore to him the property which his mother placed in my hands for protection. It became the basis of my wealth; but heaven is my witness that I have not seen a happy hour since that fatal day, which sent Edward into another, and, I hope, a better world.

"You alone have my secret. Had I not been deeply penitent I could not have entered this room

to night. You will not expose me to the penalties of the law. My mind is made up. If you do it, with this little vial, which is filled with a deadly poison, I swear to add another crime to the one I have already committed, and pass into that world which I shrink from the contemplation of with the utmost horror. I could not mount the scaffold to be executed in the midst of my fellow-men, who have so many years regarded me as an upright man. Oh! the thought is almost distraction! My poor family, too! What a sad spectacle for their gaze. My wife! She who has been my stay and consolation, so many a time when I should have been my own executioner but for her kindness and attachment, which grew firmer and more constant as she saw unutterable anguish preying upon me in secret—I cannot, dare not tell her what a wretch I am.

“Forgive these tears. They are the welcome tokens of a deep contrition. I thank God that I can weep. It is only since the death of Maria that I can weep. Pray for me. Help me to ask God to remove the mountain of oppression from my soul; and if there be mercy wide enough to cover my enormity, aid me in the future effort, to which here upon my knees, I most solemnly devote myself, to obtain a remission of my guilt.

“Wretch as I am, I will make all the atonement in my power. Deeply grateful do I feel that a mutual attachment has grown up between Edward, (my only son,) whom I named from the murdered boy, and the orphan girl whom I dared not sacrifice. You know that I have cherished Louise as if she had been my own child. She is indeed as dear to me; and I betrothed her to Edward. They are worthy of each other. My will is made, and all my property at the death of myself and wife will go to her, save an ample reservation to found an Orphan Asylum for the poor of Weckford.”

“Here!” exclaimed the pastor with a most heavenly serenity of countenance, “let me assure you, my dear young friend, there is an everlasting reality in religion. If all my life before, I had regarded its hopes and consolations as delusions, I should have that night bowed my head in humble submission to the most High, in the full belief of the sublime truths of Christianity. I was powerfully affected. I knelt by the side of the guilty man, and if ever an earnest prayer went up to the throne of God, it was then uttered from the quivering lips of the broken-hearted murderer.

“I will not detain you,” continued the Pastor, “by detailing the incidents of his subsequent career. To me it is every thing to say that he lived for years afterwards, showing daily evidences that he was indeed an altered man. I have no power even to describe the great change which had come over him. Instead of being melancholy, morose, forbidding, the milk of human kindness was now coursing in his veins. His whole life was entirely changed. Instead of being a miser, taking away the little all of the poor and the destitute, he was kind-hearted, benevolent and cherishing, bestowing liberally from his great wealth to smooth the path of those upon whom the dealings of Heaven had mysteriously fallen. Many a widow and orphan now offer up prayers from the altar of their grateful bosoms, for the eternal rest of one who had come to feel that there is indeed a glimpse of Heaven upon earth in cherishing the inspiration to do good charities to our fellow creatures; and the unpretending benevolence of the repentant bore me amply witness that from his soul he felt there is no greater happiness in the present world than that which urges us to seek daily to scatter one more flower in the rugged way of the forlorn, the destitute, and the deserving.

“It is not, perhaps, to be supposed that the great reformation of the guilty man was instantaneously brought about. You have heard by his own confession that for years and years the load of guilt had been sinking him to the most fearful depression; and ere he could have become so contrite of heart as to acknowledge, even to one humble being, so great a crime, He, who controlleth all things for good, had dealt with him in secret and mysterious Providences. We are abundantly assured that ‘The contrite and broken-hearted shall in no wise be cast out.’ Of my own course towards the guilty man,” said the Pastor, “I can only tell you, my dear young friends, that I constantly sought direction of Him whom I have delighted to follow. I soon felt that I was placed by the confession of so dreadful a crime, in a most painful position. Was it my duty to give up the murderer to the penalties of the law? If I ever sought light with fervency it was that I might here be guided in the only true course; and it was not soon that I felt fully persuaded of my positive duty. He who came to bring down the great truths of Christianity to the wants of the human family, taught in his whole life that God is more ready to forgive than we are to seek His mercy; and from the moment when the guilty man unburthened his sinking soul, I never had reason to doubt that he had met forgiveness from on High.

“In his death, too, he gave the sweetest evidences that he had not been mistaken in his unspeakable hopes. I was called to minister at his dying couch. He had passed a short sickness with the utmost serenity and resignation. From the first he expressed to me the full belief that he was not to recover; but nothing like a murmur escaped his lips. I had frequent conversations with him. He sought such intercourse; and earnestly desired me never to be away from him, when my duties could possibly allow my presence. I yielded to his wishes not more from his urgency than from the fullness of my own desires to witness in his last moments the triumphs of that faith ‘which leadeth to life everlasting.’

“He became at last fully sensible that the moment of dissolution was rapidly approaching. Then it was that he gave us the fullest assurances of his unspeakable happiness. The cold sweat was already on his brow. The family had gathered around his couch, to take the last farewell of the

dying father. Edward and Louise had unconsciously bent over him, side by side. With a look of benignity, such as is spoken of angels over a soul that is saved, he raised himself by the last effort of expiring nature, and, placing their hands in each others, he turned to me with an expression of unutterable felicity, and breathed this last wish of his grateful bosom:—"Join them in holy wedlock; join them ere I close my eyes for ever. They are my children; may they be happy here, and when they come to meet this solemn hour of decaying nature, oh that they may be filled with the bright assurances of a glorious hereafter, which are now beckoning me into that world which shall never pass away."

THE PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE PENNSYLVANIA INQUIRER.

FATHER and God! to whom the thoughts
Of every human breast are known,
Eternal—Vast—Omnipotent!
Worlds are but footstools to thy throne!
Amid the peans of the host—
The shouts of joy—the peals of praise—
The breath of bliss from seraph lips—
The songs that cherub voices raise—
Oh! deign to bend a listening ear—
A child of earth consent to hear!

Forgive, if I too fondly cling
To one—a thing of dust I know,
And yet in thy bright image made—
High heart, free soul, and manly brow—
Forgive, Great Judge, that even now,
When I would turn my thoughts above,
I feel upon my cheek the glow,
And in my breast the fire of love!
Forgive, that while I bow, I feel
A woman's weakness on me steal!

Alas! how vain! and yet to Thee
Why need I each fond thought disclose?
Without Thy aid no star could shine,
No hue could beautify the rose,—
Great Architect of myriad worlds,
Thou knowest all we feign or feel—
Each shallow thought—each empty dream,
Then why this simple heart reveal?
The hopes that bud—the joys that bloom—
Thou know'st them all, their date and doom!

Thou know'st the Future! as the Past
Its chequered scenes are spread before Thee—
Fate's arrow quivering in the heart—
Youth's sunny dream and manhood's story—
The flower-crowned bridal and the bier—
Spring's golden light and winter's even—
The cloud that's meant to shadow here—
The shaft that wings the soul to Heaven—
The breeze that bears a fatal breath,
And wan consumption's subtle death!

My present path seems strewed with flowers,
And bright blue skies are bending o'er me,
While Hope points to the coming hours,
And whispers, "Bliss is now before thee!"
And is it so? At times I feel
A fearful chill upon my spirit,
And dream of broken hopes and pangs—
The woe that all our kind inherit—
Father and God! oh, be to me
A guide on life's tempestuous sea.

Without Thee, none could live or move;
The sun from its high place would fall,
With all the spheres that shine above
As lamps to light this earthly ball.
Planet and star, and glittering orb,
Far distant hung amid the air,
Attest the Universal God,
The power that made and placed them there;
And yet, Great Source, how mean a thing
May nestle under thy wide wing!

Thou art the all Eternal One,
The soul of nature and of heaven;
The eye, the ear, the mind of man,
All speak of Thee and blessings given.
Without Thee, who could raise a hand,
Or hear the thunder's loudest peal—
Or tell when Morning's rosy light
Along the East began to steal!
Thou art the spirit of the whole,
The all-pervading source and soul!

Thou know'st my heart—its hopes and fears—
Its tumults wild—its plighted faith—
The flame that burns within its depths.
Oh! keep it pure and true till death!
And that heart's idol—may he prove
All that my fancy pictures now,
A being meant and formed for love—
No stain upon his soul or brow—
Then, then kind Heaven, this life will be
A path that upwards leads to Thee!

MY COUSIN HELEN.

BY C. PETERSON, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"She was like
A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!"
Willis.

SHE was a bright and beautiful being, too pure and holy for a sinful world like this. If an angel could have wandered from the skies, and found a dwelling in an earthly form, the beauty of the starry visitor could not have equalled her surpassing loveliness. She had a soul, too, full of poetry, drinking it in from every lovely thing in nature. The lawn—the streamlet—the rich meadow-land—the gorgeous hill side, and the dark solitary forest were all to her beauty and incense. Often have I wandered with her in the still hush of the summer twilight, listening to the low anthem of the forest trees, or the wild murmur of the mountain streams, and gazing on the illimitable void above, until our souls seemed to drink in of the majesty of that far off realm, and we longed to be away, soaring amid those worlds of light, and treading the starry pavements of her own beautiful sphere. As she wandered thus with me, leaning upon my arm, and lifting her dark eyes to mine, she would say that it seemed as if she had once lived in a brighter and more glorious state of being, the chords of which still lingered in her bosom, and vibrated as if touched by some mysterious hand, in harmony with the woods, and streams, and stars.

There is a music in some voices almost divine; but I never heard a voice like Helen's. It had a softness in its tones like the low breath of summer among rushes, stirring the heart with vague and mysterious feelings. I have listened to it in the silence of twilight, coming and melting on the air, until it almost seemed to float from that better world she loved to think upon. The memory of those low, reedy tones still lingers around me, and often at the quiet hour of midnight it comes across my soul, making every sense thrill under their subtle influence, as they did long, long years ago. And then the deep, dark, swimming eye, looking out from beneath the silken lashes, and seeming like the stars to speak a language too deep for words!

Helen was scarcely sixteen when we first met. She had always lived in a world of her own; but her heart panted for some one to share in her communings. From the first hour of our meeting, we felt a mysterious sympathy linking us together, as if, according to the olden philosopher, we had once known each other in that brighter state of being, and met again after ages of separation. We were both young, and full of youth's indefinite yearnings. It was just that period of life when we love with that purity of sentiment with which, alas! we never love again. Beautiful—too beautiful was that sunny period! How we loved to wander together up the hill side, or through the shadowy glen, or along the flowing banks of the stream! How we loved to hear the low winds whispering among the willows, or to listen to the waters rippling pleasantly over their strong bed; and when twilight came, and the pale moon led on the choral hosts of heaven, how we loved to gaze upon the weird-like landscape, melting dreamily away, and fancy that the airy sounds floating by—coming and going we knew not whither—were the whispers of guardian angels. And thus would we gaze for hours, until our souls would be strung to this high harmony, and each a crowd of holy feelings at our hearts, we would silently stroll home. Thus we loved.

I shall never forget that summer. It was like a dream of infancy, all innocence and delight. I lived only in Helen's presence, until she became almost a part of my being. We loved with the fervency of youth, and life seemed to us only a summer morning. But the summer at last went by, and when the corn-fields yellowed in the sun, and the grapes hung in purple clusters from the vines, I received the long expected summons to begin, in reality, a life which had yet been to me only a romance. Need I say Helen wept when we parted? And my own heart—was it not full? I pressed her to my bosom, kissed the tears from her dewy lashes, gave one long look into those dreamy eyes, and scarcely murmuring "farewell," rushed out, leaped into my saddle, and went down the road with the rapidity of lightning. But as I passed the old corner, I turned a moment to look back. A white handkerchief waved from the piazza, and then the trees intervened, and I was—alone.

Years had passed away, and I was grown to manhood. I had mingled with men—traversed the vast prairies of the west—seen mankind in savage as well as civilized life, and lived years of a quiet existence in the wild changes of my wandering being. I had learned to know the human heart—to unmask its deceitful veil, and to lay bare its workings of selfishness, hatred, passion, and too rarely—affection. I had become one of the world, and my bright and beautiful dreams were over. Yet, oh! how I still longed for that quiet old mansion, with its little stream, its row of willows, and the innocent young girl with whom I spent that happy summer. It used to be a dream of my

solitary hours—and God knows it was the last I ever had—that I would soon return to claim her as my own, and live once more in the light of her smiles. Often, at such times, would my imagination take wing, until I fancied myself back again in her lonely home, listening to her low voice carolling some favorite air; and when a letter reached me in her hand-writing, old memories would crowd thick upon me, and a feeling come down upon my heart that almost brought the tears into my eyes, I scarce knew why. Alas! that in a world like this we are so often separated from the ones we love.

At last the purposes of my absence had been accomplished, and with a glad and bounding heart I set out on my return. Every thing around, too, seemed to partake of my joy. The savannahs were covered with flowers, the orange blossoms whitened the groves, and the voices of the birds carolled forth their music in exulting strains. But as I drew farther north the signs of approaching spring became less evident. Here and there, upon the hills, yet lingered the snow, and only in the rich meadow lands of the valleys the flowers began to bloom. The larch had scarcely put on its verdure, the lilac was yet stern and bloomless, and the voices of the merry songsters of the forest were heard only at solitary intervals.

There is a vague, mysterious melancholy, which steals upon us at times, bringing with it an undefinable dread of approaching evil—a melancholy which we strive in vain to shake off, and which can only be soothed by gentle music, some old memory, or the sympathy of those we love. Such a presentiment had gradually come across my soul, until I began to tremble lest I should hear some terrible misfortune as I approached Helen's home. In vain I strove to shake off my feelings; they clung to me with the tenacity of life. It might be that it was only the surrounding scenery; but I felt that I had grown too much in manhood to be stirred with such idle phantasies. I hurried on however with the rapidity of an excited mind, and reached the little village by my uncle's, one beautiful morning in spring.

More than two years had elapsed since I last saw the old mansion, and as I turned in from the highway to the well known gate, a gush of olden feelings swept across me. Every thing around me had some memory connected with it reminding me of Helen. There was the bench which I had built for her beneath the oak, and here the clump of maples under which we had strayed in the summer twilight. Beside me was the shrubbery, whence I had plucked flowers for her hair, and yonder the little brook bubbled along, floating through the willows in the sunlight, as it danced merrily on its way. For a moment I felt a thrill of gladness tingling in every nerve—my heart beat high with joyful anticipations, and giving my steed the rein, I went rapidly up the old road to the mansion.

As I approached the house, I was struck by the unnatural stillness brooding on every thing around. Though it was a sunny morning in early spring, when every thing is full of joy and light, the silence of a summer noonday reigned about the house, and among the ancient trees. The garden and porch were deserted, most of the window shutters were bowed, and not a solitary being could be seen anywhere in the dwelling or surrounding offices. Thick, fearful feelings struggled within me. I sprang from my horse with a palpitating heart, and hurried to the door of the hall, determined to know the worst.

I entered the hall unopposed; but it was silent and deserted. The sound of my quick footsteps echoed through it with a distinctness which startled me. Where were the warm hearts and happy faces that were wont to welcome me? Where was my good old uncle, and where my own sweet Helen? Alas! something terrible had happened to produce this unnatural silence. But the sound of my disordered step had already been heard—a side-door opened, and the old housekeeper stood before me. When she beheld who the intruder was, she turned ashy pale.

"For heaven's sake," said I, eagerly grasping her hand, "what is the matter? Speak—speak—is—is Helen—" I could say no more.

"Thank God you have come, my dear young master," said the old lady with a thick voice.

"But what has happened?" I exclaimed wildly. "I feel it is something terrible—tell me the worst—" and with unnatural calmness I added, "Helen is then dead."

"Oh! no—no. God be praised she is yet living; but she is ill—very, very ill; though" she added eagerly, as I gasped for breath, and staggered against the wall, "there is yet, perhaps, hope. Henry, Henry," she added, grasping my cold hand, "oh! that you had been spared this—but the Almighty's will is inscrutable."

With a strong effort I conquered my feelings, and said in a voice that made my companion start, it was so deep and hollow—

"But she yet lives—for mercy's sake then lead me to her."

"And so I will, but she has just fallen into a gentle sleep," said the old lady, bursting into tears; "but, oh! do not, my dear Henry, look so. Compose yourself—come in here—a little cordial may make you feel better. I will go and call your uncle. Oh! that I should have lived to see a day like this."

I cannot tell the sensations of that moment. The agony of a life-time was compressed into an instant, until my brain reeled, and my frame tottered beneath it. Nor will I describe the meeting with my kind old uncle—he who had been to me a second parent. We threw ourselves into each

other's arms, and then, and not till then, did my emotions find vent in tears. It is a terrible thing which can make a strong man weep.

Helen had been caught one night in a shower, and thoroughly drenched before she reached home. A slight cold was the consequence, to which none paid any attention, except the ever careful housekeeper. But a short, dry cough soon awakened the attention of her parent, and a physician was called in. He declared it was a mere trifle, and quieted their apprehensions, at least for a while. But the blow was struck.

There is a fearfulness in the approach of consumption which strikes awe even into the stoutest heart. With a slow and stealthy step it creeps upon its victim, and the first notice we often have of its coming, is the arrow driven into the heart; while the bloom which we hail as the sweet omen of a long and happy life, is only the signet mark of this insidious foe. Hourly he goes his rounds among the beautiful and young, leaving every where behind him the fearful traces of his visit. While some linger on for years, others wither at once like flowers in an early frost. Helen was not one of those doomed to a prolonged torture. Scarcely six weeks had passed since the first approaches of this fearful conquerer. At first the steps of the destroyer were slow, and she could still linger around her old haunts in the open air—then his strides became quicker, she grew daily weaker, and her failing strength confined her to the limits of the house; and at last feeling that even this was more than she could bear, she was forced to remain in her own little room, only venturing into the hall on a warm, sunny day for a moment, and even then leaning on her parent's arm. Yet, if anything bowed down her spirit, it was to be thus shut out from the free air of heaven; and when spring came, and the little walk into the hall became an exertion too great for her failing strength, she would ask them to bear her to the open window, that she might see the green fields, hear the murmur of the streams, and gaze again upon that beautiful sky which had been to her so glorious. Oh! how she panted to be once more in the old haunts she loved—to hear the birds sing—to feel the winds upon her cheek, and to look upon all the mysterious workings of nature's wonderful machinery.

As she grew weaker and weaker, it seemed as if every thought became more holy, until she breathed a language almost divine. She had long given up all hope of life, and her only wish was that she might see me before she died. Day after day she had counted the hours which would have to elapse before the summons they had sent to me should bring me to her side; though little did she think that I was already far upon my way towards her before the message had departed. Thus she sank away. Was it not better that one so pure should go up to her own glorious home? but, alas! for the broken-hearted old man and the desolate ones she left behind. But I pass it by. The nurse at last appeared to tell me Helen was prepared to see me. In an instant we were in her chamber.

Her room was always simply ornamented; but now it seemed more so than ever. The white curtains—the pale counterpane—the early wild flowers on the little stand, were all arranged according to Helen's exquisite taste. But I saw nothing except the sufferer herself.

If Helen had seemed beautiful to me in our earlier acquaintance, oh! how surpassingly so did she now appear. The white brow, the lustrous eye, the small hectic spot upon her cheek, and, above all, the calm ethereal expression lighting up her countenance with an almost angelic loveliness, gave her the appearance of a seraphic rather than of an earthly being. I stood spell-bound for a moment. She was the first to speak.

"Henry," she said, in a voice so low and sweet, that it seemed to be the whisper of the summer wind; "Henry—how glad I am you have come—and so soon, too—I am changed, I fear—"and she ceased speaking, while a fit of coughing racked her delicate frame.

I would have given worlds to have been able to reply; but my words choked in my throat, and despite every effort, the hot tears gathered into my eyes. Oh! she was indeed changed.

"I am not so well as I was once, Henry," she said, with a slight quivering in her voice, as she lifted her deep eyes up to mine and gazed tenderly upon my face, "but do not weep—it is all for the best, and though we shall no more stroll through the old woods together, there is a land far away where we shall yet meet after a very little while. Henry, as you love me, do not weep."

But why should I dwell upon the scene? I found words at last to speak, though the agony of it I may not picture. Yet when I listened to Helen's gentle voice, a peace seemed to steal down upon my darkened soul, and I almost forgot my grief in admiration of her own weak, uncomplaining sufferings. So young, so fair, so innocent, yet withering slowly away, and even silently reproaching us all by her resignation.

For a few days after my return, Helen seemed to regain her strength, and her fond father even indulged a faint hope of her recovery. She smiled almost like she did of old, when I brought her in the wild flowers I gathered every morning for her; and her voice seemed to gather a strength which the good old nurse said it had not possessed for weeks. But how delusive were our hopes! Before a week had elapsed, she began again rapidly to decline, and each successive hour only bore her the more rapidly to her end. Every heart trembled with apprehension. The servants went and came noiselessly—the sound of the wind was seemingly quicker than usual, and the old trees around the mansion sighed low and sadly in the breeze.

It was on one of those sunny days in early spring, when the trees are just beginning to put on their vesture, when every bud is bursting into the flower, and when from hill, stream, and woodland floats up the music of nature's hidden harmonies, that Helen begged us to place her near the casement, that she might look out once more upon the beautiful things of this earth, from which, alas! she was so soon to pass away. The window opened into the garden, and the perfume of the young flowers floated through, filling the room with a delicious fragrance. As Helen sat, propped up with pillows, her eye wandered over a wide expanse of hill and forest, stretching proudly away until they melted into the far-off horizon. Our little group stood silently around her while she gazed long and ardently upon the scene. We saw that she was failing rapidly, and we watched her with the intensity of love. At last her eye turned a moment from the landscape, and I fancied I heard a low, soft sigh.

"This is a beautiful world, after all," she said in that seraphic voice, which seemed momentarily to grow more heavenly; "it is a bright and beautiful world; and I once thought how hard it would be to leave its sweets, and all that I loved to look upon. But oh! father, cousin, it is nothing to the leaving those we love—" and she looked up into our faces with an eye that already seemed like "that of an angel." Our hearts were full—the tears gathered on our lashes; but after a moment, as if she had not seen it, she continued:

"There are the hills, Harry, where we used to walk together. We shall walk there no more. How beautiful they look in this sunlight! Will you think of me when you gaze on them after I am gone!"

I could not answer. My heart was swelled to bursting. But I pressed her hand, and turned away to wipe a tear. At this instant her little bird, whose cage hung close under the window, sent up its hooping note. The familiar sound caught her ear, and she continued:

"And my poor canary—will you take care of it, too, for my sake, Harry? It will sing to you, after I am no more, and remind you sometimes of your own poor Helen—will you, Harry?"

"Helen, for mercy's sake, do not talk so—I will cherish all—every thing. Oh, God!" I ejaculated in utter agony. But the mild eye of the dying sufferer smote me for my repinings, and I was dumb. She smiled sweetly, and extended her hand.

"Thank you—I knew you would. And now bring me nearer to the window."

We moved the couch tenderly. For a few minutes there was another silence, broken only by an occasional half-stifled sob from one of our group.

"Why do you weep?" she said, suddenly looking up, while a glow of seraphic glory seemed to irradiate her countenance. "I have always prayed to die thus," and she took her father's hand and mine each into one of her own—"am I not going to that better world of which we loved to talk in happy days long past? where the flowers ever bloom, the waters marmur music, and the stars hymn on in unceasing harmony! Yes!—it is only going home. Who would not rather be there than in a world of care like this?" she continued with a look of triumph lighting up her countenance; "there, too, we shall all meet at last—never to part. It is not—so hard—parting—after all—is—it!"

"God bless you, Helen!" was the heart-broken answer of her father.

"Read me that chapter—will you—Harry?—you know—the one we spoke—of yesterday," she murmured in a rapidly failing voice.

I opened the Bible, and in faltering tones read aloud that sublime chapter which holds out so gloriously the promise of the resurrection of the dead. As I proceeded, holding Helen's hand in my own, I felt it growing colder and colder, and stealing my eyes to her face, when I drew towards the close, I saw it glowing, to my heated fancy, with a halo of light. I finished, and closed the book. The rapt expression of that face I shall never forget. She looked up as if something met her eye, half rose upon her couch, and inclined her head slightly as if listening.

"Hark!" said she, in a whisper we could clearly distinguish, so deep was the silence of that room; "hark!" and she lifted a finger—"the music is sounding—father—cousin—heaven—home—" and with a smile of ineffable sweetness she sank back upon the couch. Her lips moved a moment, but we could distinguish no sounds. They closed—and her spirit had flown back to her own heavenly sphere.

I know not how it is, but the quiet little churchyard where Helen lies, seems to me a spot almost as holy as that heaven I used to dream of when a child. I am altered now. The cares and sorrows of this world have dimmed the brightness of my early vision, and I never see now in sleep the glorious things I once saw. But I always feel a holy quiet at the grave of my cousin, which reminds me of the lofty aspirations we had together after that better state of being. I love at such times to fancy that she hovers, like a guardian angel, over me; and often when my heart is stirred with strange, mysterious feelings, and a hush like the Sabbath comes down upon my soul, I think that it is the spirit of Helen communing with my own.

Philadelphia, May, 1840.

THEODORIC, OF THE AMALI.

BY J. TOMLIN, AUTHOR OF "MARY OF CASTLE PINCKNEY."

[Concluded from page 242.]

The vicissitudes of this life are never subject to man's will. Every change that comes over the dream of his fancy proves the existence of a binding fate. The shadow that falls in his pathway is beyond his control. Chains are ever weaving by our wicred sister, to keep us from straying beyond the boundaries she circumscribes. As an *ignis fatuus* is carried along by the current of air, so the spirit of man, whether it be high or low, is moved to its goal by the capriciousness of its destiny. The resolve of our reason is as changeable as the freaks of the butterfly sporting over the village green. Doing deeds ever to find repentance, and repenting to find the deeds needing repentance are accumulating faster than the means for forgiveness. Acting, that his actions may be noted down for regret. A poor thing, boasting of reason, less certain in its truth than the instinct of the brute.

Agreeably to the terms of the league entered into between Theodoric and the Verina, the former marched at the head of twenty thousand Walamirs to suppress the revolt of the son of Triarius. On the confines of Thrace, he was intercepted in the dark defiles of Mount Soudis by his disobedient and refractory cousin. The two armies met as belligerents, and parted as friends. Kindred blood warmed the veins of the commanders, and the people became brothers of unity. Like circumstances having transmitted their opinions—barbarian being their generic appellation, their religion the same, they could not otherwise than capitulate. Such a combination of old association made them friends, who had otherwise been implacable foes. Standing on a bold eminence of the mountain, Theodoric, the son of Triarius, addressed the army of his cousin thus:

"Brave Walamirs! what are you doing? Are ye the mercenary slaves of the Verina, that you are willing to become the instruments of destruction to your own people? Pause, I beseech you, ere the alarm of discord is rung in your ears. The cry, 'To arms, ye brave!' shall be the watchword for an expulsion of an enemy! Is it not the interest of the Byzantine Court to see barbarian meet barbarian in deadly feud? Why is it that Goth is fighting against Goth? Are they not brothers? Have not our Dacian mothers, in their rude huts, wept for our foolishness? Think awhile! Ere the tocsin peals its note on the morning breeze of the mountain, proclaiming 'To arms, ye brave,' let us be friends! Ere the clarion bugle sends its wildest note to the deep forests that skirt our streams, calling 'To arms, ye brave,' let us bury our feuds, and nerve our arms in defence of our ancient customs! Brave Walamirs! I appeal to our judgments; if this difficulty is not terminated amicably, the Byzantine Court reap the benefit of our bickerings and strife. Pause, before you strike!"

This short speech had the desired effect. Theodoric was forced to capitulate with his kinsman. A new treaty of bargain was ratified between him and the Verina, which opened to him new glories in perspective. Odoacer, the baseless Odoacer, was invested with the Roman purple, and Theodoric had powers plenipotentiary given by the Byzantine Court to prosecute the war to the dethronement of the Isaurian, and the aggrandizement of the dynasty of the Bosphorus. Italy—the fair Italy—that weakened the energies of a Hannibal, was to be the theatre of his glory. Possessing in an eminent degree the peculiar powers of governing Barbarians, the choice of the Verina—the directing Pythoness of the Bosphorus faction—was not inaptly made. Inheriting an empire that had been governed by a race of popular kings, he ascended the throne of a nation that had learned obedience in wars.

Theodoric, being true to his interest, was not tardy in taking steps to secure every advantage to himself, that the conquest of Italy could give. By rapid marches, he soon found himself, with an invincible army, beyond the Julian Alps. Near the ruins of Aquileia, he met Odoacer and conquered. In writing back to the Verina, he adopted the laconic style of Julius Cæsar. "The Goth has conquered!" was the contents of his letter. In the second, he was equally laconic—"Theodoric makes conquests for himself!" Establishing himself at Ravenna, he reigned by the right of conquest.

The fugitive Odoacer fled to Theodoric for protection, and on bended knees invoked his benisons. "I throw myself on the clemency of the invader of my rights, and invoke his protection!" was the petition offered by the craven Isaurian.

"He that cannot protect his own rights is unworthy of that of his conqueror!" replied Theodoric, as he stabbed him deeply in the heart.

"I have received the stab of a coward!" replied Odoacer, and fell dead at his murderer's feet.

As Theodoric sat one evening in his villa, near Ravenna, holding fœd dalliance with his beautiful Ariadne, a courier was announced from the Byzantine Court.

"I do hate to have my hours disturbed by petitions of claims admitting no compromise. Shall my toils have no reward but a vassalage to the Byzantine Court? Conquering the fairest portion of the earth for those that aided only by counsel? The thing is preposterous—it would be sheer cowardice! By heavens!" spoke the excited Theodoric, "so long as the Tiber laves the banks around Rome's Colliseum, so long shall Theodoric, or his descendants, reign over these fair fields and hamlets. If I give away the diadem that crests my brow, it shall be to one all worthy to receive it—indeed, it must not be to the Verina."

"They have practiced double treachery to you," replied Ariadne. "In the first place, they endeavored to kindle in your bosom a hatred to your cousin, the son of Triarius. Failing in that, they induced you by fallacious promises to wrest the sceptre from Odoacer, in Italy. Changing the true spirit of the league of capitulation, they construe their bargain into a positive promise made by you to reign here as their lieutenant. A poor subterfuge to cover their treachery."

As Ariadne finished speaking, the courier presented herself before Theodoric, in the shape of the Verina. She was attended by Trascallisseus. Age had settled on her cheek the deep furrows of years, but it had had no power in chastening the turbulence of her mind.

"I come," spoke the Verina, "to settle the difficulties existing between yourself and the Byzantine Court."

"Unassisted by the Byzantine Court, I conquered these fair provinces—unassisted, by arms I expelled the base Isaurian—with God's blessing, I will reign here by the right of conquest!" replied Theodoric.

"But have you not violated the spirit of the Court's agreement, when she allowed you to invade this country?"

"I grant it! But has not the Byzantine Court compromitted her honor in refusing to abide the truth of the agreement? I have betrayal for treachery!" replied Theodoric.

"You are then determined to compromise nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"Thy baseness is intolerable!"

"Betrayal has mastered thy treachery!"

"Will you grant me a passport through these, *thy* dominions?"

"I will!"

"Then, I'll leave you; but to return with an army that will for ever spoil the usurper's happiness. Know ye not that it is dishonest to betray confidence?"

"I will drive from these fair provinces the armies of the ex-empress, the Verina of the east.—Know ye not that treachery is always foiled with its own weapons?"

"I go to avenge my wrongs."

"I stay to keep my rights from invasion."

"Then God judge between us!"

"Amen!"

"Come, Zeno," spoke the Verina, as she got up to leave the room; "come, let us return, and on the way talk over our wrongs, and scheme a reparation for our injuries."

"Zeno!—who can she mean? Is my beloved mistress affected in the head?" spoke Trascallisseus.

"Come along, you old fool, and not be gaping like an idiot at his own nonsense!" angrily commanded the Verina.

The Verina left the Italian dominions, to devise new schemes in the palace of the Bosphorus.—Theodoric, in the love of his Ariadne, remained at his villa near Ravenna, and secured the well wishes and love of his subjects, by ruling them with moderation. In the embosomed shades of his villa he spent the remainder of his days, undisturbed by civil commotions from the jealousy of friends, or the envy of enemies. In him the last male in direct descent from the Amali expired, and Theodoric, the Scythian Ostrogoth, bequeathed the Roman Empire to Athalaric, the Dacian Goth!

It becomes necessary to retrace our footsteps to where the Herali was immured in the dark dungeon. As soon as the door had been closed on him, as has been recorded, he quaked all over with fear. The darkness was of such impenetrable thickness that the light of the lamp refused to penetrate it. He could scarcely breathe, for the thick vapors hung in cobweb festoons over his head. His naturally frank and confiding disposition would not permit him to believe in the Comito's treachery. "It is a freak of hers," he would whisper to himself, "to try the strength of my nerve." He was deceived! A few hours sufficed to convince him that something was wrong; yet he felt unwilling to acknowledge it. The lengthening hours were becoming insufferable to one who had never before known what restraint was. His mind soon reverted to the many cruelties of the day—the wrongs inflicted on the weak—which the public functionaries passed by unavenged, and even

unnoticed. He thought of the like enormity he had often sanctioned, and the many that he had been guilty of. These old time recollections administered no balm to his gloomy reflections, but rather tended to create an aberrant disquietude of the mind. Was he to be sacrificed to appease the vengeance of a vindictive woman? Would not an individual of less note answer all of the purposes of a victim to revenge? Such thoughts as these were flitting rapidly through his mind. Had any of the members of the blue faction wronged her?—he was willing to make the *amende honorable*, by giving the required satisfaction. Had he injured any of her friends?—his devotion to her would more than cancel the injury! The longer he studied on the matter, the more inexplicable the subject became. It was a mystery that time alone would solve. He soon discovered that the longer he stayed in the dungeon the lighter it grew. The vision will soon accustom itself to look through a vapor or fog that the unaccustomed eye will not penetrate. This is apparent to every one that has noticed the difficulty he experiences in discovering objects in a darkened room, after leaving the light of a burning meridian sun. But so soon as the eyes throw off the superabundant light it has received, the vision acknowledges its former accuracy. In examining the room the Herali found nothing to warrant the belief of it being used ever as a prison. The rusted chains, suspended from staples in the wall, were not to be seen. The skeleton's naked deformity was no where visible; the straw pallet was no where to be found. A dirt floor and the walls of the prison were the only visible objects. What could he do? He could not batter down the door with his bare hands, nor move the walls from their heavy foundations. He had a small dagger in his bosom, but what availed its sharpness on two feet walls? It could free him of life, but it could not give revenge! A momentary delirium seized on his brain, but it passed away as a cloud before the tempest. Was he to die—starve—famish in the habitation of toads and scorpions?—and unavenged? It was poison to his soul! A fair fight in an open field was his glory; but to be cooped up, like a mouse in a trap, was distraction.

He had remained some twenty hours in the dungeon, as well as he could judge of time, immured as he was in the close walls of a prison, when he heard the footsteps of some one coming down the stairs. He was not mistaken in his conjectures, for a tall, bony female opened the door of the prison, and presented herself to the astonished prisoner. She carried in her hand a small lamp, from which gleamed fitfully a fiery red flame. It afforded a light sufficiently good for the purpose of discovering the features of the woman, but the excitement of the Herali was such as to conjure in its appearance a peculiarity bordering on the supernatural. Her hands were long and attenuated: her eyes were sunken, and emitted a baleful influence that chilled the feverish blood: the cheek-bones were high, and the chin terminated in a point: the hair was grizzly, and hung in matted elf-locks on her projecting shoulders. Her bosom was bare, and revealed the skinny breasts, hanging down like a lank dog's ears. She wore a kind of tunic that only reached to the knees, embroidered with those devices of the fancy that were thought to exist in a world of spirits, and lived embodied in others of this world. She carried in her hand a small but exquisitely neat wrought dagger. The handle was ivory, and begemmed richly; the blade was polished like the surface of a steel mirror. She held it in an offensive attitude. The point was tipped in blood, which gleamed in the fiery light of the lamp, in horrible contrast to the bright, mirror-like blade. The light formed a halo around her head, which was caused by the reflection of the light on the settling vapor. He became much alarmed, for he verily believed the strange woman was a tenant of the other world. As she came in, his first thought suggested a safety in springing to pass her, gain the door, and make his escape; but a spell rested on him, and he was not able to move. He tried to speak, but his tongue was silent, for it moved not. His eyes almost starting from their sockets—the hair bristling like the quills of the porcupine—imaged fear. He was more an object of fright than the woman. It is probable that much of the latter's inhuman appearance was caused by her astonishment at his own rueful countenance.

The Comito, having sent this woman to release the Herali, was somewhat astonished upon finding she did not immediately return. So, after waiting some half hour or more, she took the only remaining lamp, and went herself to ascertain the cause of the delay. She found them on their feet, wildly glaring on each other. The Herali's mouth was half open, the tongue hanging between his lips, swollen and dry.

"The man and woman are certainly daft!" spoke the Comito, as she gave the Herali a tap on the shoulder with a switch she had in her hand. The charm was broken.

"Ha!" cried the Herali, "the Comito!" and seizing at the same time her wrists, she uttered a fearful scream, and let fall the lamp. The haggish woman, being utterly confounded, quickly left the room, and in going out, she pushed the door to, which caught the concealed spring, and fastened them both in the dungeon.

"See what you have done!" spoke the Comito to the Herali, after discovering that the door was fastened. "We are lost for ever!"

"How?" asked the Herali.

"That woman is my enemy, and she will leave us here to perish!"

"Indeed! then I am avenged already."

"You do not wish me to perish here, do you?" asked, somewhat pathetically, the Comito, of the Herali, and in accents so sweetly mournful that he half regretted that he had spoken the words.

"Have I not cause to wish—yea, desire your death?"

"No, it cannot be! Your imprisonment was the result of a freak of love—a strange fancy that took entire possession of my mind, so that I could not divest myself of it, after many painful emotions to do so. It was to secure you solely for my own pleasure. Finding it impossible to live without you, I thought, by confining you in prison, I would secure you entirely to myself. The duration of your imprisonment was much longer than I wished or calculated on when I left you here. I thought to have kept you from your dearest only a few short hours, but the unexpected return of Ecebolus prevented my releasing you earlier. In fact, he did not leave me until about a half hour ago; so soon as he was gone, I sent a messenger to direct your footsteps to your dearest Comito, who has taken a fancy to you, in spite of her assumed coldness. Cannot you forgive this little freak of humor in one that loves you more than she ever loved before? Come, I know you will—will you not?"

"Would that I could trust thy words! Woman's words are ever fairest, when they are deceiving," replied the Herali.

"Here, feel this throbbing breast, warmed by woman's best emotions, and then ask yourself if such throbbings have ever deceived?" spoke the Comito, as she laid his hand on her soft breast, covered only by her loose robe of gauze silk.

"I believe you!" cried the Herali; for that soft touch had electrified his feelings. "But beware of any future interruption: it may prove fatal."

"Come, then, follow me; we'll leave this place. I have a clue to the secret spring."

They groped their way through the darkness to the shut door, which the Comito managed to open, after fumbling with her hand around it for some minutes. As they arrived at the Comito's chamber, they saw the woman that had deserted them in the dungeon pass through the door that entered into the audience chamber of the Verina.

"There she goes," cried the Herali, as he grasped at his bosom for the dagger; but it was gone. The Comito had taken it secretly from his bosom. "Ha! the dagger gone—lost! What does this mean—am I betrayed? Answer me, Comito—have you the dagger?"

"Your dagger! I've seen it not; you must have dropped it in the dungeon," spoke the Comito with much apparent surprise.

At this moment, a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning round he beheld in utter astonishment, a man with a raised dagger pointing to his bosom.

"Ha!" ejaculated the Herali, "God's death to the murderer!" as the weapon gleamed in the light of the lamp, and descended with true aim at his breast. But by a sudden movement, as quick as thought, to one side, he saved himself; and the dagger in its descent only passed through the empty air. The Herali grappled with the individual, and with an almost supernatural strength wrested the dagger from his hand.

"Base assassin! what is it that I have done to merit a murderer's stroke?" asked the Herali, as he still retained his hold on the other's collar.

"'Twas the Comito that urged me to it!" he replied.

"You lie—villain, you lie!" vociferated the enraged Comito.

"What is your name and calling?" asked the Herali.

"Ecebolus! and"——

"Enough!" replied the Herali, as he raised the dagger high above his head, and plunged it into his dastard bosom.

After the deed was done, and the red blood, as it issued from the mortal wound, was sprinkling the carpet, the Comito, with an apparent natural calmness, spoke to the Herali thus: "Come, take the lifeless caitiff's body and throw it into the Bosphorus from the gallery which I will show you. Come, take it up, and I will assist you."

The Herali took the body up as commanded, and disposed of it as directed. He threw it over the balustrades into the deep stream. The pale moon shone from her high firmament on the troubled waters, and the wild roundelay of the boatman was the requiem of Ecebolus, as he sank beneath the angry waves.

"What do you think of the faith of woman now?" asked the Comito, with unruffled brow, as she sat down in the moonlit gallery.

"It is a phantom disappearing at pleasure," replied the Herali. "But do you not regret the murder of Ecebolus?"

"No! why should I? Has he not lied in his throat, when he said I urged him to kill you? Would that you had choked him, and made him swallow that lie! 'Twas jealousy, believe it was, that made him threaten thy life! He said I whispered your name last night, in my sleep; but of this I know nothing. I am glad he is out of the way, for I had grown heartily tired of him and his suspicions."

"Will you not grow tired of me, too?" asked the Herali.

"Not while you refuse to take cognizance of my actions. Beware of any surveillance on my

conduct, and all things will go well. Provoke me, and you will find a woman every way disposed and qualified to resent the provocation, even to the death. Don't you recollect the woman that came to release you while in the dungeon?"

"I never saw her before."

"It is Abigail, the Jewess."

"Ha!" spoke the Herali, in much trepidation; "and Abimeleck was her son, and I his murderer! She then recognised in me the murderer of her son. This then accounts for her frightful appearance while in the dungeon. But I fear her not."

"Beware of her; for I tell you she is spiteful, and seeks revenge," cautioned the Comito.

"And you are abetting with her for my destruction!"

"You wrong me, Narses; indeed you do!"

"How came she to have in her hand an unsheathed dagger, if she came to me as a friendly messenger?" asked the Herali, with much warmth.

"I know not; but I will find out, and you shall be duly enlightened on that subject."

"Well—well! I find that you will govern. But you would not be willing for me to love you always?"

"Indeed, Narses, I cannot consent to it; for always is a very long time! I should be willing for you to love me a little while; but indeed, dearest, not for ever."

"Again I must submit."

"I will become the protectress of your fortunes, and the tutular divinity imaging your happiness."

"Upon what conditions?" asked the Herali.

Upon these conditions, love—that you suffer me to make thy habitation where the nightingale sings, and the flowers ever bloom. I must make fetters of the moonbeams, to chain thee to my side!"

"I agree to it, dear one; for the terms are light."

A soft smile was seen to light the Comito's intellectual face. It was in mockery of her own fanciful conditions. She sat there in the soft moon-lit hour of love, the empress of the Herali's destiny. The limbs, modelled with a perfection scarcely to be expected in flesh and blood, were seen through the thin gauze silk, beautifully enticing. The breasts, white as a summer's rose bleached in the morning's earliest dews, were parted by a stray curl, which had wandered in mere wantonness adown her bosom. Again the Herali was beside himself; for eyes could not look on such beauty without being ravished. The Comito, discovering the inflammable nature of his passions, got up, and asked him to fetch a rose from the farther end of the balcony, which she had left there in the morning. The Herali proceeded to obey her commands, but had not gone more than a half-dozen paces before he stepped on a trap-door, and was precipitated into the waters below. As he swam around the palace walls to gain a landing on one of the streets, she cried out to him in this wise: "A good bribe to Neptune will secure you a comfortable birth in his watery dominions!" The Herali said not a word in answer.

She left the balcony, and took her way through the long galleries and corridors of the palace, lighted by a hundred lamps. She looked occasionally at her beautiful person as she passed the highly polished steel mirrors that hung along the different passages. She could not be otherwise than pleased with her own looks; for she was certainly a thing that one could love fondly. As she entered her chamber, Abigail, the Jewess, was sitting on the sofa, playing with the dagger.

"Ecebolus is slain, and Abimeleck lies in his bloody grave unavenged!" rather soliloquised the Comito, as she threw herself on the sofa, than addressed her words to the Jewess.

"Ecebolus slain?" asked the Jewess.

"'Tis true—and by the Herali," answered the Comito.

"May God's curse wither his right arm, and death come without repentance!"

"As your prayer is uttered, Abigail, you had better retire to bed!" commanded the Comito.

"I go—not to sleep, but to meditate revenge!" replied the Jewess, as she stalked into an adjoining chamber.

The Comito, the most beautiful woman of her day, had been in bed some two hours when she was awoke by some confused noise in the streets. She listened, and the wild cry of fire reached her ears. She screams, but no friendly one is near to give consolation. The discordant voice of the Jewess, Abigail, as she cries fire! fire! fire! is heard above the wild uproar without. What does the silent midnight reveal? The satiated lover turns away with loathing from the object that has fed the flame of his passion. The assassin, for his victim, is stealthily stalking in the house's shadow of the moon, and the by-alleys and waste places of the city. The hypocrite is uttering a prayer to an incensed deity, and hopes by mere trickery to bribe the Omnipotent's wrath. The man of pleasure is fleeing the revel that has wrinkled his brow. The blushing maiden in her first crime is weeping for the shame that will soon be shameless. The poet that has lived in a world of flowers, has lived to see the fruits of his divine imaginings—those sweet emotions of the alembic brain—neglected. His fondest calculations vanish awhile; but hope whispers of green fields of to-morrow, and he is young again. To-morrow comes, and the thread that linked him to a better home is broken. The scheme of to-morrow is half finished by to-day's disappointment. The clouds of yea-

terday were endured with a right good will, by the lure of the hope that gave promise of a sunshine on to-morrow. Vain anticipation! Man lives a fugitive from his own virtues, and dies the slave of his own passions!

To be awaked from a deep sleep by the cry of fire, is painful even to the stoutest bosom. The Comito rushed from her room into the long corridor that divided the palace into two great divisions. There she met the Jewess, Abigail, almost bereft of her senses.

"The God of Abraham protect us!" cried the Jewess. "The doors are all fastened that lead to the city, and we must perish! Shield us, thou God of Judah, as thou didst thy servant, Moses, in the bulrushes!"

The smoke had descended in thick volumes from the blazing roof, and they were almost suffocated.

"To the balcony, Abigail; that is the only chance of escape! Come—what ails the woman?" hurriedly cried the Comito, as the Jewess folded her arms, and took a seat.

"It is useless to go—we must perish!"

"No such thing. Come, follow me, and I promise a speedy deliverance from this burning place."

They gained the balcony, the fire following in the rear with rapid strides. The moon shone fitfully down through the curling smoke, and a solemn stillness was resting on the sleepless waters of the Bosphorus. As she looked over the quiet waters, and heard no sounds of oars, nor saw no shallop, the Comito's heart sunk within; she gave one loud and piercing scream—then again all was still but the rude waters lashing the palace walls.

"Ha! she dies!" muttered the Herali to himself, as the wild scream was wafted by the night breeze to his ears. "Would that she loved me; then all would be well. But she has scorned thrice my vows, and she must die."

"Save the Comito, Narses," commanded the Verina, as she rushed out of the palace walls into the street.

"She shall be saved," replied the Herali, as he passed by the Verina, on his way round the eastern wing of the palace.

"Zeno, save the Comito, and secure the gratitude of your mistress," asked the Verina of her general.

"Who do you speak to?" asked the quandom Triascalisseus.

"To you—begone, instanter, and save the Comito, or deep and lasting shame awaits you!" spoke the Verina, as she scowled furiously on her general.

"Thanks to the fates," cried the Herali, as the roof fell in, "all hopes are now cut off of her rescue!"

As the Comito stood listlessly musing on her approaching end, she heard from the waters below a soft voice crying, "Comito! Comito!" She looked down, and lo! a boat greeted her eyes.

"Will you save me?" asked, most piteously, the Comito, of the person in the boat.

"Jump into the water and my life upon it," answered the boatman.

"What, this horrid distance? it almost makes me dizzy to look down on the fearful distance! But as it is my only chance of being saved, I must risk it—here I come," spoke the Comito as she leaped into the Bosphorus, and was picked up by a new lover.

"Will you receive into your boat a daughter of Israel," asked Abigail the Jewess, as the boat was leaving the palace.

"A Jewess did you say?"

"One of the persecuted of the earth!" answered the Jewess.

"No! stay and burn, for thy accursed race should be destroyed!" spoke the boatman, as he rapidly paddled the boat into the wide stream.

The fire was making sad work with the palace. When the roof fell in, one of the blackened and half consumed rafters became detached from the main body and fell into the balcony. A strong current of air blowing at the same time from the Bosphorus, conveyed the sparks into the corridor, which, speedily catching the light tapestry, enveloped the whole side of the palace in flames.

"I will trust in Israel's God," cried the Jewess Abigail as she paced slowly, with measured step, the whole length of the balcony, "and he will be my de—" but at that moment she stepped on the trap-door into the Bosphorus, and was received into the arms of the Herali.

Five years had gone by since the burning of the palace—still the Comito had eluded the search of the Herali. New schemes and other pursuits had almost obliterated her likeness from his memory. There were times when old recollections would revive on his memory the likeness of that beautiful thing, and he would quit the gay haunts of his pleasure, and awhile indulge in the mournful solitude of thought. The thought of the Comito was the painful reminiscence of a by-gone day. The Verina had died when scheming other revolts, and by the mutation of fortune, another emperor was swaying the sceptre over the Christian East. The vast futurity was opening still to the ambitious Herali the schemes that the past had abandoned. He still retained his power and influence in the city, and his faction had secured the favor of the new emperor. The palace had been rebuilt with additional labor and cost, and superior splendor, and the Emperor Justinian was holding there

his nightly revels. The Herali had refused to visit again the palace that would remind him so forcibly of the superior attractions of the Comito. Meeting one evening in the streets the Emperor Justinian, he was so pressed to visit the palace that night, that he could not forego the visit. He went. The night—a lovelier perhaps had never been—was lit up by the softest beams of the high moon. They sat in the new balcony, watching the returning shallops of the fishermen.

“Do you recollect the trick the Comito played on you some years ago?” asked Justinian.

“Remember it?—yea, that I do, and now regret almost nightly the termination of things on that awful night,” replied the Herali.

“Would you forgive the Comito,” asked the emperor, “if she was still alive?”

“Most freely—but the wish is vain, for she found a watery grave. I heard her scream in this very balcony—or the one that stood where this is erected, and swam into the stream to save her. I had just arrived underneath the balcony, when some person fell into the water. I caught her in my arms, thinking that it was the Comito. But who do you think it was?” asked the Herali.

“Indeed I have no idea!”

“It was old Abigail the Jewess,” answered the Herali.

“Where was the Comito?” asked the emperor.

“I know not. I only know that she was not in the balcony, for I called and called, but she answered not.”

“And what became of the Jewess?”

“I drowned her.”

“Drowned her?” repeated Justinian.

“I could have saved her, but did not, and she drowned herself—if you think it the better phrase of her death,” replied the Herali.

“I could have saved her too, Narses, but it was my pleasure to let her die,” spoke Justinian.

“How?—were you on the stream that night?” asked the Herali.

“Yea.”

“Did you see the Comito?”

At that moment a beautiful lady walked from an adjoining room on the platform where the emperor and the Herali were sitting, and took a seat beside the emperor. As she sat down Justinian asked her if she would recollect “Narses of the Herali.”

“Why do you ask that question? Have I not cause to remember him forever?”

“This then is the Herali,” replied the emperor, pointing at the same time to Narses, who had risen from his seat and was walking rapidly across the floor.

“And this the Comito,” spoke the Herali; and bowing gracefully to the now illustrious lady, he resumed his seat with as quiet a bosom as the discovery would admit of.

But the angry passions of their bosom had long passed away, and time had erased the strong impressions of their youth. The Comito, perhaps, clung closer to the emperor's side than was her wont; but it was needless, for ambition was now the ruling passion of the Herali's bosom, and the mere mention of old time events had but little power to revive the past emotions.

“The Comito,” spoke the emperor, “is now my lawful and wedded wife—sole Empress of the East.”

“And wilt thou forgive the Herali?” asked Narses as he bended his knees to the empress.

“I will forgive thee heartily and cheerfully if thou wilt promise to engrave on the tablet of thy memory this advice.”

“Name it—I promise to do it,” answered the Herali.

“It is this:—Never to mistake light heartedness for vice; for many maidens that the world deem of easy virtue, are as spotless as the babe at nurse, while the vicious, by their wiles of hypocrisy, have purchased of the world an immaculate virtue. Remember this, and the Empress Theodora will be the friend of the Herali.

Jackson, Tennessee.

J U N E .

Now come the rosy June and blue-eyed Hours,
 With song of birds and stir of leaves and wings,
 And run of rills and bubble of bright springs,
 And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
 With buzz of happy bees in violet-bowers,
 And gushing lay of the loud lark, who sings
 High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings

In frequent sheddings of the flying showers;—
 With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
 And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
 Answered in far-off faintness by its dam;
 And cuckoo's call from green depths of all woods;
 And hum of many sounds, making one voice
 That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious
 noise.

THE PICTURE.

BY JOHN FROST, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY MESSENGER, PHILADELPHIA.

"KEEP a thing seven years and you'll have a use for it," is a maxim of domestic economy which used to be revered by our grand-mothers before steam and electro-magnetism came into fashion. The saying is as true now as ever it was, and it is as applicable to matters of intellect and science as to the odds and ends which are accumulated by time in the pigeon holes and drawers of an old desk, or a garret lumber room. Keep any item of information, any science, art, or accomplishment, for seven years, and it is ten to one, in these overturning, panic-breeding, speculating, smashing, and falling times, that although you may now be rich and prosperous, you will earn your living by that which you have thus preserved, or at any rate, some lucky accident may turn it to profitable use.

My friend, Jerry Godowny, experienced this. Twenty years ago, when we were at Cambridge together, Jerry was a fine spirited youth, almost at the head of his class; and heir to an independent fortune. His acknowledged talents, and the ease with which he maintained his rank in the class, enabled him to direct his attention to a variety of sciences and pursuits, which were not required by the college government as a part of his regular course of study; and truly he used the liberty thus afforded him without stint or hindrance. At one time he joined the Hemitic Club and studied chemistry, *con amore*. Then all his talk, between the puffs of a cigar, was of gases and acids, hydrogen and oxygen, Davy and Gay-Lussac. I never could go into his study without breaking my shins over retorts and crucibles; and on one occasion I was very near saving the president the trouble of signing my diploma, by swallowing a murderous half pint of oxalic acid, which was standing in a drinking goblet on his study table, looking as innocent as cold water.

"Pray tell me, Jerry," I used to say to him, "of what possible advantage can it ever be to you to learn chemistry so thoroughly. I think the smattering which most of us are content with here, is quite enough for a gentleman. It is of no use to stuff for a professorship, for you see Dr. G. is quite a young man and has no thoughts of resigning" —

"Bah," he would say. "Hang Dr. G. I study chemistry because I like it. Besides it may be serviceable some time or other 'Keep a thing seven years and you will have a use for it,' as my guardian said to me the other day, when I was going to give Ben Skinner my shooting jacket, with the thirteen pockets."

Just when he had made himself a good practical chemist, he found that he had "satisfied the sentiment;" and in his various attempts to analyse vegetable substances, having had his attention drawn to the subject of botany, he entered upon the study of that science with great enthusiasm, explored every swamp and forest in the county of Middlesex, and actually added two hundred new plants to those enumerated in Dr. Bigelow's *Florula*. Before the end of his sophomore year, he had exchanged botany for mineralogy; and when he had collected the best cabinet in the state, except that of the University, he dropped mineralogy and entered upon a course of zoology, with the same ardor as ever. Nothing but the most methodical and patient industry would have enabled him to follow out these studies successfully without seriously interfering with their classical and mathematical lessons, which were necessary for maintaining his rank in the class—but he did maintain it to the last.

Some time in his junior year he became acquainted with the Greenoughs, and as a necessary consequence to one of his mercurial temper, he was inoculated with the love of art. His *hortus siccus*, minerals, and butterflies were now thrown aside, and all his conversation was of "Corregios and stuff." His summer afternoons, instead of being spent in a ramble to Sweet Auburn or Fresh Pond with a tin box under his arm, were agreeably whiled away in the study of Horatio, to whom he sometimes bared his elegant bust or well turned leg, and repaid by his services as a model for the delightful lessons on art, which he drew from the conversation of the young sculptor. This agreeable occupation was varied by an occasional call upon John Greenough, the brother of Horatio, who occupied apartments in a pleasant little cottage in the western part of the town. From this talented artist he imbibed no small degree of enthusiasm for painting. He sat for his portrait, gave orders for sundry pictures, and became quite learned in the history and peculiarities of the old masters. By means of his constant intercourse with the Greenoughs, and by visiting every fine collection of pictures in the neighboring city, he had become, before the end of his senior year, quite a connoisseur.

"Of what use," said his guardian, an old gray headed bank director in Boston, "of what earthly use can this everlasting picture hunting be to you, Jerry?"

"Oh!" replied my friend, "it will come in play some time or other, I dare say. At any rate, it is a source of pleasure now, and the knowledge I acquire will be safely laid up. Keep a thing seven years, you know, guardy, and you will have a use for it, as you told me about the shooting jacket."

Four years after he took his degree, Jerry lost his whole fortune, or at least he appeared to have lost it, by an extensive fire in Boston, which laid in ashes a dozen stores, all situated in the same row. His agent had neglected to insure the buildings a whole week after the policy had expired, and during this time the conflagration had taken place. Fortunately Jerry did not owe a cent. After taking a survey of the smoking ruins, and recollecting that he had not a dollar towards rebuilding his stores, he walked into a friend's counting-house, and offered himself for the situation of supercargo in a ship which was to sail the next week for Malaga. His offer was promptly accepted, and in a few days he had taken leave of his friends and was dashing away before a fine breeze on the broad Atlantic.

Arrived at Malaga, he found the Spaniards "in the midst of a revolution." The Constitution had just been proclaimed; and turning and overturning was the order of the day. Fortunately the disordered state of politics did not interfere with the success of his voyage. All his affairs went on prosperously, and he was already counting upon a few hundred dollars, fairly earned, as the reward of his toils.

One evening, when the ship was just ready to sail, there came on board a half-tipsy Spanish sailor, with a picture under his arm, which he offered to sell. Jerry glanced at it, and by the dim light of his cabin lamp, he could only make out that it was an old painting of the Madonna, very well coated with smoke and dust.

"Where did you obtain this?" said he, to the sailor.

"It came out of the monastery which was broken up and riddled last week," was the reply.

"Then, I suppose, the long and short of the matter is, that you stole it."

"By no means, Senor. The people, it is true, made some reprisals on the priests, who have been for many centuries plundering them. This picture was taken from the monastery by the proper officers of the state, and sold at auction. I bought it for a dollar. You may have it for five. What say you to the bargain?"

"Done," replied Jerry; and the sailor took his money and departed, remarking quietly that he was *very contento* with his five hundred per cent. profit.

While Jerry's mania for art had lasted, he had learnt how to clean old pictures in the most perfect manner. Indeed, he never did things by halves; and when laughed at by his classmates for the pains-taking assiduity with which he applied himself to the acquisition of this accomplishment, he had only replied by quoting the old saw of his guardian, which was now to receive its application. On his passage home he cleaned the picture, and when this interesting process was completed he became fully convinced that the Madonna must have been painted by some great master.

His next voyage was to London, and the picture remained hung up in his cabin. Unfortunately the ship was wrecked on the coast of England, and the officers and crew were barely able to save their lives and their lightest valuables, by taking to the boats. Jerry had learnt to love his picture; and when they refused to let him take his portable desk, on account of its bulk and weight, he hastily seized the Madonna, saying "Surely you will not object to my taking this." The sailors laughed at his odd fancy, and permitted him to convey it on board the boat.

How it escaped ruin in such a scene I could never clearly learn; but one thing is certain, viz:—that Jerry, well assured of its value, held on to it until he reached London. A few sovereigns, a letter from his friend, Horatio, to a great London artist, and the picture, constituted the sum total of his personal estate when he reached the metropolis.

"N'importe," said Jerry, when the captain quizzed him about his last incumbrance, "N'importe, keep a thing seven years and you will have a use for it."

The first thing he did after presenting his letter to the artist was to show him the Madonna. He was enraptured. It was a real gem of art—an unquestionable Raphael. Jerry's long kept connoisseurship had not misled him. The artist, like many other artists that I know, had soul. So instead of taking advantage of Jerry's penniless condition, to cheapen the picture for himself, he set about making a grand breeze among the connoisseurs and artists of the metropolis, with a view of raising some money for him by selling it. He invited all his noble patrons to his studio to admire it; wrote about the grand discovery of "the hitherto unknown production of the divine Raphael" in the magazines and newspapers; and finally consigned it to Christie, to form the grand attraction in a coming sale of paintings.

The sensation was prodigious. All the amateurs with long purses were at the auction; and when the Madonna, cunningly reserved till the last, was set up the competition was altogether unprecedented. Two thousand pounds was the first bid, three thousand the next. The artists themselves held their breath with amazement, at the eagerness of their titled competitors, by which they were soon distanced; and at the end of fifteen minutes' hard bidding it was knocked down to a noble duke, at ten thousand pounds.

"There, now," said Jerry, "I did not make myself a connoisseur for nothing. Keep an item of knowledge seven years and you'll have a use for it."

So Jerry's stores were rebuilt; and he now, when he is tired of looking at the pictures in his fine gallery of the American painters, occasionally amuses himself with botanical rambles and chemical experiments.

FIRST LOVE.

A SKETCH.

BY GEORGE M. GRAHAM, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE CASSET MAGAZINE, PHILA.

THERE is nothing like first love! The warm and generous gush of the heart's young affections—it is never forgotten, but haunts the soul like a dream of music, through all after life. It clings to the heart amid the wreck of all our earliest, brightest hopes, and reposes in the sanctuary unallied amid corruption. We look back to it as to an existence enjoyed under the influence of an enchanter's wand; there appears to have been so little of earth's dull reality mingled with those hours. Even the villain hardened in crime, whose rank offences smell to heaven, weeps over his life of shame, as he thinks of the hour when his soul was spotless, and his heart adored a fair being, who filled both waking thoughts and dreams. It was the sunlight of her existence, but the shadows have passed over it, and all else is dark and desolate.

I can still remember Isabella Wilmer. She was so gentle, so confiding, so beautiful, and to my youthful fancy, so near perfection. Her bright eyes! I can see them sparkle yet, and her silver voice rings out upon my ear, in cadence like angel's music; it was so touching, and tender and sweet.

I had taken a drive down to the city of New York, with my college chum and a cousin of hers, when I first saw her. It was the season of vacation, and Harry Morton and I had determined to spend it in a jovial manner. So we had dropped down from "Old Yale" to his father's seat on the Hudson, which was but a pleasant drive from the city, resolving to leave all our dullness as well as our hooks behind us, and to enjoy life as we should during the period of relaxation. Harry had spoken repeatedly of his cousin, and had always been enthusiastic in his praise of her beauty, but he was so reckless in his nature that I had no very high regard for the sincerity of all his fine professions in relation to Miss Wilmer. Yet I had too high an opinion of his taste not to expect to find a beautiful girl. We had sauntered away the afternoon in the city, and about eight o'clock in the evening, he proposed that we should wait upon her. He was determined to surprise, by the suddenness of his visit, as he had not written to her, he affirmed, for more than six weeks, and he "wished to see what effect it would have upon her."

"And now, egad, Ned," said he, "if you take it into that villanous head of yours to fall in love with my little peach-blossom, I'll slit your throat for you as soon as we get back to college."

"Don't be jealous, Harry, I pray you! I have no very high opinion of your taste, you well know, nor do I expect to hear of your divinity after I have once seen her. Don't curb me, therefore, I pray you, until I show a disposition to fall in love. I've known many a man change his mind in a fortnight as to the virtue, beauty or amiability of his lady-love, and as you have not seen this same cousin of yours for nearly six months, you'll find her, I warrant ye, a great, homely raw-boned girl, and in no respect the little fairy, with whose praise you have fairly sickened me."

"Reserve your gall, Ned—reserve your gall. I'll have none of your bitterness; I'm all honey now, and if I don't show you as sweet a little angel as ever stole out of heaven, write me down as ass, as your favorite has it. What! do you think I'd fall in love with such an ugly lump of mortality as would suit *your* fancy? Not a whit of it, Ned!—not a whit of it. I take it that I am somewhat of a connoisseur in such matters!"

"Hold! Harry, hold! no more of it, 'as ye love me,' I've heard her beauty praised often enough; let us see some of it, man, and then for your eulogiums."

"Patience! Ned, patience! Cherish that prince of virtues. It has made a man of many a dull fellow, while your fine young gentleman has ruined himself for ever, by popping the question to a pretty girl, before she had time to scan his proportions. Above all things, I hate your hasty men. But here is the house! Remember my caution. No attempts to steal away the heart of the little lamb, if you set any store by your wind-pipe."

We were conducted by the servant into finely furnished parlors, of one of the handsomest houses in Broadway. Every thing in the rooms wore an air of neatness as well as of luxury, and there had been such a manifestation of taste in the selection, but more particularly in the arrangement of every thing around us, that I could not but help exclaiming—

"Egad, Harry, here are some evidences of taste on the part of the *girl*, I'll admit, whatever I may deny in you."

Isabella and her mother entered the room at that instant, and put a stop to all observations. The old lady walked with a steady and matronly dignity towards us, but neither Harry nor myself paid much attention that way. If my expectations had been raised by Harry's description of his cousin's beauty, they were more than realised in the brilliant vision of female loveliness that stood before us.

Harry had risen to receive her, and there was a flush of pride upon his cheek, and a fire in his

eye, as his gaze met her's. She had taken a step into the room when her eye fell upon my companion, and she stood trembling like a startled fawn, as the blood shot up over her snowy and palpitating bosom, even to her very brow. I had never seen such perfection of beauty. Her auburn curls were suffered to hang loosely over her shoulders; her full, blue laughing eye was as liquid as water, and as the long lashes fell dreamily over them, a single tear started from its concealment and glistening a moment, fell, as those lustrous orbs opened again upon my companion. A sudden paleness instantly overspread her countenance, and her fine forehead, which, like her exquisitely chiseled chin, a sculptor might have envied, became as white as marble, and save a soft, rosy tinge on her peach-like cheek, and the slight lines of blue which marked the stealing veins, all color had fled. Nor did it return. It was the calm repose of her countenance, and I wondered, as I saw a being so apparently ethereal, advance towards us. She extended her lily hand to Harry, and save a slight flush, which was for an instant perceptible upon her features as he pressed it warmly, and a smile which flitted a moment around her lips and disclosed her pearly teeth, as she returned his congratulations, her countenance retained its composure. I *thought* she appeared melancholy.

She could not have been more than sixteen, and her form was as faultless as her face. Rather above the middle height, with a figure light and graceful, though in proportion rounded and full, she was all in appearance that might delight the eye, or win the adoration of the heart; and as I regarded her in wonder, I could appreciate all that Harry had said in relation to her.

"Isabella," said he, after the ceremony of introduction and the usual congratulations and inquiries had been gone through with, "you look paler, *much paler* than when last I saw you." And there was a huskiness in his voice which betokened a depth of feeling for her welfare, with which from his wild and reckless disposition I could scarcely have credited him.

"Why, yes," replied her mother, as she perceived the tremor and agitation of the fair girl, "Isabella has had a slight cold, which has clung to her longer than usual, and the necessary care has kept her within doors, but we intend now that the weather is growing pleasanter, to ride out frequently, and in a few weeks we shall, perhaps, leave for the country. A little exercise will bring back her roses."

"Oh, I hope so," said Harry, giving way to his natural humor; "bring her up the Hudson, and I'll warrant a cure. An occasional climbing of the rocks—a dash among the mountain scenery of a dewy morn, and a little rustication generally, will make her as brown as a native, and as hearty and wild as a young deer. Bring her up during vacation, and I'll match myself and my friend Ed, here, against any for gallantry. You shall not want for good company and pastime. Ah, aunt, I see how it is—the city beaux have been playing the mischief. A little ruralising will drive them all out of her head."

"Silence, cousin! or we shall all think you have gone out of yours."

"Not I, egad! I know the value of having one's wits about him. A fellow without them, may find himself robbed of his best treasure, *without being the wiser*, as an Irishman would say. I always keep an eye to windward—look out for squalls, even in a calm."

A few weeks found Miss Wilmer with us at the residence of her uncle, upon the Hudson. The cold which her mother had termed *slight*, and which evidently had been a dangerous matter, gradually gave way under the influence of mountain scenery, the bracing country air, and Harry's presence. In truth, Harry showed so much solicitude for her welfare, that to him perhaps belongs the credit of having effected the cure. I made *this* discovery in the course of my observations, that the roses on her cheek assumed a deeper hue, and her spirits regained their wonted gaiety, whenever she was left alone by his side. She listened with more attention to his directions, and showed a more implicit obedience to his wishes, than to those of any other. Their rambles together became more frequent, and as the vacation grew near its end, became prolonged, inasmuch, that some spoke of the night air, and the dew, as injurious. Notwithstanding, she grew better rapidly, and when we left for College, the exercise she had taken, had made sad inroads upon the projects of that fell destroyer—consumption.

There were not wanting evil tongues, however, to attribute the disease to a mere love sickness; and one of the old servants of the family was heard to declaim in this wise, with great energy and firmness, in his opinion:

"Nothing but master Harry telling her he loved her, cured her! I know it. It's a sovereign cure for the consumption. Don't tell me about exercise and mountain scenery—it's all moonshine. I've grown gray in bachelorship, and I tell you, one and all, that love is a grand specific for all pulmonary diseases. See a young lady, fretting and pining away, her complexion becoming sallow, and herself becoming thin, and I'll warrant you it's all for love of some rascally cousin, who has been whispering sentimental nonsense into her ear, without coming out like a man, and offering her his hand and heart. I go in for slaughtering all male cousins! If I had a daughter, I'd cowhide the first cousin of her's, who came pawing around her like a cat, and cutting up his nonsense with his college jokes and his violin. It's rank murder! It's treason, and any scamp who is guilty of it, should be hanged upon the next tree."

In truth, after hearing these sentiments of the old man, I began to be of his opinion myself. This experience, no doubt, enabled him to see farther into the mystery of the affair. The real truth was

suffered to develop itself, however, about eighteen months after, when I had the honor of dancing at Harry's wedding. But whether the beauty of the girl dazzled me, so as to put me half in love with her myself, that confounded college vacation has knocked all thoughts of matrimony out of my head. Whether I grow somewhat vexed at the way the cure was performed, and have settled down into a firm belief of the deception of the sex, or whether one loses his perception of the beautiful, as the heart grows older, is a mystery; but my opinion is rapidly strengthening, that there is nothing in life after all like *FIRST LOVE!* G——.

THE MUSICAL DOCTOR:

OR,

THE CHROMATIC PRESCRIPTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY BENJAMIN MATTHIAS, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY CHRONICLE, PHILA.

[Scene.—Office of Dr. Orfila—the Doctor is seated between a table full of medicines and a counter covered with MSS. music. In the office are scattered, pell mell, flutes and phials of syrup, fugeolets and lancets, and clarionets and drugs. The "*Aphorisms of Hippocrates*" are opened alongside of a collection of "*Musard's Quadrilles*," and the Doctor is reading the "*Medical Review*," and at the same time humming an air in "*Le Gasse Ladré*."]

Well! I have at length finished the circular announcing the formation, under my presidency, of a Society for the Improvement of Popular Singing—the *Orpheus Society*, etc. The title is good; the *Orfilaon* would have been better, but there is no dishonor in yielding to Orpheus. Sometimes I think that to unite the two terms would be a happy alliance—for example, it might be well to call the Association the "*Orpheus and Orfilagn*," but perhaps in so doing, the ignorant vulgar would consider me vain.

But now I must attend to the prescription for the catarrh of my friend, the aged peer.

(Writes.)

Liquorice, 1 oz.
Extract of Cornichon, 6 dr.

Stay—I have forgotten my musical composition, that I left yesterday, with the last bar unfinished. (Sings.)

"Listen, my love, I sigh,
Listen, etc.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la. Tra, la, la, la."

The bar is good. (Sings.)

"Listen, my lo-o-o-ove, I si-i-i-igh."

Yes, that's it. My "love" is a *minim*, and I will place a *pause* over "sigh." (He writes on his music paper.) By the way, I must not forget to put some of Reynauld's Lozenges in the peer's prescription—it is well to encourage worthy contemporaries. (He writes while singing *Tra, de, la, la, la*.)

Mustard, 2 dr.
Reynauld's Lozenges, morning and evening.

Decidedly I think that a bar of triplet crotchets would improve "*my love*." (Writes *fa, mi, fa, sol, la*.)

Heavens! what have I done! I have written my last notes on the prescription.

Liquorice, 1 oz.
Extract of Cornichon, 6 dr.
Fa, mi, fa, sol, la.

Am I distracted? I should not be astonished to find that I have written the prescription on the music. Good gracious, yes!

Listen, my love, I sigh,
Listen, etc.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la. Tra, la, la, la.
Mustard, 2 dr.
Reynauld's Lozenges morning and evening.

What a woful mistake! (*The servant introduces a visiter.*)

VISITER.—Sir, I come to consult you.

DOCTOR.—As a physician, or as President of the Orpheus.

VISITER.—As a physician. I cannot sleep.

DOCTOR.—What a pity! (*Sings.*)

“While all around us sleep,” etc.

VISITER.—Can you tell me why this is so?

DOCTOR.—Certainly—the case is simple. It is because sleep avoids you.

VISITER.—And the remedy?

DOCTOR.—We shall see. (*Sings.*)

“The sweet sleep of innocence,” etc.

[The visiter then details to Dr. Orfila the precise symptoms of his affliction.]

DOCTOR.—Well—I understand your case fully. Make yourself easy; I will administer a violent remedy, which will give you some temporary uneasiness, but will assuredly make you sleep. Return here to-morrow for the prescription.

[The first visiter goes out, and at the same moment another enters.]

VISITER.—Sir, I have come to consult you.

DOCTOR.—Do you need my advice as a physician or as President of the Orpheus?”

VISITER.—As a Doctor of Music. Hear me, sir. I am one of Bobino's singers, and within the last eight days have had the misfortune to lose three of my best notes. Moreover, I find it impossible to sing—my voice is gone, and I am not myself, even in a single bar.

DOCTOR.—The devil! That's unfortunate. (*Writes very quickly.*)

Emetic,	2 gr.
Jalap,	30 gr.

VISITER.—They tell me you are President of a machine for ameliorating Popular Singing. I am popular—I sing—and my voice has need of amelioration. What do you think? Can you give me any advice?

DOCTOR.—Be not uneasy—I understand your case. Call on me to-morrow, and I will tell you in writing, what you must do.

[On the following morning the two visitors returned together, and the Doctor, in a fit of musical abstraction, reversed their prescriptions, giving to the first what he intended for the second, and to the second what he intended for the first.]

FIRST VISITER.—(*Looking at his prescription, reads*)—“Sing slowly from the couplet of “The Parisienne” the air of “Soldier of the Tri-Colored Flag,” giving to each note its full sound and beating the time regularly. Repeat this exercise eight successive hours every day.”

The deuce! He is right in calling this a violent remedy. It is truly a singular way to make me sleep. This prescription must be on the Homœopathic principle!

SECOND VISITER.—Let me read my prescription.—(*Reads*)—“Take the following purgative mixture, diluted in a glass of water:—Emetic, Jalap, etc.”

Truly, this is a droll recipe to enable a man to recover his voice. Perhaps it is the famous syrup of the Italian Charlatan, which gave to Duprez his deep notes!

[The first visiter sung “Soldier of the Tri-Colored Flag” for six hours, and then fell asleep. Ince that time he sleeps regularly, and the exercise of singing has given him a voice that he carefully cultivates.

The second visiter took the medicine, and was violently purged. From that day he is enabled to sing as usual, but the virtue of the prescription is a mystery he is utterly unable to solve.]

THE MAIL ROBBER.

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADA.

At the close of one of those long and gloomy evenings which are peculiar to the end of the English autumn, the sun was setting red and fiery, and seemed struggling for a resting-place amid the dark and heavy masses of clouds which rose from the horizon with strange and wonderful rapidity. The sea breeze howled dismally as it dashed against the rugged face of a tall cliff, whose rocky eminence frowned on the waters of an humble bay; while the waves broke angrily on the narrow strip of beach beneath, with a loud continuous roar. The spray of the surf danced in the wind; and the gulls, as they wheeled to their craggy resting-places, screamed out their hideous notes as if they joyed in the presages of the coming storm. The fishermen's barks were high and dry upon the beach—not a sail was to be seen upon the troubled sea, although an experienced eye might have detected a small lugger hull-down in the offing, but standing to and fro under easy sail, evidently watching her opportunity to run in at the proper state of the tide, or waiting for a communication from the shore.

The shades of night closed rapidly around. A blue light was suddenly ignited in one of the recesses of the cliff, and burnt steadily for a few seconds, when it was as suddenly quenched. The lugger was immediately put about, her fore and mainsail taken in, and under a small jib and *mizzen* she made direct for shore. A loud whistle from above, blown in short and sudden jerks, roused the inmate of the cleft, who dashed from his hiding-place in the rock, and jumped, pistol in hand, upon the beach. Some few yards before him he discerned a figure, closely wrapped in a boat-cloak, gliding rapidly away.

"What's the time of night, boy?" said the smuggler, evidently expecting the password in return. The stranger kept on without reply.

"Sculker ahoy!—heave to, or I fire!" said the former speaker, cocking his pistol.

"Johnson, is that you?" replied the stranger, turning back and walking towards the smuggler.

"What, Mr. Etherington? Well, I am glad you knew my voice and answered my hail—for had you kept on, I should have fired; and with the blood of a friend upon my hands, I could not have expected to run the bosky little Susan's cargo safe and snug, although every thing does promise so fair."

"Why, it was but last week that you succeeded in landing a valuable cargo free from interruption. Is she so soon off the coast again?"

"God bless the little Susan!" said Johnson; "it's the name of the girl I love best, and the name of the craft that is making me a rich and happy man."

"Aye," said Etherington, with a groan, "you say well—*rich* and happy! The cursed gold has resolved itself into the essence of our existence. The draught of bliss can be imbibed but from a golden vase; while the metallic taint infects the quality of each ingredient, and spoils the taste's perception."

"Why, lawyer, what's the matter? Your lips are white and thin, your eyes roll, and your cheeks are pale and haggard. I have half an hour to spare—come with me to Robin's Nook; I have a fire there and a keg of brandy—you seem as if you wanted warming inside as well as out."

Mr. Etherington was a lawyer of some little eminence in the adjoining town, and had been of material service to Johnson in conducting his defence when prosecuted for smuggling. The penalties sought to be recovered were ruinous in amount, with the certainty of imprisonment, if found guilty, until the whole was paid. On another occasion, an affair of life and death, the presumptive evidence against Johnson, for the murder of a missing revenue officer, was so strong that every body anticipated the certainty of his swinging against the walls of the new county jail; but Etherington's tact and ingenuity, aided by a powerful use of the *aurum potabile*, robbed the executioner of his fees. The smuggler's gratitude knew no bounds; and many an anker of Hollands or Cogniac, a roll of fine lace or silk, or a small leaden box of tea for the old lady, evinced that the lawyer's services were not forgotten.

After a short conversation, wherein Etherington related the circumstances which brought the darkness over his brow, the smuggler continued—

"And so old Norris will not let you splice Miss Ellen unless you can post the pony for five thousand pounds? He promises to put down the same sum, eh, and leave you the lump of his money when he drops off. Nothing can be fairer than that, to be sure; but then, if you have not the five thousand, and don't know where to get it neither, why I may say that you are jammed hard up."

"And Ellen, too, is ridiculous enough to second her father in this absurd and impossible scheme. When I told her I had not the money, she said that we were both young, and could wait till I had earned it."

"Good advice, lawyer; go to work, earn the money, and then claim the girl."

"Earn the money!" said Etherington, with a short, bitter laugh; "a lawyer in an obscure country town earns any thing but money. I am over head and ears in debt, and were I to increase my income to three times the amount I now receive, it were insufficient to do more than defray the expenses which the conventional forms of society compel me to incur."

"Did you try the girl on the other tack, and say any thing about running away?"

"She positively refused to listen to the proposal, and said that her father did not deserve such ingratitude."

"If young ladies do not know their own good, they ought to be taught it. Get her out for a day's sail—I'll have the lugger at hand, and once aboard the Susan, you may snap your fingers at the world."

"No, no; I dare not. She would despise me, Johnson—and I cannot face her frown. What to do I know not; my brain is on the whirl. I would part with life sooner than lose her, yet see no means of complying with the stipulation."

"If that is the case—how much did you say, lawyer!—five thousand pounds! 'Tis a stiff haul, but I suppose I must lend it to you."

"Johnson! do not play with me. Lend me the money, did you say?"

"Even so. I owe you a good turn or two, lawyer; and if the sons of the free trade are hot in their revenge, they are not cold in the service of a friend. But if you are inclined to *earn* the money, we can employ you as well on this side of the herring pond as the other. An agency in our line is respectable and profitable. But there's my mate's signal—the Susan has her long boat out—we must have the tubs on our shoulders and over the hills in half an hour. Not that we go far to-night; for I shall lodge my cargo in the old stone barn belonging to Stillwell."

"What, the exciseman!"

"To be sure; the nearer the church, you know. Meet me to-morrow night at ten o'clock, at the road-post on the Downs. Come alone, and I will let you have the cash."

"Thanks, Johnson, many thanks. How can I ever repay you?"

"Oh, that is easy enough. By the way, you may as well take old Stillwell out for a ride in the morning; and if you can get him up to the George to dinner, and keep him there till eight or nine o'clock, it will be twenty pounds off your debt—thirty, if you send him home drunk."

"I cannot do it, Johnson; it is the act of a scoundrel."

"Indeed, Master Lawyer! Well, if you are so nicely squeamish, I must keep my money, and old Norris will keep the girl. Good night."

"Stay! I will do as you desire," said Etherington, dashing his hand across his brow, and grinding his teeth so as scarcely to allow the words to escape.

"Your hand to that, Master Lawyer. To-morrow night at ten; away, and if any of our people ask you the time of night, tell them 'tis 'moonshine,' and they will let you pass."

Etherington struck off landward through a defile in the cliff, and as he walked rapidly towards his home, a bitter sense of the degradation he had plunged himself into by consenting to become the smuggler's tool, keenly irritated his tortured mind. Etherington was young, enthusiastic—of a frank and generous disposition, but he had a wild and proud heart. In his boyhood he was deprived of a father's protecting care; an early display of talent had snatched him from penury and neglect, and growing to manhood without a friendly hand to guide or counsel, his passions all uncurbed, desires unchecked—his pride encouraged by a too fond mother—his vanity gratified by the idle praises of the young and thoughtless, he had allowed the unholy fire of this world's love to wither up the seeds of promise, which, had he rightly cultivated the quick and honest impulses of his better nature, would have born ripe and golden fruit.

He had formed an acquaintance with Ellen Norris at a regatta ball, the annual gala of the place. She was a fine, handsome girl, rather above the usual height, and her intelligent smile and sparkling eyes imparted considerable animation to features of beautiful regularity. Her father was a retired merchant, and devotedly attached to his daughter, whose happiness formed his only wish. He did not quite approve of the connexion she had formed, but as he could bring nothing against Etherington but the wildness of youth, the father felt that he could not sully the brightness of the sunshine in which his daughter lived by peremptorily breaking off the match. Wedlock might steady the habits of the chosen one. He had, therefore, as Etherington related in the smuggler's nook, imposed severe terms upon the young and needy lawyer, hoping that in endeavoring to fulfil them a desirable delay would be created—desirable, as it would develop the resources and stability of his son-in-law, or create something like a reasonable excuse for breaking off the match.

In the morning, William Etherington called upon Mr. Norris, and informed the old gentleman that upon looking into his affairs he had found them better than he expected, and should be happy to fulfil the required arrangement. With Ellen his task was somewhat more difficult—his professional tact had prevented him from committing himself when he received the father's ultimatum, but in

the interview with his beloved, despair had drawn from him the acknowledgment that he was unable to raise a tenth part of the sum required. But we are easily induced to believe what we wish to be true; and Ellen Norris was perfectly satisfied that a rich and friendly client had advanced her dear William the five thousand pounds; and a few warm speeches induced her to promise that, for the present, she would keep the fact of the loan concealed from her father.

Bidding farewell to the warm-hearted and confiding girl, whose consent he had obtained to an immediate union, Etherington rode over to the cottage of the exciseman, and under pretence of consulting him upon a point in a lawsuit of old standing, proposed a quiet dinner at the Crown, a rustic tavern about four miles off. Here the old man was plied with strong drink, till his incoherent gabble and vacant stare proclaimed his unsuitness for the prosecution of his duty. Etherington, accustomed to the powers of wine, could not help noticing that the liquors were more than usually potent, and although not considered a hard or steady drinker, felt considerably excited when he arose from the table. When he called for the bill, the landlord, a hard-featured, wiry-haired man, entered the room.

"Tims," said Etherington, "my old friend, Mr. Stillwell, is not in a fit state to keep his saddle; can you put him to bed here, and let his family know that he is safe!"

"We will book him safe enough; and as to the bill, lord love you, we know what *the time of night is*," said the landlord, putting his finger to his nose. "I was told last night that you were coming over. We never charges nothing to one another when about the general business. Master Johnson will see me righted—so good night, lawyer Etherington, and I am glad to see such a gen'man as you busy yourself in the free trade."

Surprised and mortified, Etherington dug his spurs into the side of his horse, and galloped furiously down the narrow road. The free trade, then, had its agents every where. He was known to them as one of their gang. He had linked himself, like a galley-slave, to the same chain with the outcasts of society, the scum, the refuse of the world. Was he in future to breathe but in their atmosphere of deceit, of guilt—to walk their path, to serve their purposes, and hold his life but in furtherance of their vile behests? His proud heart swelled indignantly at the idea, but he could not now break off the link—his lovely Ellen would be the sacrifice if he refused to receive the money from the smuggler, but, once married, he would move heaven and earth to repay it, and become again "the unfettered and the free."

The landlord moved the drunken exciseman into the hay-loft; and as it was not to the interest of the gang to let it be known where the officer was to be found, the aged wife and trembling daughters of the poor old man passed a wretched, sleepless night, racked with fears for his safety—for his life. Stillwell was an honest, active officer, and his family knew that the smugglers had threatened vengeance, and wanted but an opportunity to execute it.

Etherington galloped to the place of rendezvous. It was at the junction of some narrow lanes and country ways, upon the open Downs. The turnpike road wound up a short, precipitous hill, the brow of which was skirted with a small patch of fir plantation, the only shelter for many miles around. Scarcely a pistol-shot from the little wood, the four arms of a huge road-post pointed their several ways; this post had formerly been the gallows-tree of a notorious offender, who paid on this spot the forfeit of his life for the many highway robberies he had been concerned in. After hanging in chains for some months, the fastenings yielded to the action of the weather, and the iron-bound skeleton lay rotting in the summer's sun. A poor girl who had been betrayed by the ruffian, and abandoned to a life of shame, with her own hands scooped out a shallow hole beneath the gibbet, and the grass flourished and the wild flowers bloomed over this mass of crime and foul corruption—over the mouldering remains of him she had most cause to hate, but whose memory, despite its infamy, despite her wrongs, she did not cease to cherish with all the energy of woman's love. The direction-boards were afterwards affixed to the squared timbers of the post, and it stood conspicuously on the hill's brow, shunned by the peasantry, and sought only by the stranger for intelligence of the locality.

Etherington rode for some few minutes about the vicinity of the cross-roads, but found not the man he so anxiously expected. Jumping from his horse, he covered the hot and panting sides of the noble beast with his top-coat, and tied him to the post by the bridle, muttering at the tardiness of the smuggler, and almost fearing that he had been duped. At that moment Johnson stood before him.

"Well, Lawyer, here you are, as I expected—for he must be a log of a man whom love and money did not move. You have done the gauger's business beautifully; we started every tub and bale from his premises in the early evening without any interruption. I will take care to have it known in the right place, and that will settle old Stillwell. When he is removed from the situation, young Martin must come in, and we can do as we like with him."

"I have, then, been the cause of the old man's ruin! Johnson, no more of this. If you are about to serve me, give me the money, and let me go."

"The money! have you not heard the news? Oh, true; you have been up at the George all day. Brown's bank has stopped payment, and the devil himself could not raise five thousand pounds in all the place."

"Stopped payment?"

"There is a pressure in the money market, at London, it seems, and the bank here has refused its usual discounts. Rumors were afloat and people ran for gold. The house was obliged to close to-day

half an hour before its usual time, and it depends upon circumstances whether it will ever open again."

"Ruined! ruined!" said Etherington, as he flung himself on the ground, and buried his face in the long dank grass which grew above the felon's grave.

Thoughts, hot and blasting as the fell simoom, seemed to wither up his very heart. How could he face the disgraceful exposure of the falsehoods he had told to Norris? how could he bear to lose his Ellen, when the fond girl had already fixed the wedding day, and he had pressed her to his bosom as his own? He had sold himself to shame, had leagued with meanness and deceit, and was he to be deprived of the wages of his infamy? Jumping up from the ground, he exclaimed—

"Johnson, I must have money. This bank story, if true, cannot affect you. You do not deposit there your sin-won gold! Where is the produce of last night's cargo? I am not to be fooled; I am dishonored myself in your service—you promised me money, and I must have it."

"Do you think I carry it about with me, to be shared among the custom-house sharks, who would rob me of every penny could they for one moment get me in their power. I say that I *do* bank there—not in my own name, to be sure. You know that if once convicted, they would attach every farthing for the king, and what then would become of my Susan and the little ones."

"You have other resources. I must have the money; get it me and I will pay you back tenfold."

"There is a way to obtain it, but you are so squeamish."

"To-night?"

"Ay—now, to-night."

"Tell me how. I must have it, be the risk what it may."

"Softly, This horse of yours will be better out of the way. I will tie him to one of the trees yonder. Here, Lawyer, 'tis a cold night—take a pull at this flask while I am gone."

The smuggler led the horse towards the path of woodland, and in a few moments was lost to sight. Etherington swallowed a large portion of the spirit from Johnson's flask—spirit which stick of gauger had never dabbled in—when sounds, as of a subdued whispering among the trees, broke upon his ear. Before he could well direct his gaze towards the spot, the stalwart form of the smuggler was seen emerging from the shade.

"Down, Lawyer, here on this fitting spot—let us sit here on the thin crust of earth that covers old Farrell's bones, and lean our backs against the fatal wood. Have you the courage to be rich? Wealth is in your grasp! will you shut your hands and clutch it, or will you let it slip between your fingers?"

"What is it you mean? speak boldly, and fear not me."

"I do not fear you, Lawyer; for, if you refuse to join me, and were to speak of what I now shall tell, and by your means this gibbet here were tenanted again, your life would not be worth a fortnight's purchase. Go where you like, hide where you may, it would be useless—the free trade has long arms, and none can escape their grasp. How much money—hush! is not that the sound of wheels in the hollow there? No! 'tis the wind moaning amongst the branches of the trees. How much money had you in Brown's bank?"

"All I possessed in the world. Not much, I own, but it was my all."

"So did they hold all mine. All I have toiled for in the hot sun, and in the freezing blast; all, for which I have risked life and limb—have endured the damp horrors of the lonely cell, the terrors of the midnight storm—have lost the respect of my fellow-men, the chance of peace on earth, the hopes of rest hereafter. Lawyer, this morning I was a rich man. I was about to quit the trade, and in my native village, in the bosom of my family, seek for that happiness I so long have sighed for, but have never known. This cursed bank has failed, and I am a beggar. Shall I do wrong, then, in snatching my own from the swindler's grasp?"

"Snatching your own! what is it you mean?"

"Listen. From intelligence I can depend on, no matter how obtained—the free traders have friends every where—I have learned that a messenger has been despatched to L— bank, and has returned with a promise of assistance in a remittance of notes and specie by to-night's mail. The cart must pass this way, and soon. Shall we stop it, and pay ourselves from the money sent for the use of these bankrupt 'robbers'?"

"Do not tempt me to the act of a fiend! your proposal is too horrible to be serious. You cannot mean it."

"But I do, and will go through with it, whether you help me or no."

"If the remittance is large we shall all be paid."

"Not so; they have overtraded their stock, and there is scarcely sufficient to liquidate the claims of my band. William Etherington, I owe you my liberty—perhaps my life. I should like to see you happy with the old squire's black-haired girl. Join me like a man, and claim your share. I can do without you; but is it not better to have eight or ten thousand pounds of your own, than to borrow five from a poor and needy friend?"

Etherington spoke not. His eyes, fixed upon the dark, impenetrable gloom, seemed starting from the sockets; his parched tongue essayed in vain to convey the slightest moisture to his shrivelled lips, and his hard, quick breathing sounded in the still night like the ticking of a huge clock. He

remained for some minutes convulsively clutching at the long grass, when, leaning towards Johnson, so that his hot breath coursed over the rough lineaments of the smuggler, he said, in a low, unearthly tone—

“No—no blood?”

“No,” said Johnson, “unless *they* fire, and then—God help them all at home.”

The smuggler suddenly started. Putting his ear to the ground, and motioning for silence, he listened for some moments with great attention. Jumping up, he said—

“Tis coming. Off with your coat and vest, and tie a handkerchief about your head. Do not hurry. They must walk up the hill, and we shall catch them at the top. When I whistle, run to the horse’s head, and do not quit it for your life. Should the driver have a companion, we may have sharp work. Here is a bludgeon, but, remember, strike not at those in white.”

The pit-pat of a horse’s feet broke the silence of the night. The smuggler gave Etherington the flask, after using it himself, and suddenly vanished in the gloom. Draining the contents to the last drop, Etherington threw the flask away, and proceeded immediately to doff his coat and vest, and tie a kerchief round his hot and throbbing brow. Scarcely had he finished when the horse rounded the top of the hill, slowly dragging after him the small, heavy cart then used for carrying the cross-country mail. The driver was cheering the animal in his arduous task, when a low, short whistle was heard, and two men jumped from opposite parts of the road, dashing simultaneously to the sides of the vehicle. Etherington rushed to his post, and seized the horse’s rein just as the driver received a blow on the back part of his head, and fell senseless on the horse’s back. One of the ruffians seized him by the collar, and hurled him into the road, close to Etherington’s feet, who, frenzied with unnatural excitement, struck the unresisting driver a violent blow with his bludgeon.

“Hold hard, Lawyer; he’s quiet enough,” said Johnson. “Look sharp and light the lantern, Bite. Let us get the box and be off”

Etherington shuddered as he recognised in the man thus addressed, a notorious villain who had twice broke jail, and for whose apprehension a reward had long been offered. He received his peculiar cognomen from the fact of having caused the death of a police-officer by the many severe bites he had inflicted on the man when arrested by him in the very act of robbery. On the present occasion, he was, like Johnson, efficiently disguised by wearing his shirt outside his other clothes.

Bite mounted the cart; a small lantern was lighted, and search made for the expected treasure.

“It is not here,” said Bite.

“I know better. He never deceived me yet. Perhaps it is locked up in one of the mail bags. Draw the cart out of the road, tumble the bags overboard, and we will soon overhaul them. Lawyer, drag that fellow out of the way.”

Etherington passively did as he was told. Raising the body by the clothes, he was hauling it on to the green-sward, when the light of the small lamp fell upon the face, and disclosed a deep gash on the side of the head, from whence the blood was flowing profusely—evidently the effects of the blow struck by Etherington when the unfortunate driver was on the ground. Etherington let the body fall; large clammy drops of perspiration stood upon his ashy cheek, and he stood gazing on the wound as a man entranced. He was roused from this lethargy of horror by the touch of the smuggler, who said, in his usual clear, low tone—

“Lawyer, have you a penknife with you? if so, hand it here, for my ship-jack makes but bad work of this mail-bag-leather. That’s it. Here’s the box, and now for business.”

The small cash-box was forced open, and a huge roll of notes given into the hands of Bite; the gold was transferred to the smuggler’s pockets, the light was extinguished, the horse fastened to the gibbet-post, and the body of the maimed driver lifted into the cart.

“Is he dead?” whispered Etherington.

“Not yet,” said Bite, with a grin, “but I am afraid that he’ll have the headache as long as he lives.”

“Lawyer, we must have your horse. Bite must be in London, and change these notes before the hue and cry is given. Then over to France, you know, Bite; get to Cherbourg, and wait the arrival of the bosky Sue. Off with you, and don’t let the grass grow beneath your feet, unless you wish to swing on the vacant stick here.”

Bite walked off towards the fir-tree close, and in a few seconds the rapid gallop of a horse was heard proceeding down one of the obscure cross-roads.

“Now, then, for a short cut over the Downs, Lawyer; we have done the job well and may defy detection. We have enough here for our purposes till we get our share of Bite’s notes. What is the matter with you? you have not spoken for an hour.”

“Is he dead?” said Etherington, fearfully.

“Let us hope for the best. I wish it had been otherwise. But we must now part—it would be dangerous to be seen together.”

Without any division of the booty, or a word in explanation, the smuggler darted across the fields, and was soon lost to Etherington’s sight. Jaded and heart-smitten, this wretched young man reached his own house, and betook himself to bed—but not to sleep.

The next morning as Etherington was sitting at the breakfast table, gazing with bloodshot eyes

upon the untasted meal, the principal partner in the banking-house was announced. Etherington jumped up wildly from his chair, and throwing open the window, evidently meditated escape; but, actuated by second thoughts, a faint smile overspread his ghastly features, and he returned to his chair. The gentleman entered the room.

"Mr. Etherington," said he, "I suppose you have heard of our double misfortune—robbery and consequent failure. I have called upon you as an active lawyer to solicit your co-operation with the magistrates in attempting every thing in the power of man to discover the scoundrels who last night robbed the mail. I am more interested in this affair than regards the actual loss. Our bank experienced a partial pressure, I had written on for funds, and this morning we could have met every demand with instant payment. I am now a ruined and disgraced old man. The people will not believe but that the robbery was planned by the bankers; and after a long life of honorable industry, my gray hairs are tinged with sorrow and with shame. Mr. Etherington, I care not for my sudden fall from affluence, could I have preserved my honor; but ruin is spread around—hundreds will point at me as the robber of the poor; and I shall descend to the grave with the burning execrations of the ruined tradesman, the impoverished widow, and the beggared orphan, ringing in my ears."

The old man leaned his head upon the table and wept like a child. Etherington attempted to speak, but was frightened at the unearthly tone of his own voice. The banker, ashamed of his weakness, shortly rose, and left the house, earnestly requesting Etherington to use his utmost endeavors to bring the criminals to justice. After swallowing a larger stimulant than usual in a vain attempt to still the first sharp gnawings of the worm that never dies, Etherington was about to leave the house, when his aged and infirm parent tottered into the room, and with the painful sorrow of extreme old age, garrulously lamented the ruin which the failure of the bank had brought upon her few remaining days. More falsehoods were used to quiet her fears. As he quitted the house, his groom requested to know where he had left his horse. He had lent it to a friend. The man retired with an expression of surprise, and Etherington felt that he was unable to look his servant in the face.

Crowds were collected in the usually quiet streets of that little town. Agitation and excitement sat on every face, and knots of whisperers met at every corner, or before the doors of the principal tradesmen, who were all, more or less, sufferers by the bankers' failure. Surmises, doubts, and open allegations were freely bandied about, and the expressions of vengeance and despair that broke from the various sufferers struck deeply into Etherington's heart as he walked through the excited throng. He wished to inquire how much they knew, where their suspicions pointed, and, above all, to ascertain the life or death of the driver—but he did not dare to trust himself with speech.

He found his Ellen in tears. Her father had lost heavily—in fact, all he possessed, except the house he lived in, and a life interest, of little value, in some property in the adjoining country. Mr. Norris met Etherington with evident embarrassment; he wished the match to be broken off—his pride would not allow his daughter to go a beggar to that man's arms, who, when she was rich, had been refused consent unless he could command a certain sum. Etherington expostulated; absolved Mr. Norris from his part of his contract, but insisted upon its full performance as connected with his immediate marriage. The old gentleman's reserve immediately vanished; he seized the lawyer by the hand, and said that he regarded the loss of the money as nothing compared to the satisfaction of having found so honorable and generous a son-in-law. Etherington endeavored to smile, but was unable to return the cordial grasp of the man whose ruin he had caused.

Several days elapsed, but the excitement did not subside. Etherington suffered the worst of tortures in being compelled to hear the hourly statements of the wretchedness and suffering which the robbery had produced. Many of the small tradesmen declared themselves insolvent, factories were stopped through want of money, and hundreds of workmen were discharged; panic and desolation ruled the day. The indignation of the working people assumed so threatening a shape that the bankers were compelled to fly the country. Etherington had been busily employed in drawing out depositions in evidence, and attending to the surmises of every thick-headed, officious fellow who thought he could see further into the affair than his neighbors. The young man's soul sickened at this daily practice of foul hypocrisy.

Johnson was not forthcoming, nor had the smallest appropriation of the booty been forwarded to the wretched Etherington, who now felt but too late that his participation in the fatal deed had not only destroyed his own prospects, but had ruined the happiness of all around.

The servant again inquired after the safety of the horse, a valuable and favorite animal. Etherington repeated his former statement, that he had lent him to a friend. The servant asked if he knew where this friend had taken the horse, and when was he expected back; for Bill, the old ostler at the Red Lion, had gone to live at K—, a town some forty miles across the country, and he had sent word by the guard of the stage, that lawyer Etherington's horse had been left there quite knocked up and over-worked. An ill-looking fellow rode him into the town, and had gone off by the early morning's coach to London. He knew the horse by the star in his forehead.

Etherington was unable to conceal his confusion. The servant was ordered down stairs; but the story spread from mouth to mouth, and at the next meeting of magistrates, Etherington was questioned as to the truth of the report. Lie succeeded lie—he tried to spread probability over the story he had coined about selling his horse to a stranger, but it was evidently disbelieved. Mistrust was

aroused; there was no definite change, but although he continued to attend, he was not again requested to assist in the mail-robbery investigation.

The marriage day arrived, and Ellen, who had insisted upon the performance of the ceremony in private, never looked more lovely than in the simple white dress she wore to grace this humble festival. The father's broken fortune admitted not of display, and Etherington, who had ruined a whole community to put himself into funds, had scarcely been able to raise the bare expenses of the day. Still he hoped that Johnson would keep his word, and though his soul loathed the crime he had committed, and he abhorred the foul train of consequences it had engendered, he could not give up his claim to the profits of his guilt.

The sun was gilding the fading leaves of the grave-yard trees as Etherington left the village church, his young bride hanging upon his arm. He had bought her at an awful price; but when he saw her animated countenance beaming with delight at their expected happiness, he felt that her smiles dissipated somewhat of the gloom of guilt, and his load of crime sat lighter on his heart in the presence of his beloved. He made an effort to be cheerful, and had succeeded in forcing a laugh at one of Mr. Norris's hearty sallies, when a funeral procession, of the most humble pretension, entered the gates of the church yard as the bridal party endeavored to pass out. A young widow followed the coffin; she was weeping piteously, and dragging by the hand a curly-haired boy of tender age, whose round and innocent face reflected the sad impression of the place, while he was unable to appreciate the severity of his loss. Ellen's sympathy was affected at the sight of this poor mourning relict, and her orphan boy, and her husband found some little trouble in drying up her tears.

"It is indeed a dreadful case," said Mr. Norris, "and the heavy difficulty which has fallen on our town prevents the possibility of doing any thing for her by subscription—although I trust that government will not forget her claims."

"Who is she? what are her claims?" said Etherington.

"Do you not know? She is the widow of poor Semple, the driver, who was murdered by the robbers of the mail."

Etherington did not fall, nor start, nor even change the color in his cheek. The blow struck to his heart, and was too deeply seated for external sign. He had heard that his victim was severely hurt, but it was considered almost certain that he would recover. This sudden weight of murder on his soul stilled even the flutterings of hope; and he looked upon its development at the portal of the church, where he had just pledged his vows to the innocent cause of all his guilt, and in the presence of the father whose cautious proposition forced him to the deed of sin, as a warning not to be misunderstood—a vivid presentiment of impending ill settled on his mind, and despair entered his soul.

The walk home—the dinner—the dessert—all passed gloomily and sad. Ellen was pained to see her husband's melancholy; she had before observed the strange alteration in his manner, and had expostulated with him on the subject. Her inquiries were now pressed with more intensity, but they resulted in the same excuse—a headache of peculiar violence.

"Then the fresh breeze of the evening will blow it away," said Mr. Norris. "Do not sit there moping, and insulting your wife by looking as if you were sorry for what you have done; but jump up, like a joyous bridegroom, as you ought to be; take half an hour's walk on the sands, and when you come back, join with me in drinking the bride's health. I can find a bottle or two of choice old port, and no thanks to the scoundrels who robbed me."

The remedy was tried, but without effect. The glories of the setting sun—the quiet splendor of the calm, bright sea—the murmuring of the evening breeze—the lively prattle of his young bride, or the devoted tenderness of her alarmed inquiries—all alike fell on a scared and scathed heart, occupied with but one thought of horror and despair. A young girl passed them, and Ellen, as if suddenly recollecting, stepped back to speak to her, leaving Etherington alone upon the beach.

"It cannot be concealed," he exclaimed aloud; "nature, with her thousand tongues, proclaims her hatred of the deed. The gentle waves, that break in murmuring ripples at my feet, seem to recede in horror at my crime; the fresh breeze, that fans my burning temples in its play, appears with trumpet violence to bellow 'murder' in my ear; the orb of day is setting redly in the west—I cannot gaze upon its beauty—its rays seem tinged with blood!"

A rough-looking fisherman stepped from behind an adjacent rock, thrust a dirty, ill-folded letter into Etherington's hands, and immediately disappeared. The note was from Johnson, and read as follows:—

"I did not dare, for all our sakes, to trust you with money. It would have bred suspicion. Now 'tis useless. We are both of us more than suspected. My flask has been found under the gallows, with my name upon it in full; and your penknife has been picked up in the grass. The tradesman who sold it to you has sworn to it. A warrant is already out for me, and you are to be secured in the morning when you attend the court. Bite has been taken in London with *all* in his possession. They do not know this down here, but the morning's post will bring the news. He was seen on your horse, which the justices have sent for, and have now in the town. *Death is here, but life is in another land.* The Susan will be off the coast at dusk—seize any small boat from the beach—pull out beyond the floating light, and then keep it in a direct line with the lights of the town. I shall be afloat, and on the look-out at the proper *time of night.*"

Etherington had scarcely read this damning epistle ere the light and graceful form of his wife was at his side.

"My dear William can do me a favor, and as it is my wedding day request, I am sure he will not refuse me. *You have some interest with the magistrates.* Poor old Stillwell, the exciseman, has been superseded for neglect of duty. He has lost all the hard-earned savings of his long life by the failure of the bank, and his family must starve unless you interest yourself in his behalf. You will try to have him reinstated, will you not?"

Etherington answered with an affirmative smile, and kissed the blooming cheek of the fair petitioner. They returned towards home. There was a fire in Etherington's eye, an elasticity in his tread, that surprised and delighted his observant wife. His conversation was cheerful and continuous, and Ellen looked upon this outbreak as the re-action of his natural spirits, which had been overstrained by a too rigid observance of his professional pursuits.

Let not the reader imagine this description of Etherington's conduct to be unnatural. He had lost the withering torture of uncertainty: the dreadful truth was full before him—he felt the necessity for instant action, and at once made up his mind to the course he should pursue.

Leaving his wife at the parlor door, he desired her, with a kiss, to tell her father to prepare the wine, while he retired to his room to make some little arrangement for a short journey he had soon to perform. The happy girl did not wait to inquire the meaning of his last words; but, full of desire to acquaint her parents with the joyous change in Etherington's behaviour, bounded into the room where they were sitting, and delivered his request. Mr. Norris placed the decanters upon the table, and listened to the lively chatter of his darling child, who described, in animated language, the rich delights of the conversation with her handsome and sensible husband. She depicted the beauties of the evening scene, and the effects which she imagined had been produced by nature's glories on Etherington's sensitive mind. With what eloquence did she paint the past—with what transport did she look forward to the future—with what fervor did she thank her Creator for removing the cloud which had hung over the mind of him she so devotedly adored. Her parents smiled at her enthusiasm, and her aged mother rose from her seat, and clasped her lovely daughter in her arms.

"Why, mamma, your dress is splashed all over with port wine. How could papa be so careless?"

"A drop has just fallen on your shoulder, Ellen. There is another. This is not wine—it comes from above."

All present cast their eyes to the ceiling. A large red stain appeared in the midst of the white plaster, through which a dark red liquid was rapidly oozing. Ellen uttered a shriek, and a dreadful thought, sudden and searing as the lightning's flash, fell upon her brain.

"It is my husband's blood!"

This horrible anticipation proved too true. The wretched man knew that, to preserve his life, he must give up all that rendered life desirable; and to shun the damning ignominy of the unavoidable exposure, with the certainty of meeting a violent and disgraceful death at the hands of the common hangman if he should be caught, he retired to his own room, and on the evening of his wedding day, and on his bridal bed, he closed his short but terrible career of guilt by cutting his throat from ear to ear.

A hole was dug in the centre of the cross-roads, a few yards only from the foot of the gibbet on the downs. According to the English law, then in force, the body of the suicide was hurled, like a dog, into his rude unhallowed grave. The officials of the jail placed the remains of the ill-fated Etherington in his narrow house, beneath the midnight sky. Foul jests and imprecations formed the service of the dead; and the earth closed over that once proud, ungovernable heart, without the shedding of one pitying tear—without the utterance of one sad regret.

The horror of the death scene overpowered the senses of the wretched wife; she never recovered the shock. A few months closed the earthly sufferings of the widowed bride; and her bereaved and broken-hearted parents did not long survive.

S T A N Z A S .

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

WHEN far away on the deep blue sea,
Remember the friends you have left behind,
And let your soul go forth as free
As the bird that floats on the summer wind—
To your own greenland let your thoughts return,
With a feeling devoted, and warm and true,
And while for their presence your bosom shall burn
Oh think of the bosoms that burn for you.

When you watch the planet of eve decline,
In beauty and glory when day has set,
Believe there are eyes that will mark its shine,
Believe there are hearts that will never forget;
And while in its bright but departing ray,
A type of the pleasures of earth you see,
Oh soar to the heaven beyond and pray
For the fadeless hopes of eternity.

OMNIANA.

Every thing by starts, but nothing long.
Dryden.

Various ; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
Cowper.

ANTIQUITY OF WIGS.

The Lydians, Carians, Medes, and Persians, wore wigs. This circumstance appears not only in the medals of antiquity, but in the second book of *Economics of Aristotle*, in his account of the *Candaules*.

BELLS.

Bells were first brought into use by St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, anno 409—famous for his piety and professional labors—in the Campania of Rome; hence a bell was called Nola or Campagna. At first they were called saints or toc-saint, or toc-sin, in process of time. But Pliny reports, that, many ages before his time, bells were in use, and called Tintin-nabula; and Suetonius says that Augustus had one put at the gate of the temple of Jupiter, to call the meeting of the people.

CORKSCREWS.

The notion so prevalent now-a-days about the *rapid strides* of the human intellect, as especially characteristic of the age, in the various branches of knowledge, particularly in the *art of living*, is, perhaps, too hastily received as true, inasmuch as the assertion will surely admit of arguments both pro and con, with the admission that the *ancients* also knew a thing or two. It is not now, however, my desire to discuss this erudite and prolific theme, but simply and graphically to entertain and instruct unlearned readers with an account of the progress of improvement in a useful appendage to their personal comfort and convenience. It nevertheless is allowed that after the most profound and diligent researches I am unable positively to affirm that the good folks of old knew much, if any thing at all, about the *true* method of drawing a cork, seeing that it appears exceedingly problematical whether they had either *corks* to draw or *glass* bottles to hold their liquors!



The inventor of bottles* is unknown, but these were in use for centuries before corks were thought of, and these again were employed for generations before a convenient method was found for extracting them. The exhilarating contents could then only be tasted by what is now technically called "*beheading the bottle.*" More expert practitioners had many opportunities of showing their skill in removing the impediment by a dextrous twist of of the fingers, or if that were impracticable *teeth* were called in as their natural auxiliaries.

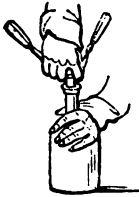


Here, however, in many cases it was doubtful whether the cork would *follow* the teeth, or the teeth remain *with* the cork, and if an obstinate remnant would remain, a *nail* was ready means of dislodging the stubborn plug, particle by particle.

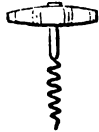


When at any time, through an impatience of the nibbling labor, or a despair of accomplishing a clean extraction at all, it was resolved at once to send the obstacle the *wrong* way; this was then a valuable instrument. A pair of skewers, or forks, inserted "*witchwise,*"

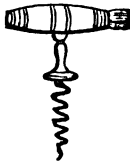
* Talking of bottles, we have been informed that a gentleman of our city has made a scientific nomenclature, and arranged bottles into *genera*, *species*, etc., he designates his new *science* by the apt cognomen *Ascology*, from the Greek word ἄσκος (*ascos*) a bottle.



Would sometimes accomplish those difficult cases which had baffled the exertions of all the naturals. Twisting the lower extremity of the "bare bodkin" into a spiral form, and adding a handle to it, was the thought of a master genius;



And in this shape mankind for ages were contented to avail themselves of its services, and even at the present time some barbarous, uncouth countries and districts may be named where still the extractor is in most general use. In our civilized land it must yet be recollected that this was, nay is, a very inefficient machine, and the pleasure of beholding the generous beverage beaming through a crust of many years, was cruelly damped by the experience that in proportion to the pains taken in fixing the cork was the mental agony which must be endured during all attempts to remove it. Jovial fellows, who may forget those days in their moment of inspiration, may talk indeed of their Phillises, their Ianthes, their Delias, their Sacharissas, their Chloes—let them henceforth mingle a little gratitude with their admiration, and glorify a nymph greater than them all. Miss O'Rourke, like her own exquisite potteen punch, was a delightful compound of ingredients, both mental and corporeal, of the most opposite nature. The friend of Kosciusko, and the authoress of the Rhapsody, which afterward rung throughout Great Britain and in this country, to the favorite tune (Gramachree) of the patriot Polander—such another hostess was not in England wide, and no other of her order ever conferred so great a benefit on bottles suckers as she did, by her superlative invention of placing a *button* at the top of the screw-worm.



Henceforth the decanting process was a mere matter of routine. When in her green old age death laid her hand on the inventress, a piratical screw-maker also took to himself the credit and profit of the button addendum. But Miss O'Rourke shall never be forgotten, even although her masterpiece, some few years later, was eclipsed, and may yet be superseded by the king's screw,



Which can receive no addition either to its beauty or convenience, except it be probably some little steam appendage to make it self-acting. These are trifling additions to a simple instrument, yet they produced a great revolution in its use and value:—equally simple improvements have still produced more wonderful effects in machines of more elaborate construction—and above all other mechanisms which can be named, on the steam engine.

An ingenious friend, whose knowledge and skill in all the appliances of matters and things, is unquestioned, after discussing the various improvements as recorded here, remarked with some surprise, that the most convenient instrument of the whole *family* of the *screws* has not been noticed. It is composed of a strong converse stem of steel, round which a flattened thread of the same metal is wound in a spiral form. The *bore* produced by this machine is not so apt to split the cork as the others, and he says it has other advantages too numerous to specify.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

Either there are no angles, or there are an infinity; either supposition makes the *quadrature* of the circle impracticable—for the proportion of figures cannot be ascertained but by angles. A round figure is the only one capable of perpetual motion. The heavenly bodies have alone perpetual motion, because the external cause of their motion is incessant in its operation.

THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE PENNSYLVANIAN.

Theodosius Spoon—called by the waggish *Tea-spoon*, and supposed by his admirers to be born for a stirring fellow—one who would whirl round until he secured for himself a large share of the sugar of existence—was discontented with his situation. He yearned to be an embellishment—not a plodding letter, valuable only in combination, but an ornamental flourish, beautiful and graceful in itself; and, with that self-reliance peculiar to genius, he thought that the drama opened a short cut to the summit of his desires.

An opportunity soon afforded itself.—Those Philadelphians, who were neither too old nor too young, when Theodosius Spoon flourished, to take part in the amusements of the town, do not require to be told that for the delectation of their summer evenings, the city then rejoiced in a Garden Theatre, which was distinguished from the winter houses by the soft Italian appellation of the Tivoli. It was located in Market near Broad street, in those days a species of *rus in urbe*, improvement not having taken its westward movement; and before its brilliancy was forever distinguished, the establishment passed through a variety of fortunes, furnishing to the public entertainment as various, and giving to the stage many a “regular” whose first essay was made upon its boards.

At this period, so interesting to all who study the history of the drama, lived one Typus Tympan, a printer's devil, who “cronied” with Spoon, and had been the first to give the “reaching of his soul” an inclination stageward. Typus worked in a newspaper office, where likewise the bills of the Garden Theatre were printed, and *par consequent*, Typus was a critic, with the *entrée* of the establishment, and an occasional order for a friend. It was thus that Spoon's genius received the Promethean spark, and started into life. By the patronising attentions of Typus, he was no longer compelled to gaze from afar at the members of the company, as they clustered after rehearsal, of a sunny day, in front of the theatre, and varied their smokings by transitions from the “long nine” to the real Habana, according to the condition of the treasury, or the state of the credit system. Our hero now nodded familiarly to them all, and by dint of soleing, heel-tapping, and other small jobs in the leather way, executed during the periods of “overwork” for Mr. Augustus Julius Winkins, was admitted to the personal friendship of that illustrious individual. Some idea of the honor thus conferred may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Winkins himself constituted the entire male department of the operatic corps of the house. He grumbled the bass, he warbled the tenor, and, when necessary, could squeak the “counter” in beautiful perfection. All that troubled this magazine of vocalism was that, although he could manage a duett easily enough, soliloquizing a chorus was rather beyond his capacity, and he was, therefore, often compelled to rely upon the audience at the Garden, who, to their credit be it spoken, scarcely needed a hint upon such occasions. On opera nights, they generally volunteered their services to fill out the harmony, and were so abundantly obliging, that it was difficult to teach them where to stop. In his private capacity—when he was *ex officio* Winkins—he did the melancholico-Byronic style of man—picturesque, but “suffering in his innards,”—to the great delight of all the young ladies who dwelt in the vicinity of the Garden. When he walked forth, it was with his slender frame inserted in a suit of black rather the worse for wear, but still retaining a touching expression, softened, but not weakened, by the course of time. He wore his shirt collars turned down over a kerchief in the “fountain tie,” about which there is a Tyburn pathos, irresistible to a tender heart; and with his well oiled and raven locks puffed out *en masse* on the left side of his head, he declined his beaver over his dexter eye until its brim kissed the corresponding ear. A profusion of gilt chain travelled over his waistcoat, and a multitude of rings of a dubious aspect encumbered his fingers. In this interesting costume did Julius Augustus Winkins, in his leisure moments, play the abstracted, as he leaned gracefully against the pump, while obliquely watching the effect upon the cigar-making demoiselles who operated over the way, and who regarded Julius as quite a love, decidedly the romantic thing.

Winkins was gracious to Spoon, partly on the account aforesaid, and because both Spoon and Tympan were capital *claqueurs*, and invariably secured him an encore, when he warbled “Love has eyes,” and the other rational ditties in vogue at that period.

Now it happened that business was rather dull at the Garden, and the benefit season of course commenced. The hunting up of novelties was prosecuted with great vigor; even the learned pig had stared at it for once; and as the Winkins night approached, Julius Augustus determined to avail himself of Spoon for that occasion, thinking him likely to draw, if he did not succeed, for in those days of primitive simplicity first appearances had not ceased to be attractive. The edge not being worn off, they were sure to be gratifying, either in one way or the other.

It was of a warm Sunday afternoon that this important matter was broached. Winkins, Spoon, and Tympan sat solacing themselves in a box at the Garden, puffing their cigars, sipping their liquid refreshment, and occasionally nipping at three crackers brought in upon a large waiter, which formed the substantials of the entertainment. The discourse ran upon the drama.

“Theo, my boy!” said Winkins, putting one leg on the table, and allowing the smoke to curl about his nose, as he cast his coat more widely open, and made the accost friendly.

“Spoon, my son!” said Winkins, being the advance paternal of that social warrior, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flirt of his little finger.

“Spooney, my tight ‘un,”—the assault irresistible,—“how would you like to go it in uncle Billy Shakspeare, and tip the natives the last hagony in the tragics?” Winkins put his other leg on the table, assuming an attitude both of superiority and encouragement.

“Oh, gammin!” ejaculated Spoon, blushing, smiling, and putting the forefinger of his left hand into his mouth. “Oh, get out!” continued he, casting down his eyes with the modest humility of untried, yet self-satisfied genius.

“Not a bit of it—I’m as serious as an empty barn—got the genius—want the chance—my benefit—two acts of any thing—cut mugs—up to snuff—down upon ‘em—fortune made—that’s the go.”

“It’s our opinion—we think, Theodosius,” observed Typus Tympan, with editorial dignity, as he emphatically drew his cuff across the lower part of his countenance, “we think, and the way we know what’s what, because of our situation, is sing’ler—standing, as we newspaper folks do, on the shot tower of society—that now’s your time for gittin’ astraddle of public opinion, and for ridin’ it like a hoss. Jist such a chance as you’ve been wantin’. As the French say, all the *bew mundy* come to Winkins’s benefit; and if the old man won’t go a puff leaded, why we’ll see to havin’ it sneaked in, spread so thick about genius and all, that it will draw like a blister—we will, even if we get licked for it.”

“Twon’t do,” simpered Spoon, as he blushed brown, while the expression of his countenance contradicted his words. “Twon’t do. How am I to get a dress—s’pose boss ketches me at it? Besides, I’m too stumpy for tragedy, and any how I must wait till I’m cured of my cold.”

“It will do,” returned Winkins, decisively; “and tragedy’s just the thing. There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it’s partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most belevated description,” (Winkins always *haspirated* when desirous of being emphatic,) “high tragedy of the most belevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short of statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gentleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lower the hactor, and in the other case, *wisely wersy*. It makes light and shade between the sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs.”

“There’s another style of tragedy—the physical school. But you’re not big enough, or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten black-smiths, and bite the head off a poker. He must commence the play hawfully, and keep piling on the hagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexcruciating manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonize other people too, by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the scuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm’s length till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across, with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That’s the menagerie method. The physical must always be on the point of bursting his boiler, yet he mustn’t burst it; he must stude and jump as if he would tear his trousers, yet he mustn’t tear ‘em; and when he grabs any body, he must leave the marks of his paws for a week. It’s smashing work, but it won’t do for you, Spoony; you’re little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature and sleeping with the windows open have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip ‘em the sentimental in Hamlet.”

Parts of this speech were not particularly gratifying to Spoon; but, on the whole, it jumped with his desires, and the matter was clinched. Winkins trained him; taught him when and where to come the “hagony;” when and where to cut “terrific mugs” at the pit; when and where to wait for the applause, and how to *chasscz* an exit, with two stamps and a spring, and a grace *en arriere*.

Not long after, the puff appeared as Typus promised. The bills of the “Garden Theatre” announced the Winkins benefit, promising, among other novelties, the third act of Hamlet, in which a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage, would sustain the character of the melancholy prince. Rash promise! fatal anticipation!

The evening arrived, and the Garden was crowded. All the boys of the trade in town assembled to witness the *debut* of a brother chip, and many came because others were coming.

The tedious prattle of those who preceded him being over, Theodosius Spoon appeared. Solemnly, yet with parched lips and a beating heart did he advance to the footlights, and duck his acknowledgments for the applause which greeted him. His *abord*, however, did not impress his audience favorably. The black attire but ill became his short squab figure, and the “hintellectual tragicality of his legs,” meandering their brief extent, like a Malay creese, gave him the aspect of an Ethiopian Bacchus dismounted from his barrel. Hamlet resembled the briefest kind of sweep, or “an erect black tadpole taking snuff.”

With a fidelity to nature never surpassed, Hamlet expressed his dismay by scratching his head, and, with his eyes fixed upon his toes, commenced the soliloquy,—another beautiful conception,—for the prince is supposed to be speaking to himself, and his toes are as well entitled to be addressed as any other portion of his personal identity. This, however, was not appreciated by the spectators, who were unable to hear any part of the confidential communication going on between Hamlet’s extremities.

"Louder, Spooney!" squeaked a juvenile voice, with a villanous twang, from a remote part of the Garden. "Keep a lading it out strong! Who's afeard?—it's only old Tiwoly!"

"Throw it out!" whispered Winkins, from the wing. "Go it like a pair of bellowses?"

But still the pale lips of Theodosius Spoon continued quivering nothings, as he stood gasping as if about to swallow the leader of the fiddlers, and alternately raising his hands like a piece of machinery. Ophelia advanced.

"Look out, bull frog, there comes your mammy. Please, ma'am, make little sonny say his lesson."

Bursts of laughter, shouts, and hisses resounded through the Garden. "Whoor for Spooney!" roared his friends, as they endeavored to create a diversion in his favor—"whoor for Spooney! and wait till the skeer is worked off uv him!"

"How vu'd you like it!" exclaimed an indignant Spooneyite to a hissing malcontent; "how vu'd you like it fur to have it druv' into you this 'ere vay? Vot kin a man do ven he ain't got no chance!"

As the hisser did but hiss the more vigorously on account of the remonstrance, and, jumping up, did it directly in the teeth of the remonstrant, the friend to Spooney knocked him down, and the *parquette* was soon in an uproar. "Leave him up!" cried one—"Order! put 'em down, and put 'em out!" The aristocracy of the boxes gazed complacently upon the grand set-to beneath them, the boys whacked away with their clubs at the lamps, and hurled the fragments upon the stage, while Ophelia and Hamlet ran away together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Wilkins, as he rushed upon the stage, dragging after him "the rose and the expectancy of the fair state," the shrinking Theodosius—"will you hear me for a moment?"

"Hurray for Vinkins!" replied a brawny critic, taking his club in both hands, as he hammered it against the front of the boxes; "Vinkey, sing us the Bay uv Viskey, and make bull-frog dance a hornspike to the tune uv it. Hurray! 'Twig Vinkey's new hat—make a speech, Vinkey, fur your vite trousers!"

At length, comparative silence being restored, Mr. Winkins red with wrath, yet suppressing his rage, delivered himself as follows—at times adroitly dodging the candle ends, which had been knocked from the main chandelier, and were occasionally darted at him and his *protege*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me (*dodge*) respectfully to ask one question. Did you (*dodge*) come here to admire the beauties of the drama, (*successive dodges to the right and left*), or am I to (*dodge, dodge*) to understand that you came solely to kick up a bloody row?"

The effect of this insinuating query had scarcely time to manifest itself, before *Monsieur le directeur en chef*, a choleric Frenchman who made a profitable mixture of theatricals, ice cream, and other refreshments, suddenly appeared in the flat, foaming with natural anger at the results of the young gentleman's *debut*. Advancing rapidly as the "kick" rang upon his ear, he suited the action to the word, and, by a dexterous application of his foot, sent Wilkins, in the attitude of a flying Mercury, clear of the orchestra, into the midst of the turbulent crowd in the pit. Three rounds of cheering followed this achievement, while Theodosius gazed in pallid horror at the active movement of his friend.

"Kick, aha! Is zat de kick, monsieur dam hoomboog? Messieurs et mesdames, lick him good—sump him into fee-penny beats! Sacre!" added the enraged manager, turning toward Theodosius, "I sall lick de petit hoomboog ver' good—sump him bon, nice, moimeme—by me ownsef!"

But the alarmed Theodosius, though no linguist, understood enough of this speech not to tarry for the consequences, and climbing into the boxes, while the angry manager clambered after him, he rushed through the crowd, and in the royal robes of Denmark hurried home.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Youth of Shakspeare. By the author of Shakspeare and his Friends. Three Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

"Shakspeare and His Friends" was well received among that not very numerous class of readers to which the book was addressed, or rather whose approbation the author expected. In fact, the work was more antiquarian than otherwise in character, and had no claims upon the popular attention. Its design is peculiar—the design of embodying the fancied and historical Shakspeare (and his friends) in a connected narrative based as far as possible upon facts, and clothed in a language which professed to preserve the outward form as well as inward spirit of the times recorded. This was a difficult attempt—but the general opinion is, that it was successful, and we have no wish at present to dissent from this opinion. We have heard that the work met with a ready sale; a matter which we find it difficult to believe. Popularity might have been attained, and an obvious discrepancy avoided, by relating the story in modern words.

"The Youth of Shakspeare" is a kind of preamble to "Shakspeare and His Friends," as the title sufficiently indicates. The two works, or rather the two parts of the one work, are precisely in one vein.

The Proud Ladye: and other Poems. By Spencer Wallace Cone. Wiley and Putnam, New York.

The readers of the "Gentleman's Magazine" are well acquainted with the productions and with the talents of Mr. Cone, for whose ability we entertain a high respect. In our last number, it will be remembered, we published a beautiful little ballad from his pen, called "The Betrayed," which has been much admired wherever read. The "Proud Ladye," from which the present volume takes its title, occupies twenty-two pages, and consists of some seven or eight hundred lines. The story is one of chivalry and love, and has a happy termination. The incidents are well conceived and executed, and in many passages the language is of high beauty. Here are some lines which will be immediately recognized by all men of taste as belonging to a lofty class of poetry—embodying natural thoughts in forcible, and very expressive language, well versified:

Life hath summer weather,
And many a wintry blast;
And oft they come together,
Or follow each so fast,
That when the heart beats highest,
Most joyously and warm,
The bitter wind brings nighest
The tears, and the cold, cold storm.

But when clouds in armies move,
As the storms their trumpets blow,
The sky is as bright above
As the clouds are dark below,
And ere long the conquering sun
Comes forth in his mail of light,
And the coward storm-clouds run
From his shield, and his spear-beams bright.

And here again is a passage which breathes the true soul of poetry, and gives evidence of a purity of taste as well as a vigor of thought which may lead to high eminence in the end.

Lay him upon no bier,
But on his knightly shield;
The warrior's corpse uprear,
And bear him from the field.
Spread o'er his rigid form
The banner of his pride,
And let him meet the conqueror worm,
With his good sword by his side.

To the dark grave we go,
Bearing the proud and great,
Where quick decay will know
Nor title nor estate.
Pour forth the solemn strain,
Wail for the mighty dead;
For dust hath come to dust again,
And the warrior's spirit fled.

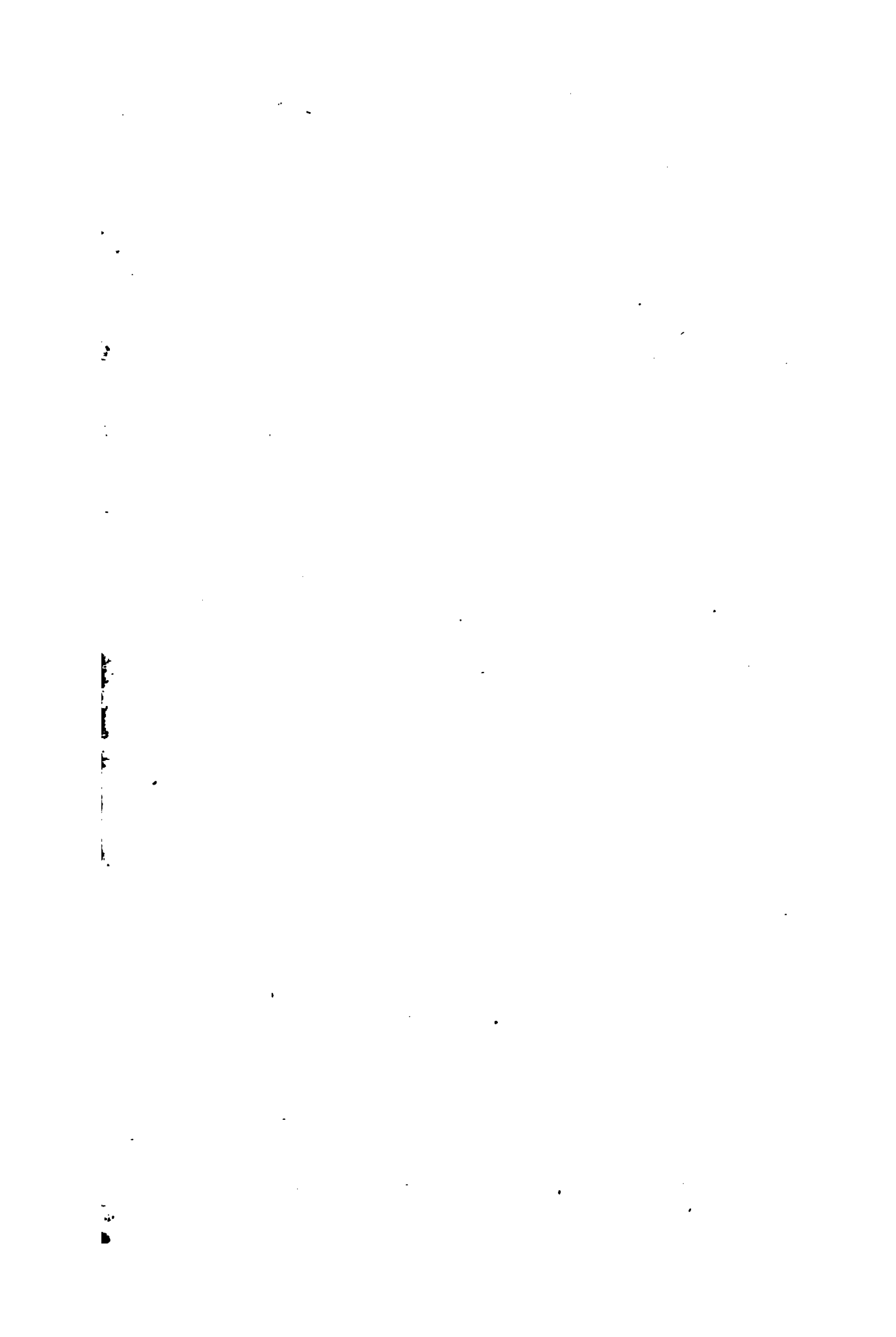
The poem of the "Proud Ladye" has, we are forced to say, many minor, and some very serious defects; and of these we would say more, did we not regard them rather as the results of deficient practice, than of false conception or bad taste. It abounds in striking thoughts, original, and generally well expressed.

High-Ways and By-Ways; or Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces by a Walking Gentleman. A new edition, revised and corrected, with an original Introduction and Explanatory Notes by the Author. George Roberts, Boston.

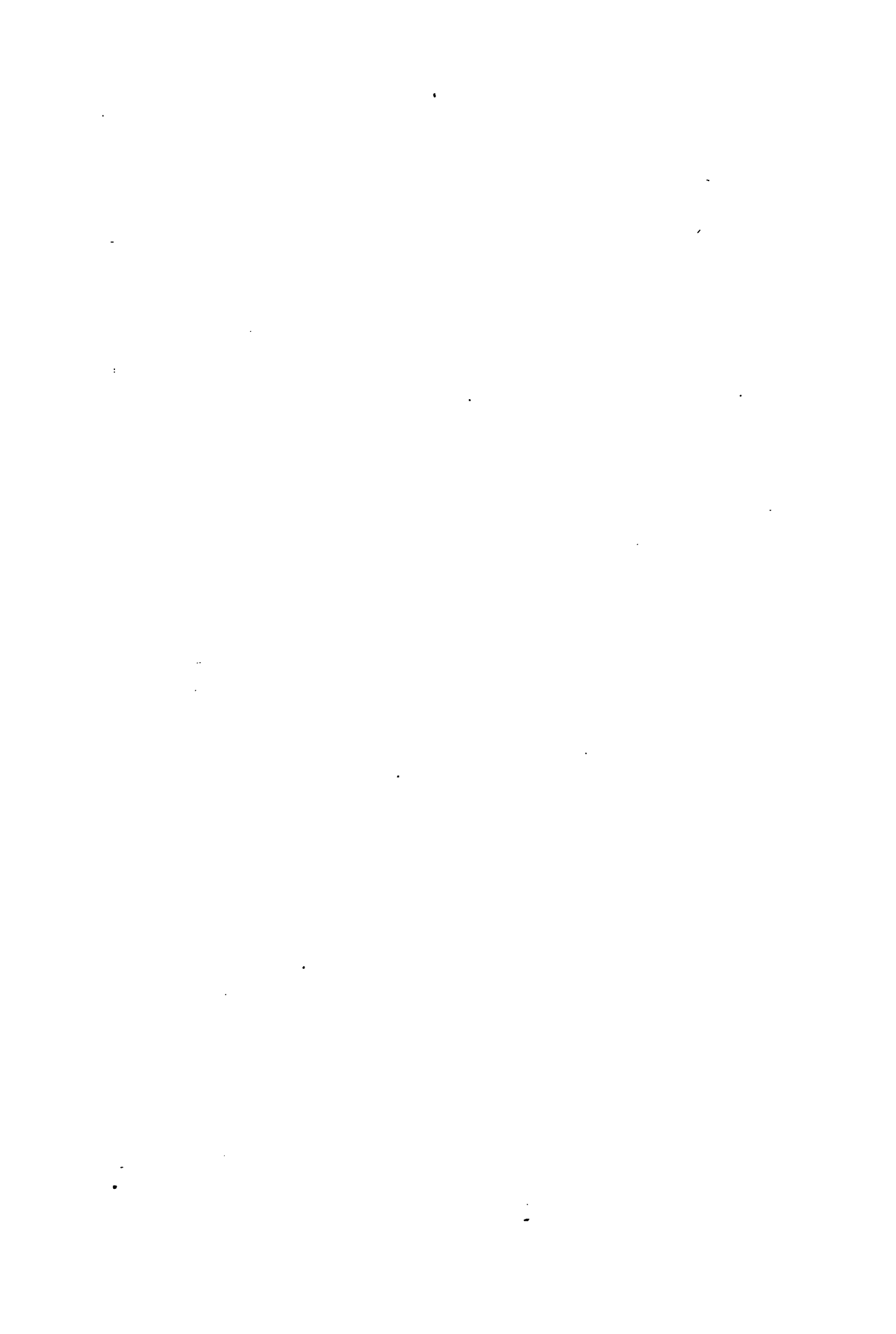
These tales are very well known to the public. We doubt if any similar productions have been received with a greater share of popular favor—popular favor of a certain kind. But in some respects they are deficient, very much so, when regarded rather as works of arts, than as the means of ordinary amusement. Mr. Grattan has, we think, a bad habit of loitering in the road of literature—of dallying and toying with his subjects, as a kitten with a mouse—instead of grasping it firmly at once, and eating it up without ado. He takes up too much time in the ante-room. He has never done with his introductions. Occasionally, one introduction is the mere vestibule to another; so that by the time he arrives at his main incidents, there is nothing more to tell. He seems afflicted with that curious, yet common perversity which is often observed in garrulous old women—a love of talking, and a perfect ability to talk well, combined with an irrepressible desire of tantalizing an audience by circumlocution.

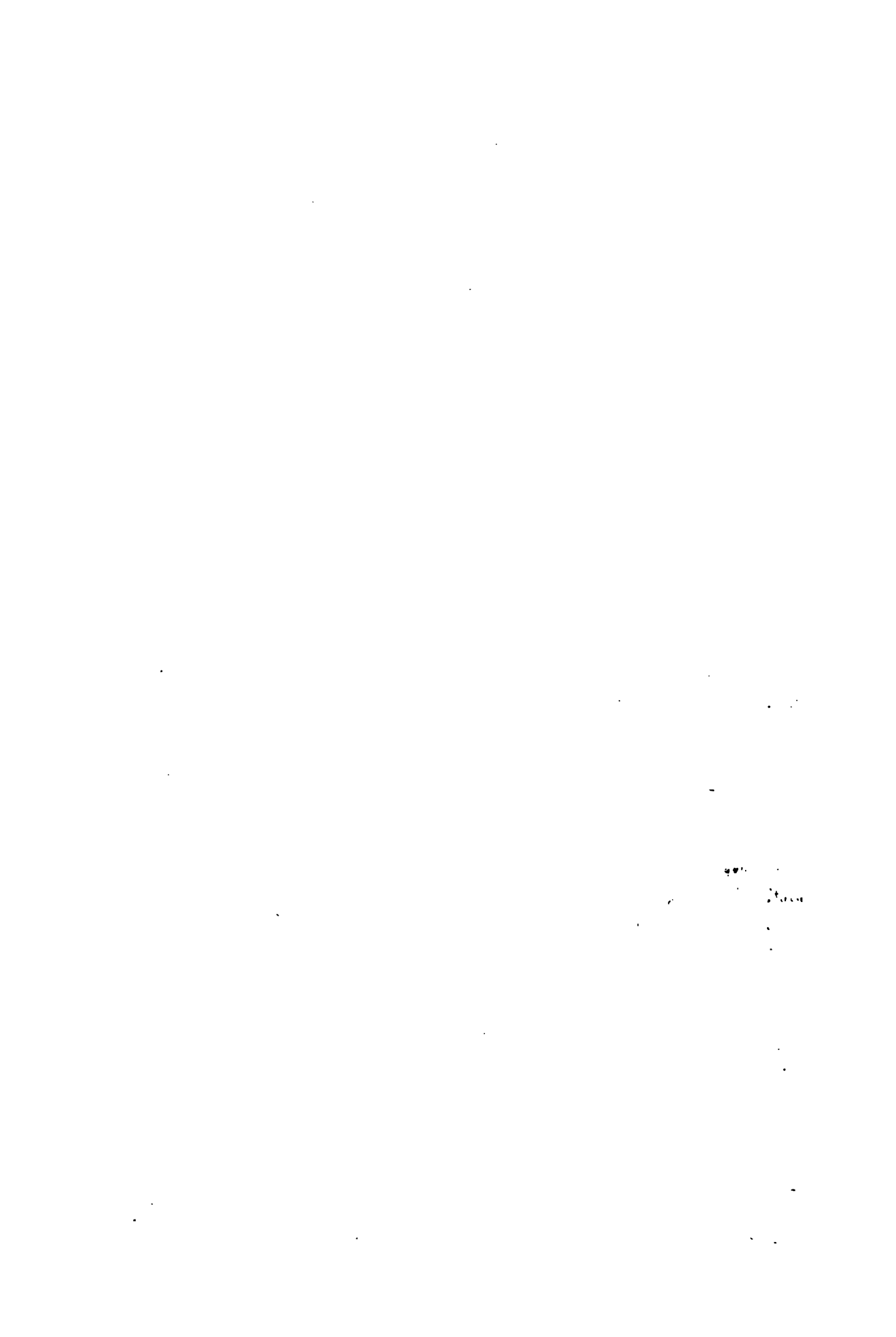
Mr. Grattan is now in Boston, (as our readers all know,) where he is highly beloved and respected by a large circle of friends. We have never had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, and cannot, therefore, speak with decision in regard to the merit, as a likeness, of the miserable, greasy-looking lithograph print which professes to represent him in the frontispiece. We may say positively, however, that if Mr. Grattan this be, then Mr. Grattan is like nobody else in the world; for the fact is, that we never yet knew any individual with a wig made of wire, and with the countenance of an under-done apple dumpling. As a general rule, no man should put his own face in his own book. In looking at the countenance of the author, the reader is never in capacity for keeping his own.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.









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